

HOLLYWOOD DATE TEST

Silver Screen

10c

JUL - C 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

August

Claudette Colbert

CLANG
STONE

BREAD ON THE WATERS—BY ED SULLIVAN

2 MORE NEW YORK BEAUTIES
are telling you

**"Listerine Tooth Paste
keeps teeth looking their loveliest"**

[Below] CARROLL BRADY



JANICE
JARRATT



Hear what Miss Janice Jarratt, often termed the most photographed girl in the world, says:

"Listerine Tooth Paste? It's simply delightful . . . gives my teeth wonderful brilliance and sheen."

Hear, also, the opinion of Miss Carroll Brady, lovely newcomer to famous New York studios:

"The camera is merciless . . . so a model can't take chances with the looks of her teeth. I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping them really white and gleaming."

Like scores of other New York models, whose bread and butter depend on their good looks, these two lovely girls have found by actual experience that this dentifrice is best and safest for preserving and enhancing the beauty of their teeth.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. It contains two special polishing and cleansing ingredients, notable for their safe and gentle action. And right now there is a special inducement to try this exceptional dentifrice. (See panel below.)

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Summer's Best Bargain!

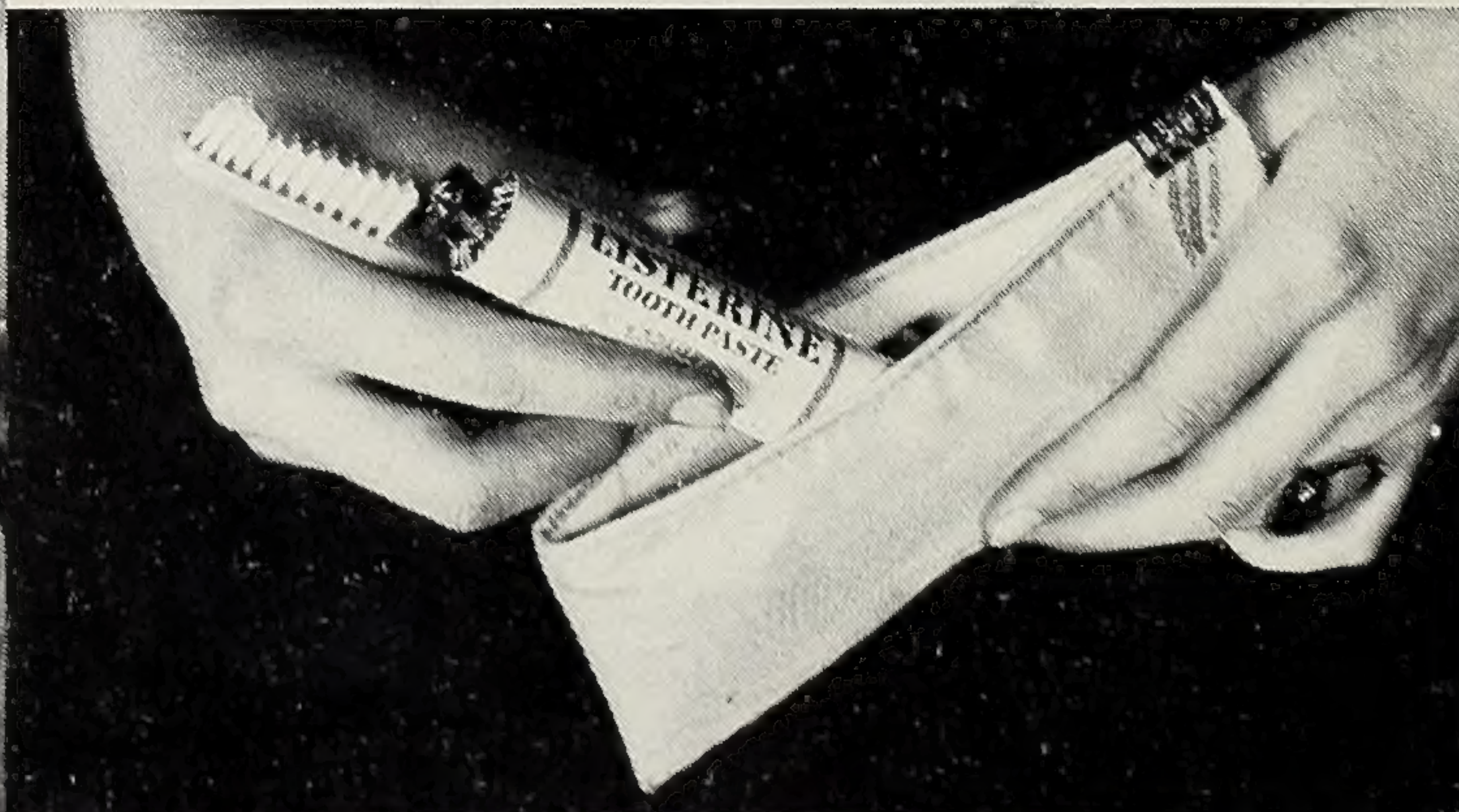
MOIRE VACATION KIT

Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors

AND . . . 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

AND . . . DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH

ALL 3 FOR 49¢



AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S WHILE THEY LAST

This offer good in U. S. A. only

"Do this IF YOU WANT BEAUTY" says Gertrude Michael

"COLOR HARMONY powder, rouge, and lipstick created by Max Factor solves the problem of knowing which shades of make-up will give you the most beauty," Gertrude Michael tells Florence Vondelle, beauty editor, in a recent interview. Read how you, too, can have new loveliness with this Hollywood make-up secret.

A Famous Star's Powder Secret

FLORENCE VONDELLE: "With so many shades of powder available, how can I know which one will give me the most beauty?"

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: "You can have youthful loveliness by using powder in the color harmony shade Max Factor has created for your type. You will find it dramatizes your skin, enlivens it with the colors needed to give it youthful beauty. Undoubtedly, you've noticed how young and satin-smooth the skin of the stars appears on the screen — the secret is Max Factor's wonderful powder!"

Rouge used by Screen Stars

FLORENCE VONDELLE: "Should I select rouge the same way as the powder?"

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: "By all means! Rouge in the color harmony shade for your type will give you youthful radiance instantly, whereas an off-shade would make you look less attractive than you are. Max Factor has created his amazing color harmony shades in a creamy-smooth rouge that blends easily, evenly, lasts for hours."



Gertrude Michael
FEATURED IN PARAMOUNT'S
"THE RETURN OF
SOPHIE LANG"

Gertrude Michael's New Lip Make-Up

FLORENCE VONDELLE: "I've been wondering if my lipstick shade is the right one for me — what do you think?"

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: "Try lipstick in your color harmony shade — you will be amazed at the difference it makes! The alluring color will dramatize your individual charm, and after you apply it in the morning you can forget about it for the rest of the day because Max Factor's lipstick is Super-Indelible and really lasts."

SINCE this interview, Florence Vondelle has recommended Max Factor's color harmony make-up to thousands of housewives and business women. "It is amazing," she says, "how much younger, and more charming the average woman can look when her make-up is harmonized to her type." Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Rouge, fifty cents; Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
17-8-15

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STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"



JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."



FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too.."



BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."



CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.



JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE • **CARY GRANT**
LEWIS STONE • **BENITA HUME**
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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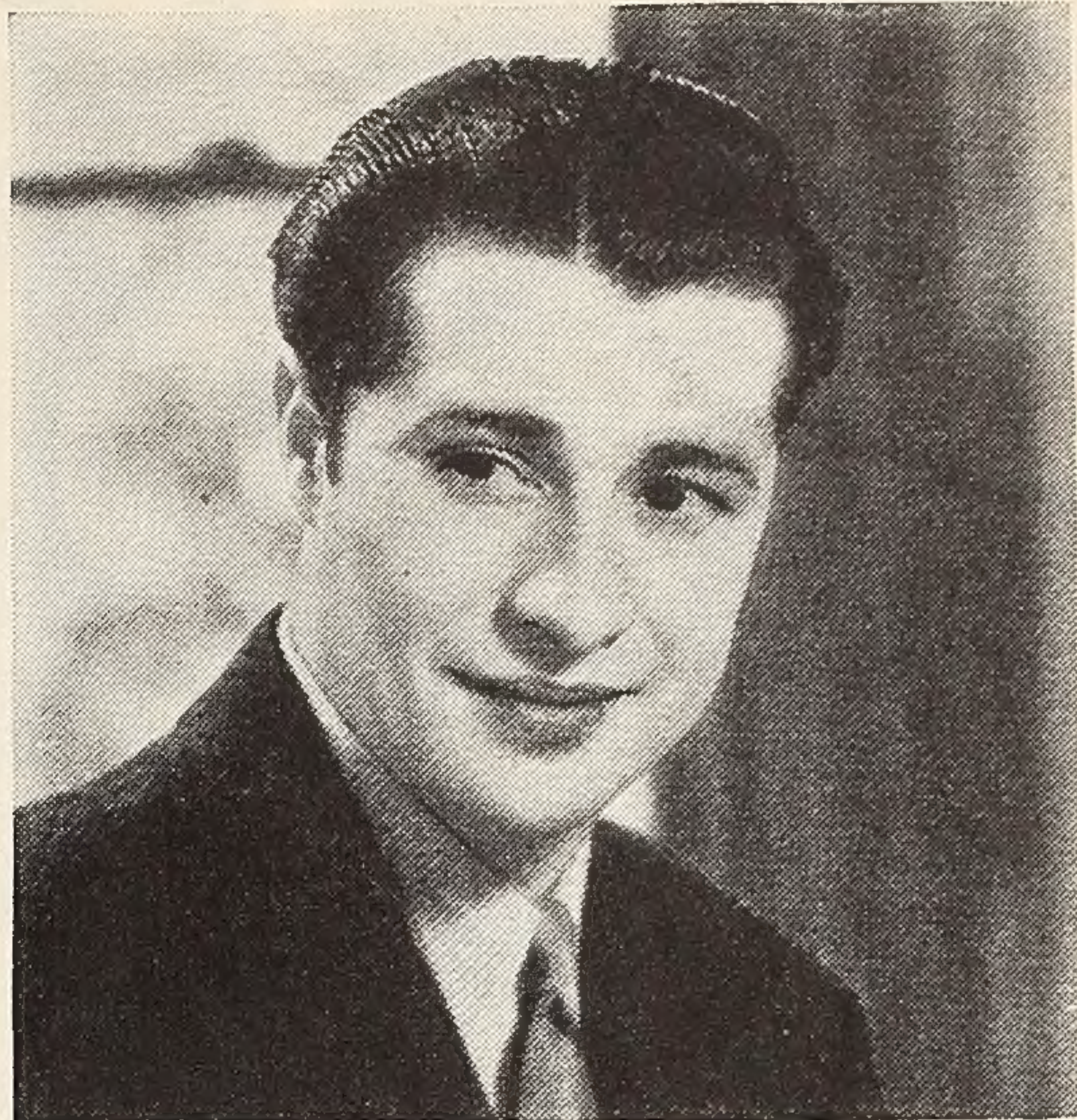
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The Opening Chorus



Don Ameche

A Letter from Liza

DEAR BOSS:
I suppose that you and your ilk, rugged individualists from New England's rock-bound coast, and Puritans, no doubt, are among those who believe that Ramona, the lovely Indian maiden of a century or so ago, is only a legend, a bit of early California folklore, but I advise you not to open your mouth about Ramona in the San Jacinto Mountains. One scoff out of you and the good people there will show you Ramona's birthplace, Ramona's wedding chapel, Ramona's wishing well—and throw you in it. Ramona's no legend to Southern California. And she's no legend to Twentieth Century-Fox, which studio is busy right now making Ramona live and breathe in technicolor.

The picture is being filmed one hundred and fifty miles away from Hollywood, on an old cattle rancho of thousands of acres of rolling grassy meadows, high in the mountains between Hemet and San Diego—the authentic Ramona country—and if you know of anything more beautiful than green meadows with misty blue mountains in the background and age old gnarled oaks and cottonwood trees swaying in the wind don't tell me for I simply couldn't bear it. For my next breakdown, and I'm planning it now, I shall go to the Ramona country and luxuriously loll in romance.

Naturally, when Loretta Young was chosen to play Ramona, a lot of people said (and a lot of people bore me, don't they you?), "Ha, ha, ha. Isn't that just like Hollywood to cast blonde, blue-eyed Loretta as an Indian! The usual Hollywood mis-casting. Ha, ha, ha." When they see the picture those dear, charming people will have to eat their words. Loretta in a wig of long straight black Indian hair is a different person entirely. The black wig and the technicolor makeup accentuate her naturally high cheek bones, and even give a mysterious and emotional quality to her eyes, which seem much darker. Loretta is Ramona.

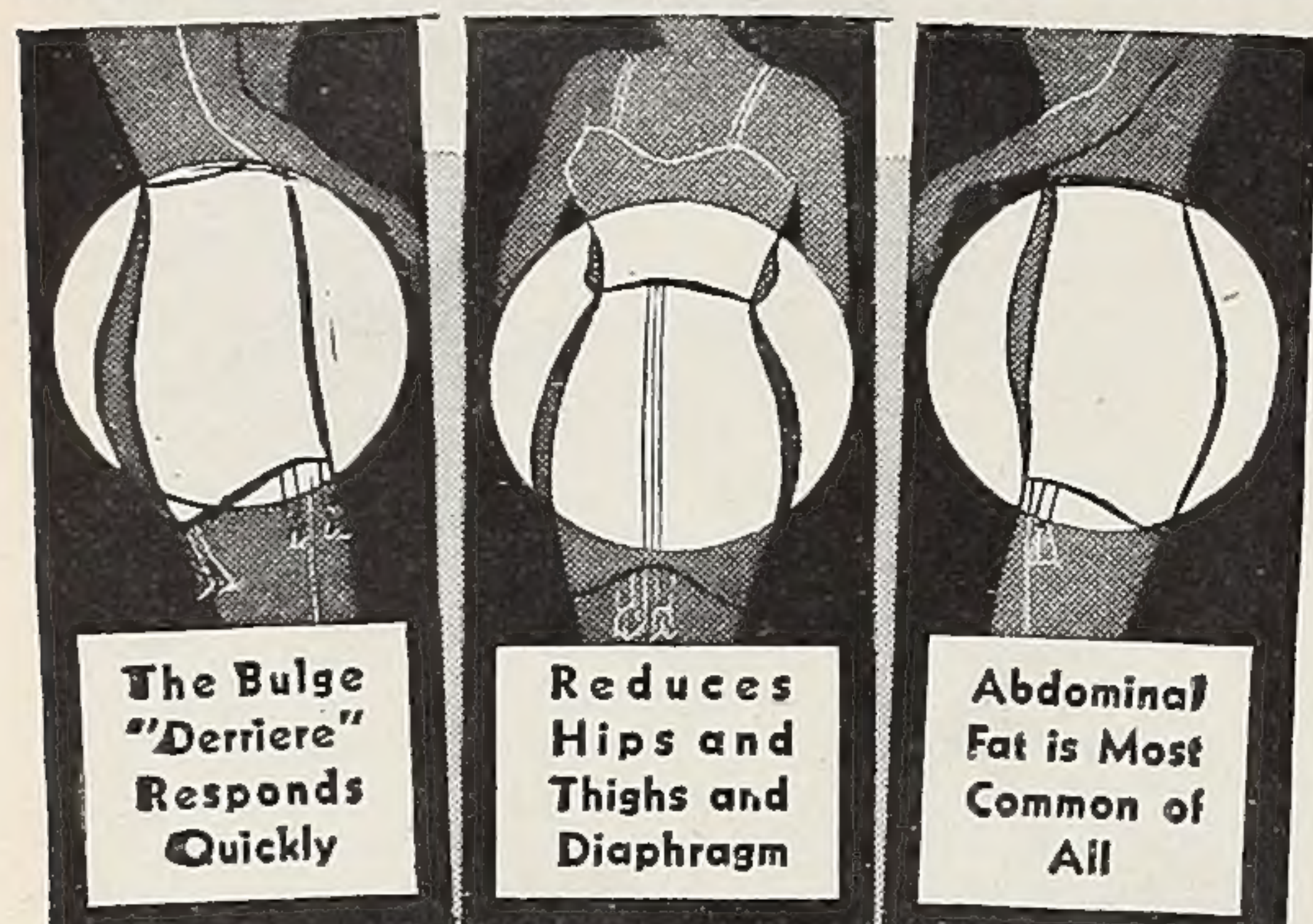
The graceful, proud Alessandro is played by Don Ameche, who made such a sensational success in his first picture, "The Sins of Men," and I'm here to tell you that Don in his buckskins and Indian wig is really something to get upset emotionally over. Kent Taylor plays the love-sick Felipe, and Pauline Frederick the autocratic Senora Moreno. Romance rides again!

Liza

... **REDUCE** ...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... or no cost!

"REDUCED
9 INCHES"
writes
Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS



Perfolastic Not Only Confines...it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Reduced like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing... and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE...at our expense!

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 738, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

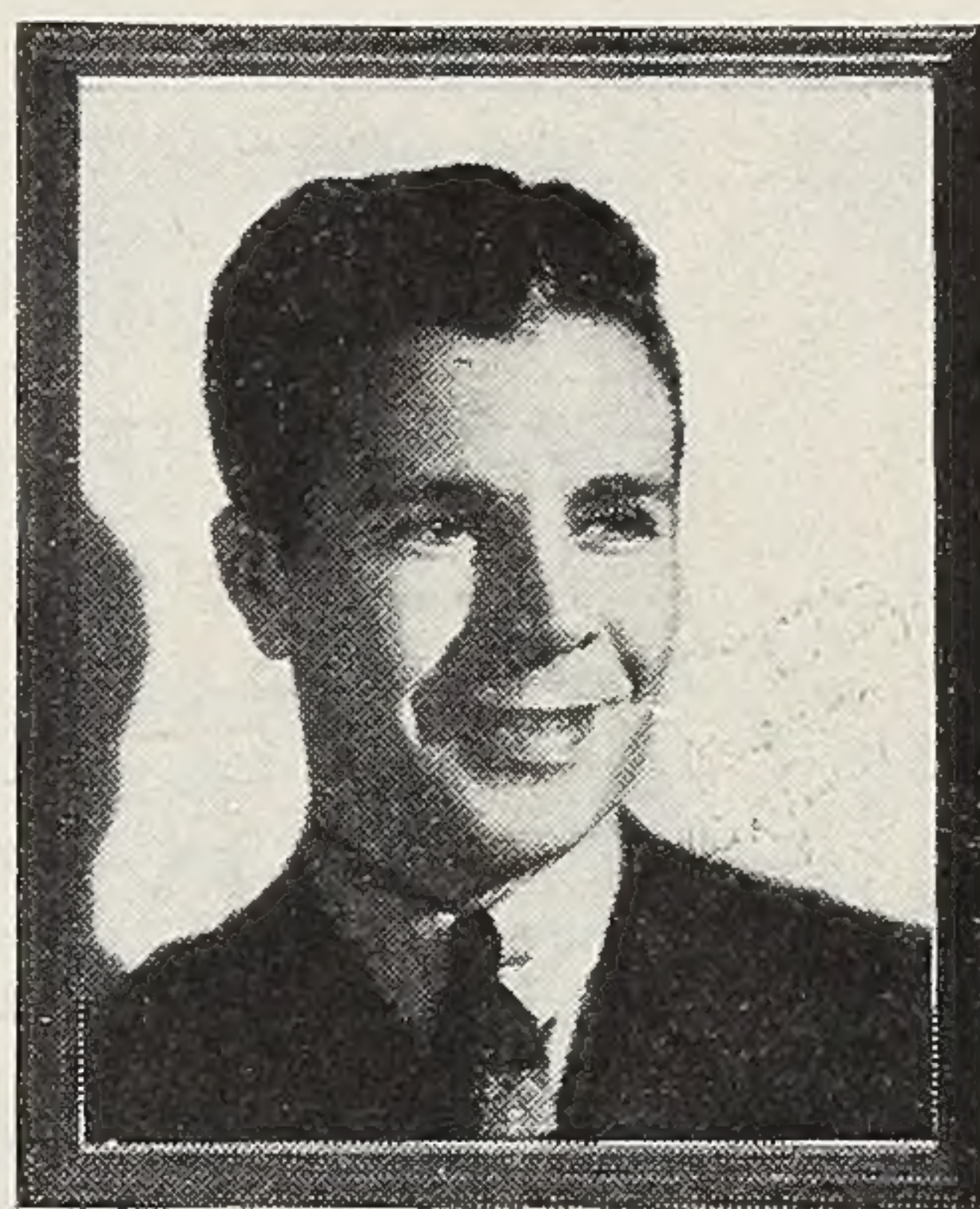
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

These Are All Prize Winning Letters.

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the stars. Use the coupon.

"I AM absolutely positive that 'Small Town Girl' is a grand, wonderful and marvelous picture because no picture has as yet affected me as this one did. I actually thought and dreamt about it for days later. I was in a daze for a whole week and was determined to act exactly like sweet little Janet Gaynor, who, by the way, is my favorite actress now," writes Lillian F. Kraker of Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I also searched high and low for a gorgeous, fascinating boy friend like Bob Taylor."

The huntress!



Dick Powell's photo, won by Marjorie Schwartz.

"MY OPPORTUNITY of seeing Nelson Eddy in those two great performances, in 'Naughty Marietta' and 'Rose Marie,' and especially in person, revealed to me his manliness and glamour," writes Kaye Nedwicke of Emerald Ave., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich. "He is a superb, wonderful and grand singer and actor."

Let's vote for him for president.

"STAND BY and let a young man with a wonderful personality and great acting ability pass you," writes Jeanne Emmons of Elliott Pl., East Orange, N. J. "Fred MacMurray? Of course, who else? His wonderful performance in '13 Hours by Air' was something no one else could do."

He's engaged.

"HOLLYWOOD certainly has found a real star in the handsome Robert Taylor," writes Elizabeth Hadfield of Summer St., Holbrook,



Ruby Keeler's photo, won by Ethel Harding.

Mass. "His charming personality steals the show, and he actually lives the parts he plays and makes his audience feel as though they were in the picture with him."

You'll spoil him. Liz!

"This IS my very first fan letter—and Jean Arthur is the inspiration! She won me completely with her sincere, sparkling portrayal of the newspaper woman in 'Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.' She and the dependable Gary Cooper form a brilliant duo. So here's to a



James Stewart's photo, won by Marie Harris.

lovely, talented actress," writes Ray Heide of Buhler, Kan.

Didn't you like her lovely maternal quality in 'Deeds'?

"NELSON EDDY... the answer to every maiden's prayer!" writes Ellen Weaver of N. Bonnie St., Pasadena, Calif. "He

has everything a girl could desire... good looks, intelligence, personality, and, finally, the most glorious baritone voice I have ever heard."

The man who has everything.

"I HAVE just seen 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.' It is the first picture that I have seen which is all in color. I like color in pictures. This picture also introduced me to a player called Henry Fonda. I don't think I have ever seen a performance given with such ease and skill. His love for his aunt was the most beautiful part of the story. Fonda made it more appealing than it was in the book," writes Constance Sakalos of W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Love of color is Fonda-

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Aug. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in June have been notified by mail.

mental!

"TO SAY that I live, dream and talk about Ralph Bellamy would not describe my admiration for that remarkable actor of the screen" writes Frances Boyko of Oak St., New Britain, Conn. "I don't know what it takes to be one of the lucky few who win pictures for all my attempts seem futile. But I keep on hoping that some day Lady Luck will favor me with an autographed photograph of my idol."

We like him best as a menace.

"HOORAY FOR Bob Taylor! He certainly deserves the highest honors after his work in 'Small Town Girl' and I'm eagerly looking forward to seeing him in 'Private Number,'" writes Rosemary Chatain of Michigan Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. "In 'Small Town Girl,' Janet Gaynor was very lovely but Bob stole the show with his fine acting and good looks, for he surely is attractive."

See page 24.

"PLEASE LET us have more pictures like 'Rose Marie,' as it is the best picture I have ever seen. Such gorgeous scenery and such a wonderful cast! Nelson Eddy is simply perfect as a 'Mountie,' with his magnificent voice and his magnetic personality. Certainly he is far superior to any screen star we have, and he has everything—character, looks and a voice!" writes Violet G. Son of Summit Pl., Utica, N. Y.

Opinions differ.

"I THINK Nelson Eddy is a grand person. He has a beautiful voice, a charming personality, and, besides all that, is very handsome. My only complaint is that he does not play in enough pictures," writes Kathryn French of Linwood St., Kansas City, Mo. "Because he has given me (and many other people) so many enjoyable hours, I wish him continued success and all the luck in the world."

Your good wishes will be sent on and delivered when his photo is secured.

NEW NAMES For The NEW PICTURES

"Night Wire" (Lew Ayres) has been changed to . . . "Shakedown"

"San Francisco Nights" (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to . . . "The Final Hour"

"Mercy Killer" (Gloria Stuart) has been changed to . . . "The Crime of Dr. Forbes"

"Public Nuisance No. 1" (Jane Withers) has been changed to "Pepper"

"Dimples" (Shirley Temple) has been changed to . . . "The Bowery Princess"

"Trouble Makers" (Glenda Farrell) has been changed to . . . "High Tension"

"To You My Life" (Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.) has been changed to . . . "Accused"

Want to find 66 HIM this vacation?



FEMININE ADORABLE YOU!—when you use MAVIS' all-over fragrance before you dress!

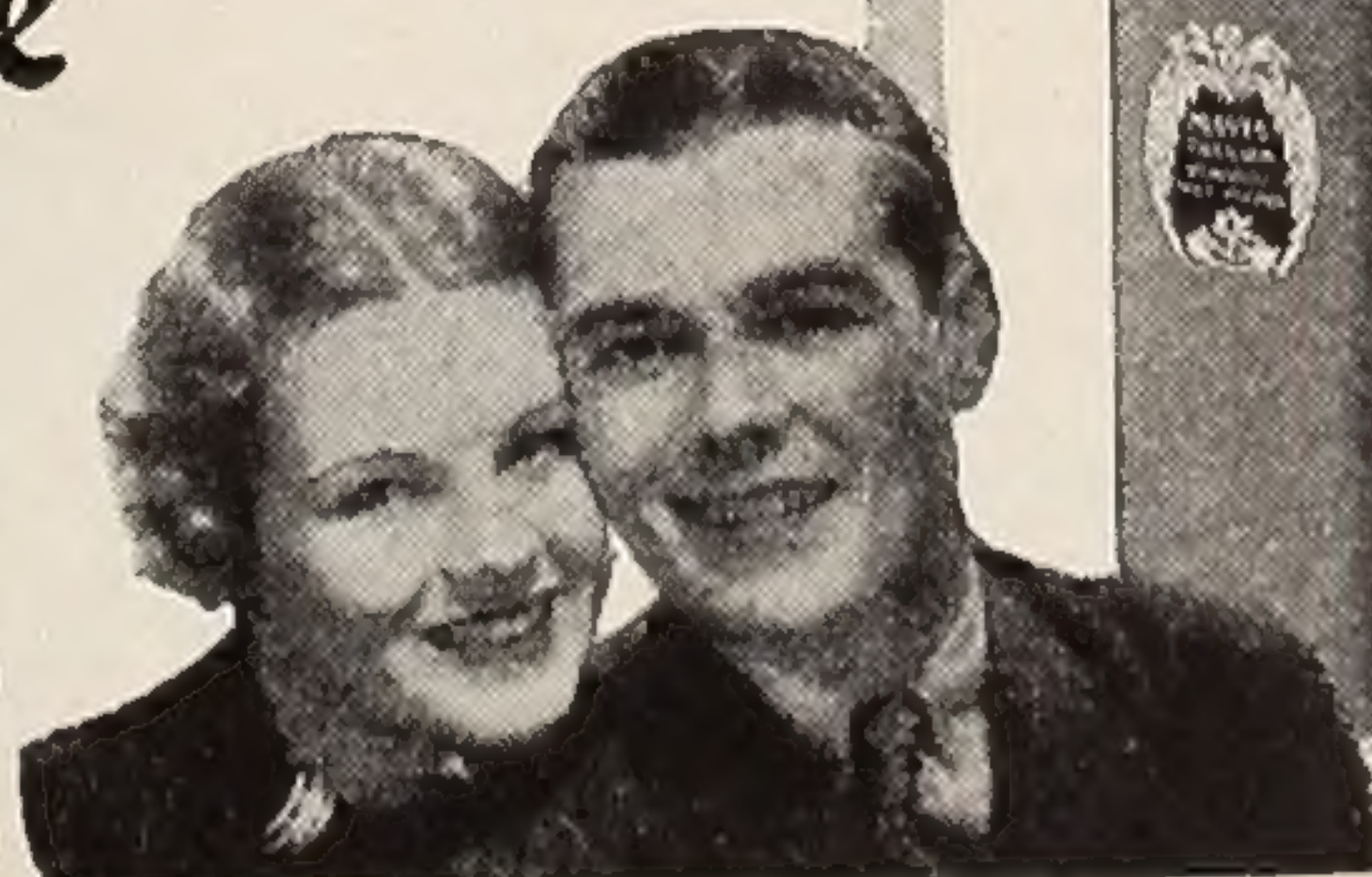
Men sense it, adore it—Mavis' flower-garden freshness lingering about you! . . . Adopt this secret of French women's charm. A caressing cloud of delicately scented Mavis Talcum all over—after you bathe, before you dress. . . . Mavis does more than surround you with an aura of allure. It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. And Mavis

actually *protects* the youthful softness of your skin. So soothing! . . . Add fresh new loveliness to your charm—with Mavis. Its all-over fragrance lasts and lasts! Try Mavis today!

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS

Genuine
Mavis
Talcum
IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

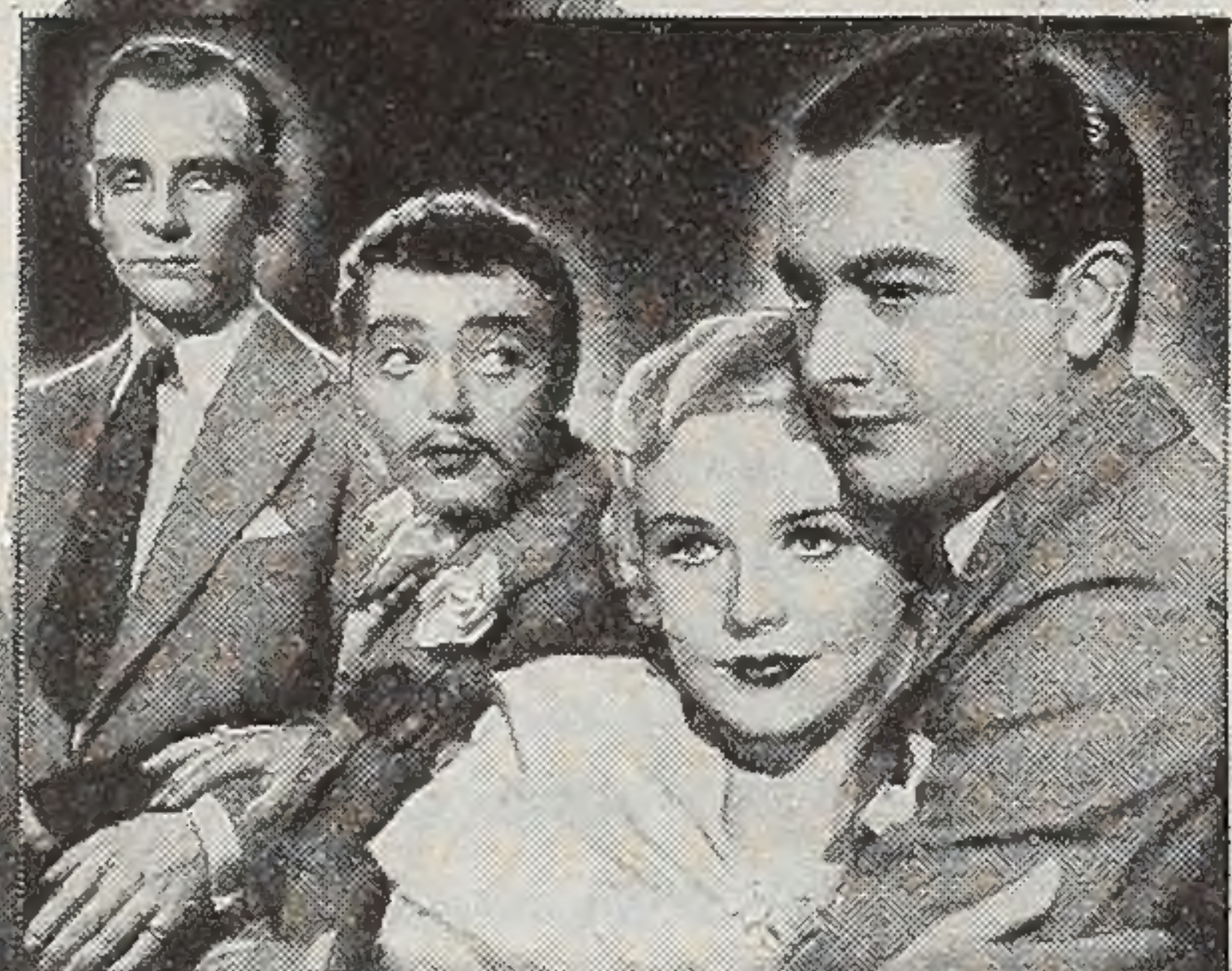
S-8

REVIEWS

IN BRIEF

Tips On The New Pictures.

Jane Withers
putting the pep
into "Pepper,"
her next picture.



HER THREE LOVERS

were under
secret orders
to murder
her

Secret Agent

starring

**MADELINE CARROLL
PETER LORRE
JOHN GIELGUD
ROBERT YOUNG**

From the play by Campbell Dixon
Based on the novel, "Ashenden",
by W. Somerset Maugham

DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Coming Soon to
Your Favorite Theatre

A  PRODUCTION

BULLETS AND BALLOTS—Fine. A gangster film that is so realistically handled it rates acres high. Ed. G. Robinson is excellent as the detective who plays along with the gangsters in order to trap them. Humphrey Bogart and Barton MacLane also contribute powerful performances and Joan Blondell is seen for a few brief, romantic moments.

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS, THE—Fair. Perhaps you've caught one of the former "Perry Mason" detective comedies, with Warren William cast in the rôle of the romantic lawyer-detective. If not, here's another in this sprightly series. (Claire Dodd-Paula Stone.)

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Fair. A murder mystery with Paul Cavanagh in the title rôle, that of a bluff gambler who gets into a tight spot and is forced to submit to the threats of a couple of top notch racketeers. (Noel Madison-Helen Wood.)

COUNTERFEIT—Good. A well directed and stirring melodrama of the counterfeiting racket, with Chester Morris as the secret government agent who draws the net around the crooks. Margot Graham, Marian Marsh, Lloyd Nolan and Claude Gillingerwater comprise the very capable cast.

DANCING PIRATE—Colorful. An entertaining story of a dancing master who is shanghaied by pirates—way back in 1840—but who escapes to a little Spanish town in California where he becomes the delight of the ladies because of his marvellous skill when waltzing. Done in technicolor, this film is a delight to the eyes. (Charles Collins-Steffi Duna.)

EDUCATING FATHER—Good. A worthy successor to the small-town tale of every-day family life called "Every Saturday Night." If you like folksy, wholesome tales about simple, middle-class people, this is your entertainment. (Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, etc.)

EX-MRS. BRADFORD, THE—Excellent. An intriguing mystery yarn, with the delightful element of comedy injected with very favorable results by those talented players—Bill Powell and Jean Arthur. In our estimation it runs a close second to the much-tooted "Thin Man."

FORGOTTEN FACES—Good. A tense drama not intended for lovers of frothy entertainment. Herbert Marshall plays a gambler sent to jail for murder, who, when paroled, again faces tragedy when Gertrude Michael, the cause of all his trouble, seeks to blackmail his daughter.

GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Good. A folk story of the Missouri Mountains that should appeal to all those who like wholesome stories depicting rugged phases of our American scene. Little Jane Weidler almost carries the tale on her own small, capable shoulders. (Henrietta Crosman-Leif Ericson.)

IT'S LOVE AGAIN—Entertaining. In England Jessie Matthews is the counterpart of our own Ginger Rogers, and in this British musical she is sure to charm you with her gay singing and dancing numbers. In the cast are Sonnie Hale, the popular comedian, and Hollywood's Robert Young.

KING STEPS OUT, THE—Entertaining. This newest Grace Moore film is blessed with Fritz Kreisler's haunting music and has for background the royal palace of Austria during its most romantic period—the middle 19th century. The gossamer plot is most amusing, and Grace is nobly supported by Franchot Tone, Walter Connolly and Herman Bing.

LAST OUTLAW, THE—Fine. A top notch "horse opera" that will appeal to all but the most sophisticated audiences. The excellent cast includes such skilful performers as Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Henry B. Walthall, Tom Tyler and Margaret Callaghan.

LET'S SING AGAIN—Fair. Little Bobby Breen, whom you have perhaps heard on the Eddie Cantor radio program, has the lead in this heart-wringer about an opera singer whose wife deserts him because of poverty. Years later he recognizes their son in an orphanage through the medium of an old refrain. (Henry Armetta-George Huston.)

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—Good. A genuinely moving story of a little orphan girl who finds unspeakable happiness in the end when she learns that she is the long-lost child of . . . well, see it for yourself. The plot could have been maudlin, but thanks to Jane Withers and an excellent cast, it is anything but that. (Ralph Morgan-Jane Darwell, Sara Haden, etc.)

LOVE BEGINS AT 20—Amusing. This comedy has the familiar but always good for a laugh "worm turns" angle. Hugh Herbert does a nice job with the part of the henpecked husband who has one glorious day of excitement thrust upon him. (Patricia Ellis-Warren Hull.)

LOVE IN EXILE—Fair. Clive Brook plays the exiled king of one of those romantic European countries, with attractive Helen Vinson as the glamorous lady who has caused his downfall from the seats of the mighty. Made in England, this comedy breezes along in a pleasant enough fashion and will make good warm-weather entertainment.

NAVY BORN—Good. When three naval lieutenants attempt to "father" an orphan baby that comes into their hands, naturally the situation is bound to provide a lot of amusement. There's a lot of excitement, too, when the baby gets kidnapped. In the cast William Gargan, Claire Dodd.

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON—Most Amusing. A French farce—all about a kiss in the dark and the consequences of such "folly"—and very delightful as played by Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino and Erik Rhodes. This is the first Pickford-Lasky release, and a worthy one, too.

POPPY—Fair. W. C. Fields is given opportunity to display his full bag of tricks in this newest comedy about a carnival grifter who decides to put through a "big business deal" in a small town, with his pretty daughter, Rochelle Hudson, as the bait. It has its amusing moments. In the cast are Richard Cromwell-Catharine Doucet-Lynne Overman-Maude Eburne.

REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES—Slightly goofy. A Zombie, in case you would like to know, seems to be a weird person thrust into a hypnotic sleep during which he becomes the unconscious victim of Satan, or at least that's what happens in this film. Of course, there's a love story, too—with Dorothy Stone and Robert Noland playing leads.

SHOW BOAT—Splendid. One of the finest musical films to be produced this or any other year. Taken from Edna Ferber's book and play of the same name it has plenty of what it takes—fine dramatic plot, beautiful melodies well sung—colorful backgrounds and a truly fine cast including Irene Dunne-Allan Jones-Charles Winniger-Helen Westley.

SINS OF MAN—Excellent. The story of a bell-ringer in the Tyrol whose life is tragically changed by his two beloved sons. Jean Hersholt gives a splendid characterization in the part—his first starring one, and Don Ameche earns applause in his rôle of the younger son. There's good drama here, and you will like it.

THINGS TO COME—Interesting. H. G. Wells experiments with the future in a decidedly novel fashion. If you are curious to ascertain what *might* happen to the inhabitants of this unruly earth of ours during the next hundred years, see this unusual film. (Raymond Massey.)

TROUBLE FOR TWO—Fair. A costume picture based on Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story, "Suicide Club." It is destined to please only a few—however, you may be one of the few, especially if thoroughly novel story angles appeal to you, no matter how bizarrely they are worked out. (Robt. Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Reginald Owen, Frank Morgan.)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Interesting. This is really "Five Star Final" dressed up in different clothes, but it retains all the force and punch of its predecessor. The plot, if you remember, concerns the menace of yellow journalism and its particularly devastating effect on one family in particular. Cast includes Humphrey Bogart, Beverly Roberts, Claire Dodd, etc.

YELLOW CARGO—Good. This exciting yarn, concerning the smuggling of Chinese into this country, is the first of a series of eight melodramas to be filmed with Conrad Nagle starred as a Government uncover man. In the cast are Eleanor Hunt, Vince Barnett, Jack LaRue.



Doris Nolen, whose stage reputation attracted Universal scouts, is now in Hollywood to begin her picture career.

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!



THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments re-

quired to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure*. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Saves your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as *you* are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8 S 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





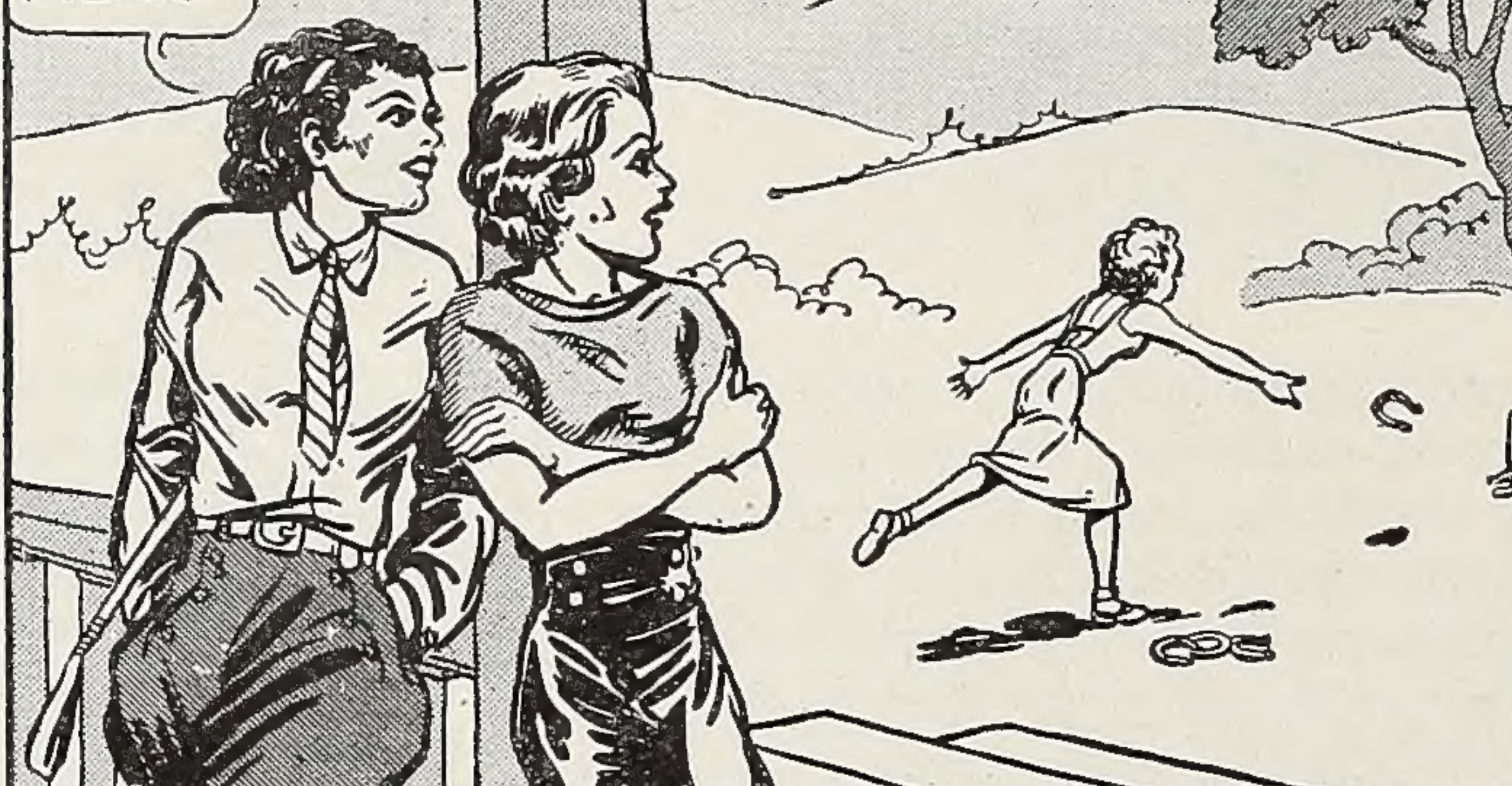
**WISH I WAS
HOME AGAIN—
I HATE THIS
PLACE...**



**SALLY'S
BAD
SKIN
NEARLY
QUEERED
HER
WHOLE
SUMMER**

WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? I THOUGHT **ALL** THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A **SHAME** THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS



HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO



ISN'T THIS A **PERFECT** PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS **MORE** IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD—but I GUESS A GIRL WITH **PIMPLES** LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE



NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M **SURE** IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL—I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE **RIGHT NOW** TO GET SOME



LATER SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME—THERE'S NOT **ONE** PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK—SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

HI, THERE, SALLY—HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU



**—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep
YOU from making friends**

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS



Clark Gable is a friend of every good dog and we are all friends of his, because he is that sort of person.

MAYBE it isn't sophisticated to like kiddies, but we just can't help it, the better we know Shirley Temple the more we like her. And if we ever hear of you calling her spoiled or conceited it'll be just too bad for you. As you probably know Shirley has a color book, with a huge picture of herself on the cover, named after her. The other afternoon she was on her way to a friend's house where she had a date to color pictures—Shirley is just crazy about coloring with crayons. Her mother heard her stirring around in the pantry busily looking for a newspaper. "What do you want a paper for, Shirley?" her mother inquired. "I want to wrap it around this picture of me," Shirley said, "I don't want people on the streets to think I'm conceited."

IT COULD only happen in Hollywood. Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda were partners on a treasure hunt, one evening not long ago, and the hunt led them to the Lakeside Country Club where they were given a victrola record which had the next clue recorded on it. They had to locate a victrola right away to play the record and, checking over the people she knew in Toluca Lake, Margaret suggested that they drop in on a director friend of hers. They rang his bell, and who should open the door but William Wyler, who very kindly showed them the victrola. Maggie with the greatest unconcern played the record while her two "ex" husbands looked on.

WHILE Gene Raymond was on location Jeanette MacDonald did a bit of night clubbing with Nelson Eddy.

SIMONE SIMON, that bit of French temperament who will make her American

debut in "Girl's Dormitory," with Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall, will soon be the most talked about actress in Hollywood, what with her slightly insane exploits—which are always good for publicity. We have just heard that Mlle. Simone objected to several vacant fields along Sunset Boulevard, so what does she do but send to France for poppy seeds, seeds of the famous red poppies from Flanders Fields. Imagine the surprise of the natives the other morning when they saw Simone, surrounded by sacks of seeds, sowing away along traffic jammed Sunset Boulevard.

HANDKERCHIEFS are getting bigger and bigger in Hollywood. Jean Harlow was seen at a party the other day carrying a printed linen handkerchief measuring a yard square. The background was white and carried a light blue design. Up until now ZaSu Pitts has always had the distinction of carrying the biggest handkerchiefs in Hollywood. She never uses them for colds but they are nice to have around when she feels like twisting something with her famous fluttering hands.

JEAN HARLOW all-of-a-sudden-like moved out of her big white palatial mansion which overlooks Bel-Air (and which she owns) and has taken a small Spanish house as much unlike her other as day is from night. And Hollywood is wondering and wondering. Is it an economic streak? Is she going to marry Bill Powell soon? Or what?

JAMES STEWART claims that he has the world's oddest band. And if you drop in on him some evening for a quiet little chat you'll soon find yourself a part of the loudest orchestra outside of the nut house. Jimmy's musical instruments include all

sizes of tin fives, a "sweet potato," comb and paper, a zobo, jew's-harp, drums and pans of assorted sizes; a mouth organ, saxophone from the ten cent store, a xylophone, and musical water glasses. When Jimmy isn't wielding the baton he plays the cornet. Fortunately, there are no close neighbors.

WHAT with things she can do with tape and gauze Claudette Colbert should certainly have been a doctor. One evening recently she even put her husband, Dr. Pressman, to shame. After dinner on Sunday nights Claudette always shows a picture in her playhouse, for her projection machine is one of her most cherished possessions. Just as fate would have it, of course, the one evening that she had "important" guests the projection machine broke down. Claudette's husband and brother and the man employed to run the machine and several of the male guests all tried to remedy the thing, but it just wouldn't go and it began to look as if there'd be no picture that evening. Claudette got hold of some adhesive tape and a pair of scissors and in no time flat had her machine all taped up and running merrily along.

AND they are saying over their cocktails that Herbert Marshall no longer cares about Gloria Swanson and that Gloria is broken up.

NOW that Ginger Rogers has officially separated from Lew Ayres she has become one of the swayingest, singingest girls in town. Like Barbara Stanwyck and Margaret Sullavan, just as soon as she separated from her spouse she decided to do a bit of stepping at the Trocadero. Separation seems to do that to the Hollywood stars. The minute they become free of the ball-and-chain—those who were the worst recluses start dancing like mad. Ginger's escort these nights is young Jimmy Stewart, and what a rush he has been giving her. Jimmy is the type who hates to dress up, but it seems that for Ginger he will do anything. He's worn his tuxedo more this last month than he has since coming to Hollywood. Ginger gave him a turkey dinner party the night of his birthday.

WELL, Kay Francis, when asked if she intends marrying Delmar Daves, instead of closing up like a clam as is her wont, actually said, "I honestly don't believe so. Two careers. And a family. I don't know." Now you can take it or leave it, just as you like.

TO KEEP her hair out of her eyes during her rehearsals for "Never Gonna Dance" Ginger Rogers tied it up with a couple of bright ribbons—and thereby started a new fad with the girls at the studio, and now all the girls in Hollywood are taking it up.

GEORGE BRENT has been visiting Garbo again, if you care. Now that Greta has been giving interviews to the Press no one seems to be interested in her.

BREAD UPON

It Is Easy To Believe That Some Of The Good Breaks That Come To Hollywood Stars Are Due To Their Kind And Generous Hearts

By Ed Sullivan



Joel McCrea has a real understanding of the meaning of friendship.

NOT long ago, I received a very interesting letter from young Elisha Cook, Broadway stager who was called to the cinema lots to make-believe for the sound tracts. Like most easterners, young Cook went to Hollywood prepared to find a curious colony of egomaniacs, self-absorbed, heedless of anyone but themselves.

To his pleased amazement, his first experience with Joel McCrea was a revelation. McCrea's stand-in was Arnold Gray, veteran of the silent flickers, one of the regiment of those stars of long ago who eke out a living at the menial tasks of the industry. Gray, it seems, had married a Spanish girl and she had developed lung trouble. The story came to McCrea's attention, and he pulled Gray aside. "That's right," Gray told him, "the doctors say that unless I get her to Arizona in a hurry—"

McCrea went into action quickly. The next day, a car and a trailer loaded with provisions was delivered at Gray's tiny apartment. The fellow who delivered it also delivered a note: "I think it would be a swell idea for you and the Missus to take a motor trip to Arizona or some place like that. It's high time the both of you had a vacation." It was addressed to Gray and signed by McCrea.

You can imagine the sensations of Gray and his wife when they realized the wind-fall that had tumbled out of the skies. You can picture their elation as they stowed their things aboard and swung southeast on the first leg of the trip to Tucson, Arizona. A passing motorist completed the story. On their first night out, while they parked for sleep, Gray died at the wheel of a heart-attack, and when his wife learned of it, the shock killed her too. In Gray's pocket they found the note from Joel McCrea and so they got in touch with him.

It was McCrea who completed their travels. He buried both of them from

Hollywood Chapel, and the only mourner there was himself. "I thought you ought to know the story," wrote young Elisha Cook, "because I think it is one of the grandest things I've ever witnessed. None of the Hollywood writers know about it because Joel isn't that kind of a guy, and I probably shouldn't reveal it, but moving picture stars take a lot of abuse and it's about time that somebody pointed out the nice things they do."

Young Elisha Cook is right. The people of Hollywood have a natural reluctance to broadcasting their charities, but in such an instance as this, it should be called to everybody's attention that there is a lot of bread cast upon the waters on the west coast.

Marion Davies, for instance, has been subjected to a lot of malicious attacks. But were it generally known that the Davies girl is one of the most charitable persons in the country, these attacks would die a-borning. Nobody in the industry does so many nice things as Marion Davies. It has been pointed out that she owns a lot of homes on the Coast—but it hasn't been indicated that most of these homes are occupied by down-and-outers of the screen industry, who live in them rent-free and tax-free. She has these former stars as "guests." At Christmas time, she resorts to an unusually gracious way of supplying the other necessities of life for the ensuing year for these tenants. She invites all of them to her house, and the presents stacked around the giant tree are orders for clothes and shirts for the men, and orders for dresses and hats for the women. There is only one dictum which must be obeyed. No presents are to be opened until the recipient returns to his or her home. In that way, nobody knows what the others receive. There is no embarrassment.

Joan Crawford never mentions her charities. But the hospital staffs in Los Angeles are familiar with them. They are free to call on her at any time for money to defray the hospital bills of the Coast down-and-outers. Not long ago, an extra was bedded in Cedars of Lebanon hospital. The doctors decided that a specialist from Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, should be consulted. They called Joan Crawford. The next day, the eminent medical man from Baltimore arrived by airplane, at Joan's expense.

Irving Berlin, one of the newcomers to Hollywood, already has made himself an inconspicuous factor in the charitable work of the film colony. Berlin, for years on Broadway, has been accessible to those in distress. And he has gone about it so quietly that none of his charities have reached the Broadway columns. Just before the veteran producer, Charles Dillingham, died, Berlin went to see Nate Blumberg, RKO vice-president in charge of theatres. "Would you be interested in a tabloid



George Burns and Gracie Allen have made millions laugh, and perhaps one reason why they can touch your emotions is because they have adopted some helpless little ones.

musical comedy for vaudeville?" asked Berlin. "If you wrote the songs," Blumberg said, jokingly. "That's what I meant," said Berlin quietly. "You see, Charlie Dillingham is—well, he's down on his luck. He won't take any money from me, of course, but what I wanted to do was to put out a show and then he'd get a certain income every week. That wouldn't be charity, and it would give him something to occupy himself with. I'll write the songs, and pay for the costumes and everything." Blumberg was so stunned at the generosity of the offer that he could hardly frame the affirmative answer. They were going ahead with the idea when Dillingham died.



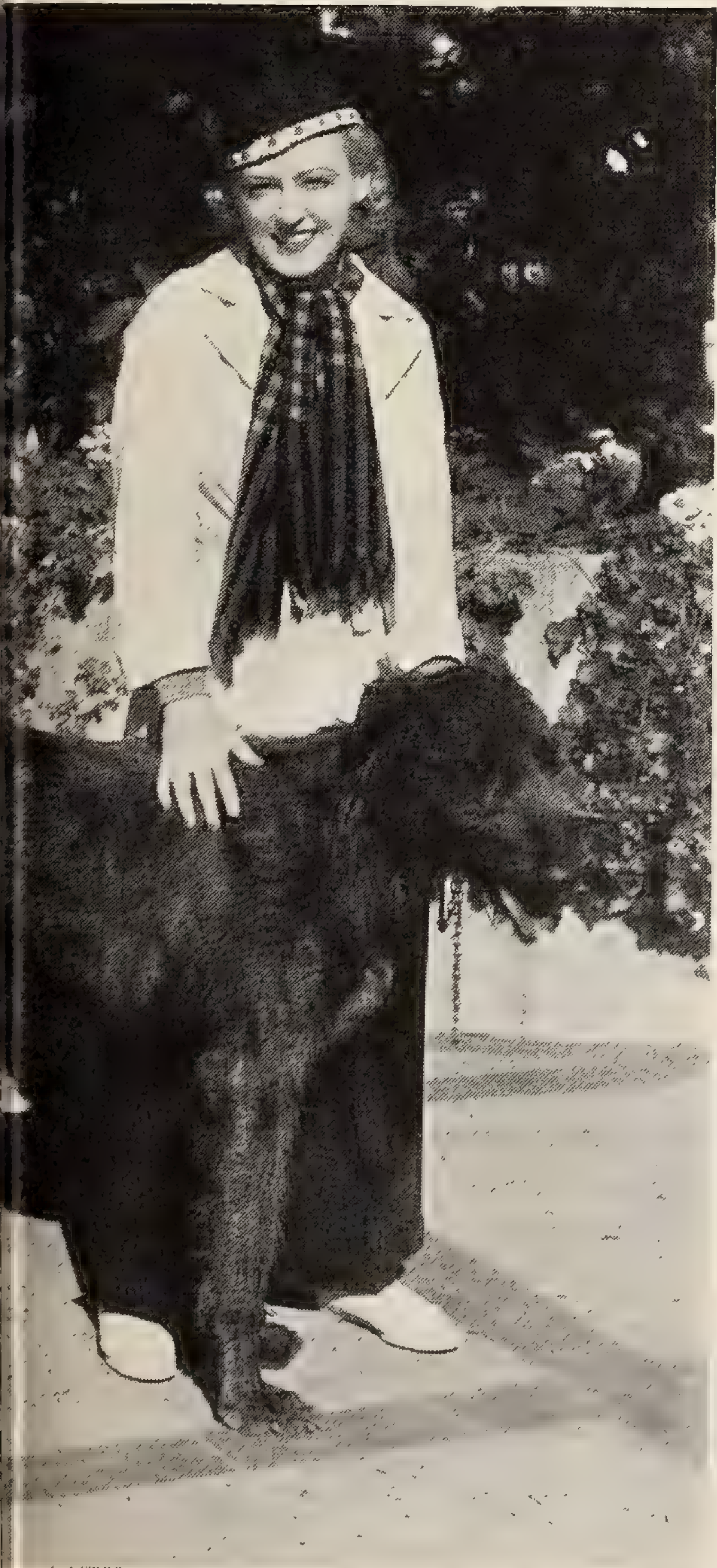
THE WATERS

When the "Sky Chief" crashed just a year ago this past May, one of the Paramount technicians aboard the big plane suffered leg injuries that resulted in a serious operation. The unfortunate victim was in an agony of shock and the doctors were fearful that his hysteria would cost his life. One of the doctors went to the 'phone, got Herbert Marshall on the 'phone. "I'll be right over," said Marshall. Thirty minutes later, the Paramount star walked into the electrician's hospital room. "You know," said Marshall, cheerily, "I got a bit shot up during the war. But I feel better now than I ever did."

The man on the hospital cot and Marshall talked for half an hour. When Marshall left, the patient's temperature had gone down, for his terror had vanished completely. The doctors say that Herbert Marshall, not themselves, saved that man's life.

Recently, because I remembered Mar-

There has always been a tremendous lure to Joan Crawford's screen character. Maybe there is a connection between her charm and the fact that no friend has ever appealed to her in vain.



Marion Davies does not advertise her generous and thoughtful acts but there are many who have benefited by them.

shall's nice act, I went to Laurence Stallings, Fox Movietone exec and famous author, and asked him for a similar favor. Producer Anatole Friedland had the same operation at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. Stallings, who was wounded at Chateau Thierry, went to the hospital with me to see Anatole. The doctors on the case said that there was an immediate improvement in the daily charts after Stallings and Friedland had chatted at the latter's bedside.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay had many interests in common that may patch up their recent discord, but no more compelling interest than their mutual charities. She acts as fairy godmother for at least ten families, supplying food and clothing for the children, finding jobs for the fathers. Fay, on each of his vaudeville or picture or radio dates, digs up at least five veterans of the stage and uses them in supporting rôles in order to let them earn a living. The charities of these two form one of the nicer records of the profession. Winnie Sheehan, when he was at Fox, took care of a veritable army of pensioners. Joe Schenck's heart is as big as his position in the movies. Carl Laemmle, in addition to supporting an army of relatives at Universal, was always at the beck and call of charity.

In still another field, the movie celebs have proved their unselfishness. Records of the famous Chicago foundling home, The Cradle, bear testimony to the dozens of film stars who have adopted children within the past five years, and I know of no grander gesture than this, for it gives some poor youngster the Cinderella advantages of

home and parents. The Harry Joe Browns, the Jack Bennys, Burns and Allen, the Wallace Beerys, the Al Jolson and dozens of others have expressed their niceness in this important way.

Far from being self-centered, inconsiderate and heedless of the responsibilities of the money they make, the film colonists are easily touched by appeals to heart and purse. Loretta Young tells me that she was actually amazed at the hundreds of offers of assistance inspired by an erroneous paragraph that was printed while she was sick. One of the columnists said that she was not only ill, but broke. Directors, film magnates and stars immediately contacted her with offers of money. Several sent blank checks and told her to fill in the check with any amount that she needed. She returned them, but she says that they did more to bring her back to health speedily than any medicine: "I never realized there was so much goodness in the world," she told me, and you can understand her meaning.

These, of course, are the celebrated cases which attract publicity because of the prominence of the involved parties. But the extras of Hollywood will attest to the generosity of the biggies. Mae West, George Raft, George O'Brien, Mickey Neilan, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Kay Francis—each of these has paid for operations, given money for hospital attention and acted as godfathers or godmothers of the forgotten people of Hollywood. They have done it without any ostentation. It was W. C. Fields who insisted that in each of his pictures, five of his pensioners must

[Continued on page 73]

HOLLYWOOD DATE TEST

Find Out Which Star Would Like You Best.

PERSONALITY QUESTIONNAIRE

Fill this out. Then compare your answers with the answers required by the bachelors, in order to find which star would be attracted to a girl of your type.

- | | Yes | No |
|---|-----|----|
| (1) When watching a good movie, do you put yourself in the central character's place as if you were up on the screen? | | |
| (2) Have you ever successfully earned your own living? | | |
| (3) Can you name two members of Roosevelt's cabinet; two winners of last year's M. P. Academy prizes? | | |
| (4) Is your hair blonde? | | |
| (5) Can you name two characters of "Merchant of Venice," and one modern American composer of music? | | |
| (6) Should a young couple have children on an income of less than \$5,000 a year? | | |
| (7) Have you been criticized for changing your appearance with tinted hair or cosmetics? (Family doesn't count.) | | |
| (8) Do you have trouble adding long columns of figures? | | |
| (9) Is it hard to resist bringing home puppies from a pet shop window? | | |
| (10) Have you been married? | | |
| (11) Would you tell your fiancé of a past, tragic, love affair? | | |
| (12) Are men more attracted by personality than beauty? | | |
| (13) Do you dislike "jazzed-up" versions of classical music? | | |
| (14) Do acquaintances sometimes say you should be a writer? | | |
| (15) Would you mind going on camping trips with the man you love? | | |
| (16) Would you change three features of your face or figure if possible? | | |
| (17) Are you genuinely popular at dances? | | |
| (18) Is marriage attractive to you principally because you would have and could manage your own home? | | |
| (19) Would you expect to go on seeing other men after your engagement or marriage? | | |
| (20) Do you play the trombone? | | |
| (21) Would you be angry if handed a "loaded" cigarette at a party—or at any other practical joke? | | |

By
Mark Dowling



James Stewart likes a girl who answers the questions as follows: 3—Yes, 5—No, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—Yes, 13—No, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—No, 17—Yes, 19—Yes.



Fred MacMurray cannot resist a girl who answers thus: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—No, 5—Yes, 6—No, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 12—No, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—No.

to win his whole-hearted approval! Henry also requests, somewhat wistfully, that the girls he goes around with "refrain from throwing things," and we don't know whether or not this has anything to do with the fact that Henry was once married to that lively lady, Margaret Sullivan!

Barton MacLane, whom you've seen playing villains for Warner Brothers, where they consider him star material, took a more serious interest in our "test" than any other bachelor—which may mean that Barton is looking for feminine companionship right now.

HAVE you what it takes to win the interest of a popular Hollywood bachelor?

Find out by filling in the questionnaire on this page—no cheating, now!—and then turn to the end of this article, and see which bachelor you are most likely to win!

There are no right or wrong answers to these questions, for almost any combination of answers will fit one of these handsome but surprisingly individual males!

And in addition to learning just which bachelor you'd suit best, there's added, unpublished information to be discovered about the gentlemen themselves.

Each star was personally interviewed, and submitted with good humor to an even longer questionnaire than the one on this page—for the purpose of finding out just what type girl each one prefers.

Nelson Eddy stressed *brains* in his requirements for a "perfect girl," and warned that girls must be well-educated, intelligent



and cultured to win his interest. Mere beauty wasn't even mentioned by this distinguished singer, but you must, naturally, have a developed appreciation

of good music, and be a clever conversationalist.

James Stewart, one of the youngest and most promising of Hollywood's new leading men, was the most amusing in his requirements for a feminine companion. The only two qualities he really objects to in women, we learned, are (1) an ability to play the trombone—or almost any musical instrument, and (2) an ability to star on a girls' baseball team. Almost anything else is O.K. with young Mr. Stewart. You'll have to like dogs, though—all except "small, hairless ones." To these he objects rather violently.

Henry Fonda had an unusual demand. Girls may have been married before, they may be blondes, brunettes or redheads—but they must be actresses





In addition to the type of girl indicated in the Barton MacLane answers at the end of this article, he told us, "I prefer small women rather than

large—but I'm not apt to lose my head over women who (1) can't keep the seams of their stocking straight, (2) are fussy about riding in an open car because their hair blows, and (3) who read newspapers out loud!"

Barton also remarks—very man-of-the-world, this one—that he wants a wife who will be willing to retire by midnight, for "everything that happens after that is apt to be anti-climatic!"

Paul Cavanagh was one bachelor who insisted that girls who go around with him work for their living. "I don't want a wife who thinks all a man does is sign checks," said Paul, realistically, "and I don't believe a woman can really appreciate the value of money unless she has earned it."

Paul also hopes—seriously enough—that his wife will have been married before. (Once is enough!) "Marriage is an education," he remarked, "and I'd much prefer she learned from another man!"

Oh, yes, we learned things as we carried our questions from studio to studio, from one bachelor's house to another's.

George Raft, surprisingly, if you thought of Georgie as one of our foremost night club boys, wants a wife of the decidedly maternal type—who must be "tolerant and a good sport." You'll fill these requirements admirably, if your answers come out with the right *Yeses* and *Nos* in the George Raft section at the end.

Dick Foran, now making a name for himself in western roles but still a Princeton boy at heart, was the only bachelor who mentioned the matter of long or short engagements. "I'd expect my fiancée to spend all her time getting things in shape for the wedding," said Mr. Foran, "for long engagements are fatal—and they should last only a couple of months at the most!"

Dick, incidentally, was also individual in choosing a brunette as his favorite type of beauty. Most of the boys don't care *what* color hair you have, so long as it's natural. And although you don't have to shine in the ballroom to win this handsome six-footer, you must be prepared to do your part in camp-

ing trips up in the mountains!

Fred MacMurray, who just muttered, "Oh, for Gosh sakes!" when we asked him about camping trips, was pretty emphatic about glamour. You must have it, to charm that whimsical MacMurray. Brains, poise, and understanding are also requested by this lad—who doesn't seem to know that a clever woman can simulate all three.

Randy Scott professed a special disinterest in *girls who gossip*—in addition to the qualifications you'll learn from his part of the answers at the end of the article. He also mentioned an embarrassment in the presence of girls who talk "nothing but clothes," and a positive hatred of girls who neglect their mothers. It sounded to this hawk-like reporter as if Randy, some time in his career, had come up against the wrong sort of lady!

Gene Raymond also dislikes "gossip," and you can't expect to be late for

dates and keep this blond youth on your string. With Gene, tardiness is out! You can be blonde, brunette, or redhead, though—and you must know when to be quiet and reserved, and when to be gay and lively.

Dick Powell stressed



Randolph Scott longs for a girl who would give these answers: 1—Yes, 3—No, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 12—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—No, 15—No, 18—No.

be married till September at the earliest, so you might include him.)

These are just a few of the fascinating facts we learned about Hollywood bachelors in the course of our interviewing. Others, necessarily, must be kept confidential. Don't feel too badly if you don't happen to "suit" your favorite male star! The boys weren't allowed to read the questionnaire. (It was written with the aid of a noted psychologist.)

For if you come out just one or two answers wrong, you'd still probably be able to charm him! The questions, in general, are arranged to reveal just what sort of girl you really are—and to give you an opportunity to see what bachelor in Hollywood you'd get along with the best! Here's luck!

Other Bachelor Preferences.

Owen Davis, Jr.: 1—Yes, 2—No, 3—No, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—Yes, 10—No, 11—Yes, 12—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—No.

Gene Raymond: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 5—Yes, 7—No, 8—No, 12—No, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—No, 17—Yes, 18—No, 19—No, 21—No.

George Raft: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—Yes, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—No, 17—Yes, 18—No.

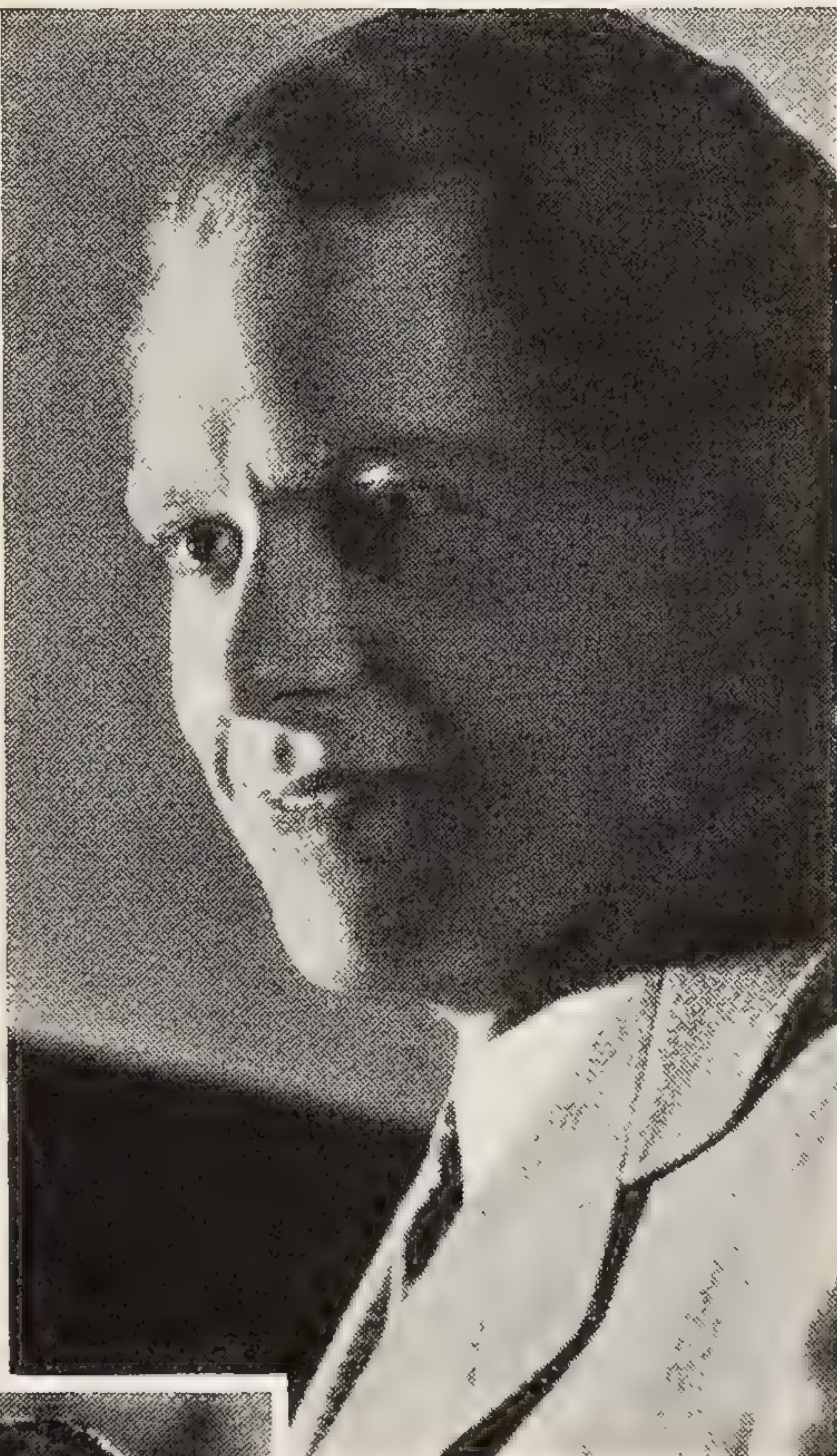
Dick Foran: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—No, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—No, 15—No, 18—No, 19—No.

Henry Fonda: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 14—Yes, 17—Yes, 18—No, 21—No.

Barton MacLane: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—No, 11—No, 14—Yes, 18—Yes, 21—Yes.

Michael Bartlett: 1—No, 4—No, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—Yes, 11—No, 12—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—Yes, 18—No, 21—No.

Ray Milland: 1—Yes, 3—No, 5—Yes, 6—No, 7—Yes, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 10—No, 11—No, 13—Yes, 14—No, 16—No, 17—Yes, 18—No, 19—No.



Nelson Eddy believes a girl should answer as follows: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 7—No, 8—No, 9—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 21—No.

that he wants an all-around girl—no "society type," but a girl who'd just as soon go to the movies at night as go to the Troc, but who *could* enjoy the Troc and a bit of night life occasionally, too.

(I hesitated about putting him in since he is so tied up with Joan Blondell, but they can't



Paul Cavanagh will like you if your list of answers checks with this: 1—No, 2—Yes, 6—No, 7—Yes, 8—No, 10—Yes, 11—No, 12—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—Yes, 18—No, 19—No.



Dick Powell's heart turns to a girl who agrees with these answers: 1—No, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—Yes, 14—Yes, 17—Yes, 21—No.

PROJECT

CLAUDETTE

not be denied. As De Lawd's pal, Noah, would say, that kind of a success "am a complete" success.

Claudette first tasted the sweets of dramatic triumph, and found them quite pleasing, on the rostrum of the first grade of Public School 59, New York City, where by popular request, albeit public demand, she sang, "Come here little Robin and pick up some bread"—with a French accent, a lisp, and gestures. (Our Claudette lisped until she was seven years old.) She doesn't know whether it was the accent, the lisp or the gestures that got

a prim little French doll with long curls and a pretty white dress her mother had made for her, was supposed to stand up before the assembled Sunday School classes, with a lily in her hand, and recite a verse about Easter.

But Claudette took one look at those hundreds of strange faces staring at her, clutched tightly at her lily, completely forgot what rhymed with "dawn," and began to cry. In keeping with the spirit of Easter we might say that Claudette laid an egg. Her grandmother scolded her all the way home and it was a long time before Claudette could be persuaded to speak any more "pieces." She definitely decided to become either an artist or a ballet dancer and never open her mouth in public again.

That was twenty years ago. But Claudette today, poised, glamorous, dignified, chic young woman that she is, is still as mortally afraid of "opening her mouth in public" as she was when she was a little French girl

IT DIDN'T happen one night. And she didn't marry her boss. No indeed, Claudette Colbert, Paramount star, Academy Award winner, and Glamour Girl of Hollywood, played the career game the hard way—and won. She didn't become a sensational star overnight because she could do a tap dance on the head of a pin, or because she held hands with the director after working hours. Claudette had no tricks and no amours and she had rather die than stoop to cuteness.

Producers are famous for being push-overs for that girly-girly business of eye rolling, lash fluttering, lip puckering and "poor 'ittle me" talk, but alas, coyness was not for the likes of Colbert. It made her sick at her stomach, and still does. Claudette owes her success on the screen to years of hard work, to determination and perseverance in the face of poverty and rebuffs, and to a decided dramatic talent that would

them but the kids went crazy and applauded so loudly that the world toppled off the teacher's desk. When she thinks about it now she can't understand why she wasn't petrified with fear for she was a shy, timid little girl and dreadfully sensitive about that lisp, but she clearly recalls loving the applause and singing about little Robin's exploits over and over again—with a French accent, a lisp, and gestures.

At her first personal appearance she was a riot and brought down the house. But her second appearance before her public was in the nature of a flop. It was on Easter morning and Claudette, looking like



COLBERT

with long curls and a pretty white dress. It's the thing that frightens her most in life. It keeps her from going to banquets, and benefits, and premieres, and making personal appearances. She just lives in dread of the moment she will have a "mike" tossed at her mouth and hear those awful words, "And tonight we have with us—" or "And now we will ask Miss Claudette Colbert to say a few words—"

"Heaven help me," Claudette will mutter to herself, turn deathly pale, and become frightened sick all over. A mere "I am so glad to be here this evening and I know I shall enjoy the picture" in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre will provide Claudette with her best breakdown of the season.

Fortunately, oh most fortunately, this mortal terror of the spoken word does not extend to the theatre or the studio set. It's only the "impromptu" speech that frightens her. On the legitimate stage or a Hollywood studio set she is the most calm, collected young actress you may ever hope to see, she very rarely "blows up" in her lines, is terribly sweet and pleasant to everyone, never gets nervous or rattled, and has as little temperament as an actress can have.

Her sets are never closed to visitors, whether they are personal friends or visiting firemen. The more the merrier. As long as she is Cigarette, or Cleopatra, or Doctor Jane Everest, or Ellie Andrews or Mrs. Julia Barclay everything is hotsy tosy, but when she becomes Claudette Colbert, beware of the impromptu speech. Hell, to Claudette, is a place where hundreds of fatuous looking masters-of-ceremony shout continuously, "And tonight we have with us—"

Claudette is a very informal young person who calls most people by their first names after a fairly short acquaintance. She is friendly, but never palsy walsy. You will call her by her first name probably the second time you meet her (if you don't she will ask you to) but no matter how long you've known her you will never call her by a nickname, and she will never call you by a nickname. I have known Claudette for a number of years and have never encountered but one exception to this rule. It was at the Pacific Coast tennis matches in Los Angeles two years ago. One of the tall and handsome tennis players, who assumed that he was

the Clark Gable of the courts, entered her box and greeted her with, "Hullo, Toots. How's tricks?"

Miss Colbert to say the least, was a bit taken back. For a time after that a few of us called her "Toots Colbert" but somehow or other the gag soon died a natural death. When I want to tease her occasionally I call her "Glamour Girl." She doesn't seem to like that very much. And once her brother, Charles Wendling, called her "Lead-in-the-Pants" because she wouldn't run after tennis balls. That didn't take very well either. For best results just call her "Claudette."

This charming and gracious informality of hers makes her the pride and joy of inter-

viewers. Fan writers know they will never be ritzed, forgotten, insulted, or snubbed by Claudette Colbert, but whether or not they get a "story" out of her depends upon their own adroitness. If they aren't careful it is invariably Claudette who gets the story. When the writer leaves she knows his age, his religion, his marital status, the make of his car, his ambitions, and his innermost secrets—but the susceptible young writer knows nothing about Claudette except that she is the most sympathetic movie star he has ever met. In the idiom of Hollywood fan writers Claudette is considered "fair copy." That means she won't "give," but you'll have a lot of fun.

Claudette isn't at all name conscious.

Naturally she gets a big thrill out of seeing her name in lights on theatre marquees and naturally she loves to read nice things about herself in newspapers and magazines, as who doesn't? But I have never seen her race through a fan magazine or a gossip column looking for her name as I have seen dozens of the Dream Children in Hollywood do. As a matter of fact, Claudette never reads gossip columns and rarely reads fan magazines. She is not foolishly sensitive about her publicity as so many stars are, but simply loathes, hates and despises to see herself quoted, especially when the writer has made no effort to do so accurately.

You never see Claudette with two inch initials on her hat, or her name done in baubles across her chest, or embroidered flamboyantly on her pajamas, blouses, panties and gowns (not that it is any of your business, but Miss Colbert prefers the

ANNOUNCEMENT

OUR Cover Girl each month is a popular star. We believe that you want to see paintings of these girls in order that you may know the coloring of their hair and eyes and clothing: in other words, how they actually look in real life.

To enable you to feel more intimately acquainted with these interesting actresses, I have had Elizabeth Wilson write a new kind of biographical story which we call a "Projection." The stars will be "projected" into your mind by Miss Wilson's close personal knowledge of the players with whom she works, dines and parties.

Read "Projections" each month in SILVER SCREEN and you will learn the history, mannerisms, likes and dislikes, hopes and plans of the girls who are outstanding and extraordinary in this world of ours.

ELIOT KEEN, Editor.



night gown of the Empire school for the beddy-bye), all of which may seem slightly bad taste to you, but you'd be surprised how many movie stars go in for this self-publicizing.

I suppose that the chief reason that Claudette isn't name mad, as are the other inmates of our little colony, is due to a childhood tragedy. One day when she was quite young she took a pair of scissors and scratched out her name on her mother's highly polished sewing table. "Fools' names like fools' faces are always seen in public places," quoth Mrs. Colbert to the little Claudette and that, accompanied by a spanking, made a great impression on our

[Continued on page 66]



Betty Furness fills her blue suit with the spirit of the beach.



Ginger Rogers dips into the dancing waves.

ALL STAR CAST IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN

NOT A
PICTURE



THE sun is also beaming like mad in Hollywood these days, but instead of bringing on a severe case of the sweltering blues it's a gift of the gods to the gorgeous babes in movie-land. It's just what they ordered. They have discovered that life's at its best at the beach, and that now there's nothing more stimulating than hieing right out into the sunshine by the sea-shore.

Devastating damsels of the screen are eagerly pouring themselves into satiny bathing suits. Males of the moment are displaying a genuine flair for choosing flattering athletic shorts. (Of course, no actor would be caught dead in an old-fashioned, whole suit!) When one has the figure divine, one leans towards whites and yellows—the contrast with your tan is so effective.

The wise beach gals and boys try to scamper onto the gleaming white sand by ten a.m., because from then to three p.m. it's nicest. They dab on their protecting oils and in a jiffy, they're all set to relax or romp. And to dive into the beckoning breakers every hour or so. That is, all but the confirmed "lollers" who'd rather look at the Pacific than feel it.

It's a twenty-minute drive from Beverly Hills to the magnificent crescent that is Santa Monica Bay. Curved into the Western side of Los Angeles, this bay is bordered by a dazzling white beach stretching fully thirty miles from Malibu on the north to the expensive Palos Verdes estates on the south. Houses and private clubs, interspersed by public beaches, line the entire sweep.

Where the stars go for their fun—to their own beach places, to their pals', or to a club—there are no Coney Island touches. No vulgar picnicking. You eat on a veranda, served by James. You can't build a fire or put up a tent. (No, not a Hays office edict!) You dare not produce a baseball bat. Which is a tremendous relief to all who hate being in continual fear of being knocked in the head when the catcher slips up.

What you can do when you're with Hollywood's elite is to go to sleep on the blanket you've spread to have something softer

than sand to lie on. Or if you don't need to catch up on your back slumber, you may read. The portable canopied chairs are exactly suited for magazine-thumbing. You can throw a medicine ball, and at the clubs they're strong on volleyball. Then, after all, there's always the sea. The clubs have rafts to swim out to. If you can get through the breakers, which are only medium high, it's smooth going. When you're really good you take your surf-board out under your arm and ride in. But if you must fish, as Bing Crosby must when he goes down to the beautiful sea, you stand at the water's edge and cast into the breakers. You'll catch Corbinas.

Robert Taylor makes it in seventeen minutes flat from Beverly to his favorite Santa Monica club. Every night at six he checks with the studio as to whether he's due to hero Garbo on the morrow. If it's "no" he snoozes extravagantly on until eight a.m., indulges in a leisurely breakfast, and with a zippy shifting of gears is away to bronze the body beautiful. (I can't guarantee that what they say about Dixie is 100 percent true. Yet I can assure you that our Bob and our Joel McCrea are authentic Adonises. And every woman who's been sitting around too many bridge tables will practically die when she sights Norma Shearer dashing in for a dip.)

I find that Norma has to conceal a wicked desire to chuckle when people begin to gush over the advantages of living at the beach. She has been wise to the value of the ever-marvelous air and regular sun-tonics for the past four years. She stays the year through, so no wonder she can be a sweet sixteen although the mother of two kiddies! The last time I was at Norma's we did all our visiting in her sunny yard—and she doesn't wear a speck of make-up when she's after her violet rays. Her James served us "out front." Incidentally, the charmingly modernistic Shearer establishment, with its continental exterior, has a surprising new suite. Norma's gone fifteenth century to the extent of having Metro's Juliet bedroom installed where once all was so stunningly

By Ben
Maddox



Sketched for
Silver Screen at
Santa Monica by
Oscar Howard.



The beach house of Merle Oberon
below the tree-margined cliff.



Merle in graceful relaxation.

current. It kept her in the spirit of Juliet while rehearsing.

In the row of houses below the Santa Monica Palisades the other movie year-rounders are Merle Oberon, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and the George Bancrofts. Merle is a particular chum of Norma's. The Oberon recently tired of a Spanish set-up and has switched to an English cottage. Cary and Randy are our bachelors de luxe, with health on their minds. Up every dawning at seven, they pop boldly into the briny, and then—if they're not working—they have some cups of coffee and park in the sun until noon. Whereupon they take their constitutionals on the special hydraulic rowing machine designed by Dick Kline, master of the Paramount gym. The wind-up, after lunch, is more beach until teatime. Select callers appreciate how tanned Randy's becoming—it's as difficult for him to approach the fashionable cinnamon hue as it's a snap for Cary. Mr. Grant, meanwhile, pays ardent attention to Miss Mary Brian. It remains to be seen if theirs is to be more than a summer love.

Ginger Rogers rented a house in this row as soon as she and Lew Ayres called it a noble experiment. Ginger, like Norma, adores to do cartwheels! The Harold Lloyds and Marion Davies are at their homes, also adjoining, about half of the warm season. On Sundays Marion's beautiful Colonial palace, the finest beach house in the world, is thronged with the cinema's important folks and distinguished travelers who've won an invitation there. One of the most appealing things about Marion is that she isn't a schemer. If she's your friend you'll always be welcome, no matter what your Hollywood status at the moment. Her guests can plunge into a marble pool or tennis on splendid courts. They

can attempt to swim to the two rafts anchored off-shore. Or they may chat comfortably until the lavish buffet supper is served. Later there's sure to be a showing of a new film. Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, William and Dick Powell—they all frequently spend Sunday at Marion's. The Talmadges are usually present. Anita Page's blonde loveliness, noticeable amidst even reigning stars, makes you wish she'd give acting another whirl.

A quarter of a mile from Marion's, which is the landmark in Santa Monica, are two of the swankiest clubs—The Beach Club and the Santa Monica Athletic Club. Here many of our sunshine addicts are gathering. Joel McCrea, Gene Raymond, and Tom Brown keep their surf-boards in the locker rooms. The way they ride the breakers you'd think they were fresh from Waikiki. No one I know is crazier about the beach than Joel. He met his Frances Dee at his club, too, when both were asked to pose for beach art one memorable afternoon. Now Frances and the two tiny McCreas are dutifully acquiring tan along with their palpitating papa. Gene Raymond is still trying to sell Jeanette MacDonald on the idea. She has a partiality for sitting under umbrellas. But these two gay first-nighters, who've transferred their dating to the beach, have so many laughs topping each other's witticisms that I've a hunch Jeanette will be modishly tinted before she realizes what she's doing.

There are a few, I must admit, who aren't on the band-wagon. Olivia de Havilland's the ringleader of the rebels. Completely serene in a silk sports ensemble, she invariably surveys the scene from a club veranda. "Beach bathing, sun bathing, or any kind of outdoor activity is taboo," she informs me. "I get too many freckles!" Luise Rainer, though, doesn't bother about freckles. She thrills to wind on her face and tossing her hair, and is the spirit of nature reincarnated.

You wouldn't fancy that Bette Davis, who's so slight, would be a champion surf-swimmer. But she is. Indeed, Bette was a lady lifeguard back in Massachusetts when she was in high school. The buoyant Joan Blondell, such a vision in her sun-suits, isn't the least interested in the water. So, as I always maintain, you can't tell what a girl will respond to until you ask her to the beach! Some of the most alluring honeys likely are faithful to a glitteringly tiled bathroom.

Janet Gaynor, whom you might suppose too clinging vine-ish to bestir herself, is the most enthusiastic of all our feminine sun-worshippers. She has never bought a home in Hollywood or Beverly, but she owns a hideaway cottage at Playa del Rey, which is south of Santa Monica proper. For [Continued on page 76]

Fictionization Of
"SING BABY, SING,"

a 20th Century-Fox
Production With Alice
Faye, Adolphe Menjou,
Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly,
Gregory Ratoff and
Michael Whalen.

NIGHT CLUB LOVE

The Little Cabaret Singer
Had A Heart Of Gold
But Nothing In The Bank.



JOAN WARREN, one of the Warrens of the New York telephone book, was lighted up like a Christmas tree, but she was thriftily saving all her presents for a man who would come along some day and win her heart. In other words, Joan's business consisted of looking like something that she wasn't, and she never let business mix with private life.

Joan was a night club singer. She was blond and little. The customers liked her and she had as many chances as any cutie to open charge accounts at Bergdorf Goodman's and Cartier's, guaranteed by the check books of tired business men. Instead of which she lived on her weekly pay check from Club 41 in the innocent conviction that a really smart girl can dig gold with her voice. Then, one day, she lost her job.

Mac, the suave proprietor of Club 41, hadn't anything against Joan. He liked the kid and her singing went over big, but he knew the night club business well enough to keep a jump ahead of his public. He had just snapped up a debutante from the Long Island set, a dear little thing from the Junior League whose picture was in all the newspaper rotogravure sections in connection with yachts and polo and fashionable dog shows. The smart young debbies go into department stores and night clubs, these days, taking the places of girls like Joan who work for their ham and eggs; learning how the other half lives while the other half starves to death. So Joan, who still believed in Santa Claus and St. Valentine, was on her way out.

"I'm not blaming you, Mac," she sighed. "But why don't those dizzy debts stay in Newport and Palm Beach? They only work because they think it's cute."

Joan went back to her dressing room, calculating mentally how long her last pay check would keep her afloat. What with room rent and cats and the necessity of keeping up a front while she looked for a new job, the prospect wasn't too bright. Thinking just a little wistfully of easy money she had snubbed she opened the

door to find her room occupied considerably by a strange young man who filled her chair and eased his feet on her dressing table.

"Oh, that's all right," he smiled on seeing Joan. "Come right in."

"Thanks. Who are you?"

Ted Blake was a newspaper reporter. Working for one of the tabloids of course he knew all the answers—that is, all the answers you read in the tabloids. He didn't believe in Santa Claus or St. Valentine or anything else—especially the virtue of blonde torch singers. He was very young.

Ted gave her a look that tried to tell her all he knew and found it rather hard to look at Joan in a detached way.

"My particular job is to cover the fourth biggest industry in the United States," he began.

"Which is?"

"Gold digging. Breach of promise suits, matrimonial payoffs. It's a very profitable business. Do you realize that in this country last year more money was spent on breach of promise suits than on automobiles?"

"Very educational, Professor, but—"

"Which brings me to Dixie Donahy, a gal who used to work here. What do you know about her?"

"Only that she's blonde, and sings," said Joan wearily.

"Sounds like the description of a canary. Dixie just sued a sixty-year-old millionaire for a hundred grand. Breach of promise—"

"She did? I didn't think Dixie was that kind!"

"What kind?" Ted scoffed. Was the woman trying to make him think she wouldn't do the same thing! "I suppose you wouldn't like to drape the body beautiful in a chinchilla coat!"

"I'd love to. But not if I have to get it that way—in case you were about to make an offer." Joan was not only a little weary, she was beginning to get sore.

"I was *not*," Ted snapped. "But what's your way? Or is it a big secret?"

"Oh, it's been done." She pointed to her

chest. "It's something in here that makes the music go 'round and 'round and come out here." She pointed to her lips.

"Are you suggesting that you're going to sing your way into a chinchilla coat?"

"That's right, Mr. Blake."

He rose and stared at her with the deep, deep disillusion only a young newspaper man can feel. "Say, have you a picture of yourself?"

"What for?"

He gave her his final stare from the door. "I want to send it to Ripley."

Joan slammed the door behind him and slammed it hard. Gold digger! That's all the credit a girl earned for being on the up and up! Her job gone and then this—the final annoyance—insulted by a reporter.

* * *

Joan was packing her suitcase while she waited her call to go on at Club 41 for the last time. She had had a tough day. With her agent, Nicky Alexander, who was worse broke and more desperate even than Joan, she had tried to get a contract to go on the air—and muffed it. There wasn't any other job in sight. If she had to divide her savings with Nicky and his secretary, Fitz, and Fitz's brother, Al, to keep them fed, maybe soon there wouldn't be any more meals in sight, either. As she packed she couldn't help thinking about Ted and his jibes about chinchilla coats.

The door opened and Ted looked in.

"Oh, it's you. Sorry, but I'm busy." She turned her back and went on packing.

"Newport or Palm Beach?" he essayed lightly. When she did not answer his manner became human. "I understand you've lost your job. I'm sorry."

"Are you? Now isn't that big-hearted of you!"

Fictionized by
Jack Bechdolt



The news photographers and reporters gathered to meet the new girl friend of the great lover.

"I know I talked out of turn the other night," Ted went on sincerely. "I apologize."

Still Joan wasn't doing any forgiving. He went on, "You're the only woman I ever apologized to—except my mother. I once apologized to her for being born—"

"Did she forgive you?"

"Well . . . she said, 'Don't let it happen again.'" Joan had to smile at that and Ted, seeing her relenting, held out his hand. "Peace?"

"Peace," she agreed.

"Whew, that's a load off my mind."

"I hope you didn't lose any sleep over it."

"Couldn't sleep a wink all night. I've been around 'em so much I'm getting to think *every* girl's a gold digger!"

They were smiling at each other when the call boy came to summon Joan to the stage. She liked Ted Blake when he smiled. That phoney young cynicism of his vanished then. He looked like what he was, a nice boy. When he suggested that it might be a good idea for him to see her home after her songs were sung, she agreed with him. Then she scampered out to greet the spotlight and convince a lot of people that she was something she wasn't, because at heart she was a young girl who was falling in love.

While Joan and Ted were smiling at each other in that delightful state of awakening love, a satchel-eyed Romeo on the loose was walking with gentlemanly unsteadiness into the portals of Club 41. He was none other than Bruce Farraday himself—in person, not a picture. There are people in this modern civilization of ours who become symbols for various things. Bruce Farraday was the symbol of romantic love. He had that something in looks and



Farraday was a great actor and his admirers were numbered in thousands.

voice that camera and microphone can seize upon and dish up to lonely hearts all the way from Manhattan to Madagascar, something that satisfied the feminine world's longings. It was Bruce Farraday—or his screen image at least—who made the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady pretty much alike in their emotional insides.

Farraday had been working like a dog for weary years past, often on the set from dawn to midnight, acting gentlemanly romantic parts and making more money than even an actor can use. His brother-in-law, Robert, who had quit driving a laundry wagon to manage his affairs, had worked like a dog, too, keeping Farraday reason-

ably sober for so long that he felt like a bath sponge in the middle of Death Valley.

Finally had come a moment when Robert wasn't looking and Farraday found the Hollywood cage door wide open. He was enjoying a glorious, alcoholic freedom, slightly hampered by a considerable crowd of autograph hunters and general riffraff, attracted by his cane, his spats and his beautiful physiognomy.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" he moaned facing his tormentors. At this moment Nicholas K. Alexander, Joan's agent, thrust his way through the mob. Fitz, Nicky's hard boiled secretary, tried to hold him back. "You won't do. He says he wants a *whole* horse!"

But Nicky, who was hungry and desperate to get close to anything that looked like a better break, got to Farraday's side and dispersed the tormentors. He maneuvered Farraday into Club 41 and Fitz, and her brother, Al, who had been Nicky's office boy until Nicky was evicted from his office, went along. They found themselves at last eating real food and drinking real wine while Nicky tactfully suggested to the uproarious Farraday that he could line up some excellent singers and dancers for his next picture.

"Singers? Dancers?" Farraday cried with dignity. "Sir, my next picture is Hamlet."

"I saw Hamlet once," Nicky persisted. "A few hot numbers won't hurt it."

"Why speak of business on a night like this," the great man went on. "Tonight we float in gondolas! Tonight we roam the streets of Verona. Tonight I am Romeo." He paused and shed a thoughtful tear. "Do you realize this is my first rest, my first vacation in three years? I've made fifteen pictures without a breathing spell—worked like a slave day and night—and I'm tired. I want to forget everything about it. I want to live! I want to sing and *shout*!" He let out a screech that shook the chandeliers of



The press agent's handy man disguised as a doctor.

Club 41 until they threatened to break.

At that moment the floor lights were dimmed and the spots turned on Joan, rising slowly into view upon a decorated little platform. For the last time she was singing to Club 41 her biggest number, "Love Will Tell."

Farraday listened spellbound, his eyes on the girl. Without ceasing to stare he rose from his table and started across the dance floor, arms outstretched. His step was unsteady, but his aim was certain. It was Joan he headed for. Nicky made a wild grab for his coat and missed him. The entire audience watched him now while the gloomy Fitz muttered, "I told you no good would come of this!"

"Juliet!" cried Farraday in that voice that had thrilled millions. "It is my lady! Oh, it is my love!"

He knelt with something of a thud before Joan's elevated platform. Her wild glance saw him there, but she kept on singing . . . she didn't know what else to do. "Juliet!" Farraday entreated. "She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that!"

In the voice and with the gestures that made \$5.50 orchestra seats seem like a bargain, Farraday went on, "Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say aye and I will . . ." With that Bruce Farraday passed out, falling on his face while Joan kept on singing. Amidst the uproar he was borne away by the waiters, and Nicky, who was still hopeful that something would come of this, accompanied him to the hospital.

Joan finished her song in spite of the uproar. She was paid to sing it and she did. She was that kind of girl. She didn't even know the identity of the saturated Romeo who fell at her feet and she cared a whole lot less because she had a Romeo of her own waiting for her in her dressing room. Now she was all washed up with Club 41 and free to scam on the wings of love.

There was something mighty sweet and understanding about this Ted Blake, once you got him to forget he was a jaded newspaper man, and by three in the morning the streets of Manhattan are not so bad for exchanging thrilling confidences. Sometimes to very young couples just falling in love they forget to be streets of asphalt and stone; they seem to fade back into the meandering cow paths between neat little Dutch stone houses that they once were, and, as if sleeping, the grim old girl that is modern Manhattan remembers her own youth. So to the *clop-clop* of the first milk horses and followed by the sympathetic grins of cops and cruising taxi drivers Joan and Ted walked in a happy daze.

The telephone in Joan's apartment rang early next morning, and Fitz, who slept nearest, answered it. Joan had taken Fitz in for the night because the poor girl had no other place to go.

"Oh," said Fitz with a start of interest. "It's you? What jail are you in?"

"Not in jail," Nicky's voice corrected. "I'm at the hospital."

"Are you hurt? Do you want a lawyer?"

"I don't need a lawyer. I need Joan. Listen. I want you and Joan to come right over here . . ."

Nicky had had another brain wave. He was making their fortunes all over again and Bruce Farraday was the spade he would dig gold with.

Farraday had come to after a terrible

night, raving for a drink and for his Juliet. Nicky got him the drink, a bottle of bay rum smuggled by in a hot water bag; now he was paging Juliet.

"I tell you we couldn't *buy* publicity like this," Nicky expounded when the two girls arrived. "The newspapers will eat it up. You're made, Joan. All you've got to do is have your picture taken with him."

The corridor outside Farraday's door already was jammed with reporters and photographers who had flocked there to discover the identity of Farraday's latest Juliet. Nicky had installed the faithful Al as Romeo's private physician, just arrived from Hollywood. Everything was set for enough publicity to get Joan offers of a job.

"You're *sure* that's all I have to do—just have my picture taken with him?" Joan asked doubtfully.

"I give you my word. Now quit worrying. Leave it to me and I'll bet my shirt—"

"Yeh," said Fitz gloomily, "you almost lost your pants yesterday."

Nicky had Joan by the arm and began breaking a path through the press boys gathered about the door. They surged toward her from every side demanding her name and her business. Nicky craftily stalled them off, not omitting to mention who Joan was and to see that they spelled her name right. Flashlights were flickering all about her while she huddled close to her agent. And then, in the crowd, she saw Ted!

For the moment Ted was overcome with amazement. Joan here! Joan the latest Juliet of Farraday's long career of drunken escapades! Joan selling out for a chance to grab some of Farraday's millions! His Joan!

Her eyes begged him to understand; to suspend judgment until she could explain. It wasn't any use asking that of Ted. He

was smiling now, a smile that mocked her and mocked himself for believing in her innocence. That smile branded her as just one more of Broadway's chisellers.

"Please boys, Mr. Farraday is waiting," Nicky pleaded. "That's right, boys," Ted's voice echoed loudly. "Mustn't keep the love birds apart."

So, thought Joan, he couldn't trust her any more than that! Her firm little chin was aggressive; her final glance at him full of scorn as Nicky jerked her into Farraday's room. Ted and his photographer remembered the fire escape and darted through a room on the floor below to post themselves outside Farraday's window. Ted's heart was bitter.

Farraday sat up at the sight of her. "'Tis she! 'Tis my lady. 'Tis my love. Juliet!"

Even if she was his Juliet the romantic maniac wasn't Joan's Romeo. Nicky had dragged her into this and Joan didn't want to fail Nicky who needed to find a contract for her even more than Joan needed the contract, but she wasn't playing Juliet to any soused Romeo, no matter how famous he was.

"Come closer, Juliet! Let mine eyes be feasted on thy beauty which did haunt me in my sleep!"

She moved doubtfully out of reach and wondered what to do while from the fire escape at the window Ted and his photographer peeped into the room.

Suddenly Farraday threw back the covers and climbed from his bed of pain.

"Mr. Farraday! Please—"

"Oh fair Juliet, do not fear or fly! Let me but kiss thy rosy tipped fingers!" He was on his knees before her when from the window came the flash of a photographer's light.

Farraday grabbed at a vase on the table and hurled it after the fleeing newspaper

[Continued on page 59]

The little night club girl awakened a vision of Juliet in Farraday's mind.





At left, Grace Moore, surrounded by flowers and enthusiastic friends, speaks over the radio in London. (Center) The great diva autographs a few dozen books. (Above) The smiling bobbies protect Miss Moore and her husband after her Covent Garden success.



EVERYBODY LOVES A SINGER

Grace Moore Has Conquered The World
With Her Beauty And Her Glorious Voice

By Dorothy Spensley

for AUGUST 1936

THE scene is Claridge's Hotel, last word in London swank, and the night is June 6th, 1935, the moment of Grace Moore's Covent Garden triumph, the greatest triumph that an American singer has ever had in London's history.

Still excited from the Puccini music of "La Boheme," the dozens of floral gifts, the thunderous applause, the cheering, the "bravos," Grace Moore enters a private dining room in the hotel, her hand on the arm of her husband, Valentin Parera, and into the center of a hundred or more guests who crowd about her.

There are little gusts of congratulations . . . "superb!" "a triumph, Grace dear!" "you were divine, my dear!" Her English friends, as well as American, are eddying like little pools about Grace, clad in black chiffon, ruffled, and a short silver fox wrap. Outside the hotel, in the streets, part of the London population is restlessly moving, waiting for a glimpse of the Queen of Song. "We want Gracie!" they yell, their own Gracie Fields forgotten, for the moment.

Inside Claridge's, the guests seat themselves at tables. A small orchestra plays. A buffet bulges with rare foods. Crystal glasses tinkle, plates are filled, flowers bloom in every corner. A medium-sized, slim man sits at one table, surrounded by friends. At his right is a handsome, brunette American woman, from Baltimore. Her name, now famous, is Mrs. "Wally" (Wallis) Simpson.

The slim, light-haired man has had to spend his early life telling people, "For God's sake, sit down . . . take it easy . . . relax!" Everyone whom he has ever met has always stood at awkward attention in his presence. That is, until he tells them to "relax." The man is Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, successor to King George V, in whose latter honor London is celebrating a Silver Jubilee, marking the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

In seven short months and fifteen days good King George is dead. This slim, medium-sized man becomes Britain's Eighth Edward, King of England. But on this June night, there is no thought of empire or what lies immediately in the future for this successor to a great throne. The chatting guests, sipping their wines, nibbling their suppers, are "relaxed," by royal order. All is informal. Grace is at the door, greeting a new guest. A summons comes for her husband. The royal prerogative has been exercised.

The Prince of Wales has heard that Miss Moore's husband is Spanish. He has heard, further, that he speaks English, wonder upon wonders, with an Oxford accent! For

[Continued on page 70]

A

VERY MODEST

By
Lenore Samuels

Robert Taylor Really Is
Quite Lacking In Conceit.

He visited New
York for the first
time and was
overwhelmed by
the theatres.

far from adequate looking Waldorf-Astoria easy chair.

I heaved a sigh of relief and relaxed, too. After all, I had been a bit keyed up over this interview. It isn't every day that I'm assigned to do an interview with one of the most romantic leading men of the hour. Movies come and movies go, and sometimes the leading men go with them. Last year it was Clark Gable. This year it's Robert Taylor.

Of course, I'm not saying that Clark has lost out entirely. He still has his following. It's only that Robert Taylor has not only caught up with Clark but is taking such rapid strides ahead that pretty soon, without any too much effort on his own part, he will have far out-distanced the remarkable goal achieved by his predecessor.

It is not an exaggeration to say that every eight out of ten fan letters coming to our editorial desk during the past six months or so have been in praise of Robert Taylor. Young and old the girls seem to fall for this stunning new leading man. No wonder I was in sort of a dither at the thought of meeting him in person. Would he be conceited—as he had a proper

right to be considering the fuss that was being made over him? Would he be difficult to talk with—considering that all the professional newspaper and magazine writers in New York were anxious to have interviews with him . . . not to mention all the amateur writers from high school and college periodicals who had been clamoring on his doorstep ever since his arrival in town? Would he be . . .

Oh, well, let's get down to cases and stop meandering. I know you are dying to learn just what this extremely popular and extremely fortunate young man is like in real life. So, here goes.

ROBERT TAYLOR came to town last week. It was his first visit to New York and he was properly awed.

"Oh, not by all that," he told me, indicating the magnificent view from the windows of his luxurious apartment at the Waldorf Towers. "It's the theatre that gets me down."

"How come?" said I, or words to that effect.

"When I think how these Broadway players have studied and struggled to get where they are . . . whew! . . . and when I compare it to Hollywood, it bowls me clean over."

"You're thinking of your own swift rise to fame, I suppose," said I understandingly.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Taylor emphatically, "I could never have accomplished it here. I'd never be any good on the New York stage, I'm sure."

"So you'll stick to Hollywood," said I eagerly, anxious to reassure all those thousands of Robert Taylor fans throughout this movie-mad nation that their idol had no intentions of deserting them for a theatrical career on Broadway. At least, not yet!

"Yep, I'll stick to Hollywood," repeated Mr. Taylor as he relaxed his stalwart six feet of bone and muscle and brawn in the

GENTLEMAN

He is exactly six feet tall, extremely well proportioned and certainly would not be overlooked in a crowd—no matter how large it was. His eyes are a dark, deep blue, his hair dark brown and naturally wavy and his complexion a clear olive. So what? So he's as handsome as one of those Greek gods you see perpetuated in marble in the Museum of Art, the prototypes of which you seldom or never run across in real life.

So much for his outer appearance. Enough, did I hear you say, to make any young man conceited? But wait—that's not all! The man has charm, too. But, definitely. Perhaps it is his smile, which is shy . . . perhaps it is his amazing modesty . . . perhaps his wriggling embarrassment when confronted with obvious signs of his amazing success on the screen—especially with women.

Although it's against all the laws of gravity or whatever you call it, I've got to confess that never in all my editorial life have I met up with a young actor—or an older one for that matter—who was so completely lacking in conceit. He wasn't even properly smug. In fact, with one swift steel-like gash, he cut right through all our preconceived notions of what the successful young movie hero should be.

"Before I left the office," I told him, "I read five fan letters all relating to you and four out of the five of them were of the opinion that you should receive the Academy Award next year."

Mr. Taylor squirmed—yes, there is no other word for it—in his tufted chair. "They mistake popularity for ability," he assured me.

"Still," said I, "You've got to admit that you gave a pretty good account of yourself in 'Magnificent Obsession.'"

His blue eyes flashed interest at once. "That was a grand part," he told me, "and John M.

Stahl is a marvelous director. I agree with you that that picture was really the beginning of things for me."

"How about 'Society Doctor?'" I reminded him. "After that it seems to me everybody started to sing your praises."

Mr. Taylor waxed reminiscent. "You know," he confided, "somewhere during the making of 'Society Doctor' something happened to me. I had been playing in a number of M-G-M pictures before that, but I was still camera shy, still nervous, held myself so taut I thought I'd cleave in two if anybody looked at me crooked. Then, suddenly, one day I said to myself, 'what's the sense of all this tension? Where's it getting you? There's nothing to be afraid of.' And then—bingo—like a flash I relaxed. I wasn't afraid of the camera any more. And when I saw the rushes I realized that at last I was getting somewhere. I looked natural on the screen for the first time. Not tense. And after that I started getting my



Instead of being over-confident he really worries about getting by.



He has no particular hobby but gets real enjoyment from his garden.



Back in Filley, Nebraska, when the young star was eating his spinach every day.

first mention in critical reviews."

"Do you ever sit back and think about the amazing speed with which you've reached the top?" I asked him, fully convinced by this time that this modest young man would not be offended

they're not particularly impressed by Hollywood."

"How about your family?" I queried. "They must be impressed. Families are like that, you know."

He laughed. "Not mine. My father, you see, died three months before I was discovered by M-G-M. That was while I was at college in Pomona, near Hollywood. He might have been [Continued on page 58]

by the expression of this thought.

"Do I?" he murmured. "It could only happen in Hollywood. Just think—there were only thirty people in the Nebraska town where I was born . . ."

"Do you ever hear from any of them?"

"No-o. Not that I remember," he replied. "I guess

Studio News

Day To Day Incidents On The Sets—As Seen By S. R. Mook

YOU can believe this or not, my reader, when I awake this morning, filled with depression at the thought of having to cover all the studios in one day—just the way a visitor from Dubuque or Wenatchee does—it is *raining!* And don't let the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce tell you different. Well! When things come to such a pass and it rains in Los Angeles in *June*—humph! Things have just gone *too* far. As I lie here in bed, cursing my luck, I seem to smell the honeysuckle and magnolias that are blooming in the South about this time. Before I realize what's happening I'm out of bed and things are flying



Henry Stephenson, Errol Flynn, Donald Crisp and Nigel Bruce in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." This is Errol's second picture.

in all directions, yet lighting in a suitcase, and I know before the sun sets I'm going to be on my way to Memphis.

At Warner Brothers

THE first studio I visit is Warner's and things are fair humming out here.

We start off with "The Charge of the Light Brigade," adapted from Tennyson's immortal poem, with the dashing Errol Flynn in the lead and the winsome Olivia de Havilland playing opposite him.

The story opens in 1850 in the office of the British Commandant (Henry Stephenson) in Calcutta. He is sitting at his desk while on the other side of the room Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp (swell actors—all of them) are fooling around a large topographical map, sticking little flags into it.

In comes Capt. Flynn, looking like a gay dog, in his white flannel uniform and cork helmet, with a red and gold band across his breast. He snaps to attention and salutes Stephenson.

"We've been expecting you, Vickers," Henry announces as he returns the salute. "The War Department has selected you for a very important mission."

"Splendid, sir," Errol grins.

"I think you know Captain Vickers," Henry goes on taking Flynn by the arm and leading him over to Bruce and Crisp.

Bruce mutters something that sounds like "ow do" and gives him what I think is a very curt salute but it may be my imagination. Maybe Nigel just naturally isn't demonstrative.

"Geoffrey, my boy!" Crisp cries warmly. "How nice seeing you here."

"Thank you, sir," Errol beams, "and you."

"Have you seen Elsa (de Havilland)?" Don goes on eagerly.

"Not yet," Flynn answers. "How is she?"

"She'll be delighted to know you're here," Crisp assures him.

"I can hardly wait to see her," Errol admits.

Little do they reck the trials and tribulations in store for all



Jean Harlow, escorted by Cary Grant, visits the canteen all in the interests of "Suzy." George Davis is the barman.

Many A Star Comes On The Set Unknown And Unsung And Departs Surrounded With The Glory Of Genius.

of them before Love Conquers All. And pity 'tis, too.

I chat a few moments with Flynn and congratulate him on the original story he and William Ullman have written (based on some of Flynn's experiences) and sold to Warner Brothers.

Flynn's modesty is refreshing.

The other picture shooting out here is "Bengal Killer." It's just starting and no one seems to know much what it's about. I do manage to learn, however, that Barton MacLane has been an animal trainer in a circus, has got mauled up and been in a hospital for months and the circus has had to go on without him. He is in the superintendent's office telling him goodbye and thanking him for his kindness when a nurse comes in and hands him a telegram.

"Thanks," Mac nods to her. He takes the envelope, tears it open as she leaves the room, and stands looking at it in an embarrassed manner. Then he turns to the superintendent (Gordon Hart). "I wonder if—," holding the message out to him. "I don't read so good. Would you?"

"Certainly," Hart agrees, taking the wire and reading it. "It's from Los Angeles. It says, 'Congratulations on your recovery stop Hope you will rejoin us Winter Quarters stop We open April 2nd stop Will work something out for you stop Entire show joins me in wishing you good luck. Signed Bill Hinsdale.'"

"That's my boss," Bart informs him with a wry smile. "So he can work something out for me," looking down at his mangled leg ruefully. "Well, I suppose a guy with one gam *could* sweep out cages."

"Oh, I'm sure they'll find a better job for you than that," Hart encourages him.

"Well, right now I got somethin' more

important to worry about," Mac announces. "Carl Homan's kid. Since Carl got his she's kinda dropped out of sight. So I'm hoppin' to Los Angeles to make a personal search."

I feel sure all concerned will understand that inasmuch as I'm trying to get away myself I can't wait around to find out whether he finds her and what Mr. Hinsdale works out for him. At the moment I'm more interested in finding out what's happening at—

Universal

THE moment I set foot on this lot I see twenty-four sheet posters all over the place advertising Irene Dunne and Allan Jones in "Show Boat." Immediately I get an "I told you so" complex. I told you it was



In "We Found Love," Joel McCrea supports Joan Bennett and is kind to dumb animals.

going to be the greatest musical ever filmed and in my judgment it is. I've already seen it twice and intend seeing it at least an other half dozen times. *Don't miss it!*

But that has nothing to do with what's going on out here today. Today we have another of the lights of my life—Miss Carole Lombard—playing opposite her late husband, Weeie Powell, in "My Man Godfrey."

"Please," my guide entreats me on the way out to the set, "don't ask her how it feels to be playing opposite her ex."

"I don't care how it feels," I retort. "It's enough for me to know that he is her 'ex.'"

The scene is the lobby of the Waldorf in New York. Carole and Gail Patrick are sisters and Alice Brady is their mother or aunt, I forget which and anyhow—it isn't important. She's in the picture and that's what matters.

Somebody is giving a treasure hunt. You know, one of those things college fraternities send the members out on the last night of hell week, when they have to bring back the most impossible things. I remember when I was in college—a jerkwater affair—I was ordered to bring back one of those straps you hang on to in a streetcar and there was no streetcar closer than twenty-five miles. But that has nothing to do with this treasure hunt.

Heretofore, Gail has always come out on top of everything with Carole not even running her a close second. The hostess orders them to bring back a bum. Carole goes down into the slums and for \$5 gets the first bum she sees (none other than Willie Powell) to let her bring him back alive. And what's more she gets back before Gail does. But alas and alack! Mr. Powell seems to be a gent of some culture, just temporarily down on his luck. And when Carole exhibits him to her friends they insult him. Mr. Powell collects his five, stands their insults just so long, turns and strides across the lobby. I've told you often



A scene from "My Man Godfrey" in which Carole Lombard is playing opposite her ex-husband, William Powell. So what?



Barton MacLane and Gordon Hart in "Bengal Killer," a story of the joys and sorrows of an animal trainer in a circus.



Henry Fonda and Pat Paterson in "Spendthrift," which, from all reports is very different.

enough there's no one in pictures with a bigger heart than Carole and this doesn't seem to her to be cricket.

"Oh, Godfrey!" she says, running after him, but Powell keeps right on walking with a set look on his face, and paying no attention to her.

"I'm terribly sorry," she goes on in a low voice as she catches up with him and trots along behind him.

"Oh, that's all right," he assures her as he begins descending the steps.

"I'd never have brought you here if I'd known they were going to humiliate you like that," she continues. "I'm terribly grateful to you. It's the first time I've ever beaten Cornelia (Gail) at anything—and you helped me."

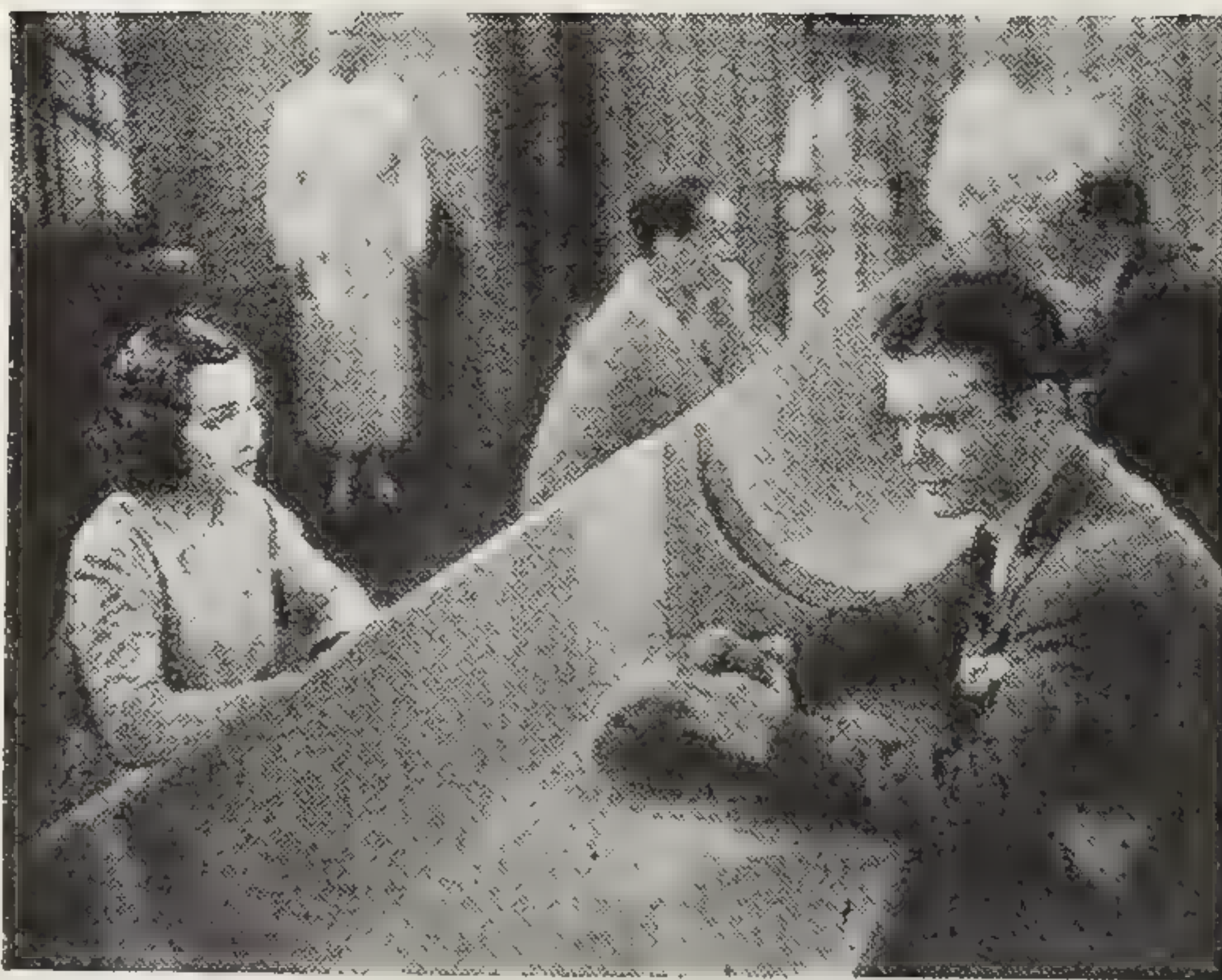
"That makes me a sort of Cornelia-beater, doesn't it?" he answers grimly, pausing at the foot of the steps.

"You've done something for me," she rushes along, paying no attention to his interjection. "I wish I could do something for you."

"Why?" inquires Mr. Powell.

"Because you've done something for me," she explains patiently. "Don't you see?"

"No," says the practical Powell, "but I could use a job if you happen to have one lying around loose."



Frances Drake and Tom Brown in a prison sequence in the screen version of "And Sudden Death."

"Do you buttle?" she asks breathlessly.

"Buttle?" he repeats.

"Yes," she reiterates. "We're just fresh out of butlers. The one we had just left this morning."

And THEN Miss Brady sweeps across the lobby in a changeable blue taffeta gown with puffed sleeves and an ermine wrap. "Irene!" she shrills in that unmistakable voice of hers. "Irene," spying them, "they're calling for you in the Jade Room. Don't you want your nice cup?"

"No I don't!" Carole snaps, annoyed at the interruption. "Tell 'em they can keep their old cup."

"But you can't stand here talking to that

man," Alice exclaims. "What will people say?"

"I don't care what they say," says Carole. "Godfrey's going to be our butler."

"Preposterous!" Alice ejaculates. "You don't know anything about this man. He hasn't any recommendations."

"The last one had recommendations and stole all the silver," Carole reminds her.

"That was just a coincidence," Alice objects.

"People who take in stray cats say they make the best pets, madam," Bill ventures to suggest.

"I don't see what cats have to do with butlers," comes from Alice, who is beginning to be a little confused. "And you mustn't pay any attention to Irene. She's very impulsive."

This is an hilariously funny scene but they take it over and over and over. First Carole blows up in her lines and then Willie does. After waiting an hour to say "hello" to her I bust through the line of guards and say, to Carole, "Madam, will you, for God's sake, try to remember your lines this time so they can set up for the next shot and we can have some laughs?"

"Mister," says Carole, solemn for once, "we've been on this scene since noon yesterday and we're no closer to getting it now than we were then, so I'm afraid you're cherishing a forlorn hope."

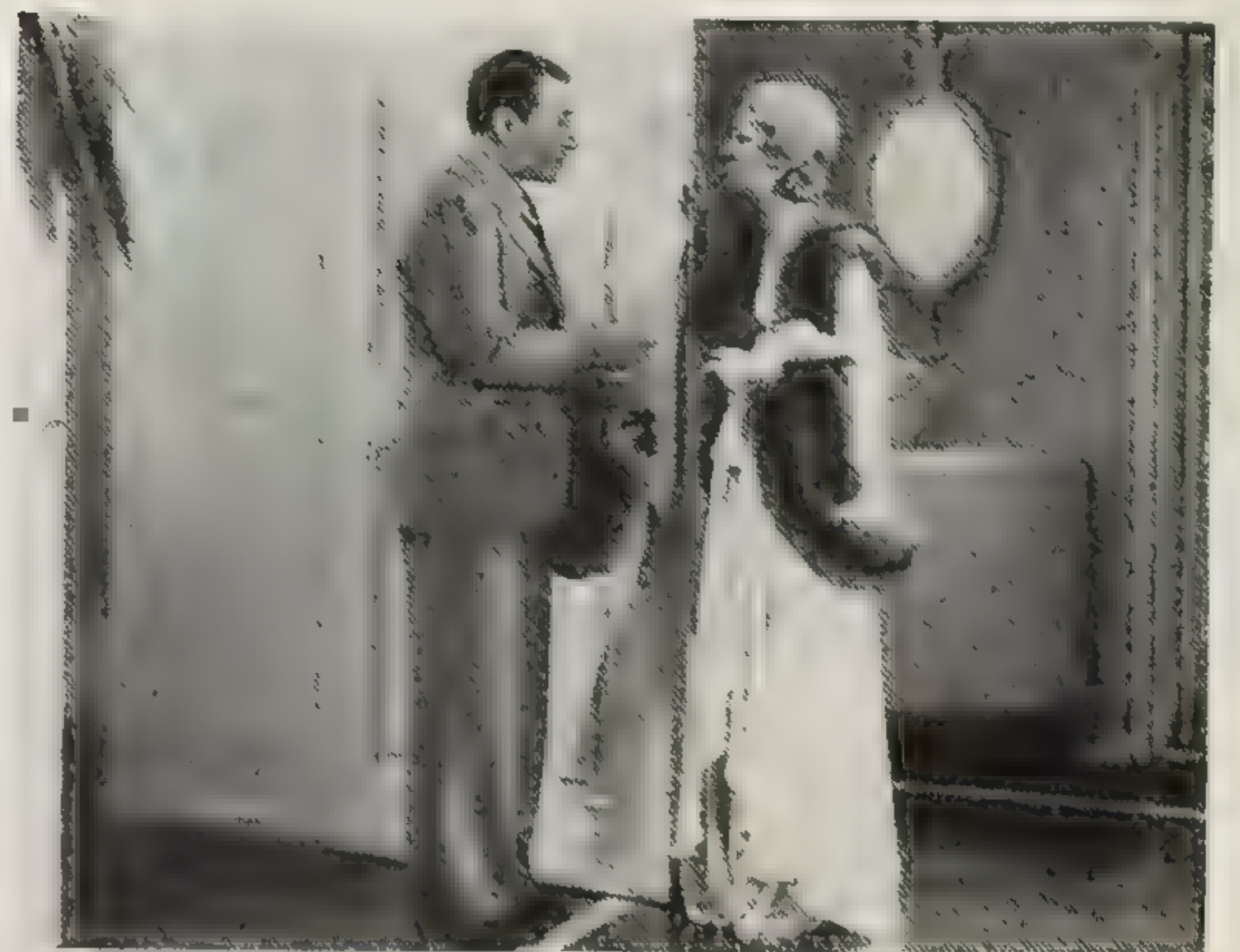
Carole, in a beaded white dress that weighs fifty pounds, looks as beautiful as I've ever seen her and that's plenty beautiful. Gail, always a luscious eyeful, looks particularly ravishing in her brown satin with lavish sable trimmings. And Mr. Powell, I'm sure, is *Esquire's* idea of the well-dressed bum.

But if they're just going to do this same scene over and over I can't stay here—laughs or no laughs.

Another picture shooting on this lot is "We Found Love," starring Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett. Al Green, one of Warner Brothers' best directors, somehow found himself on this lot. Before he realized what was happening he was directing this picture. The script isn't finished yet, so there's no synopsis. (Where've I heard those words before?) However I know this much; Joel is—or was—rich. He bred race-horses but he's lost them and his money. The only one left is this one horse (the one which played in "Broadway Bill"). He's got no place to keep him so he puts him in the wood and coal shed belonging to Andy Clyde. Clyde feeds him but as Joel has no money to pay for the feed, the horse is in hock and can't be moved. To make matters worse, it is New Year's Eve, it is snowing and Joel, although all dressed up, has nowhere to go. He goes to see his horse.

Clyde hangs around suspiciously, afraid

[Continued on page 77]



George Raft with Dolores Costello in "Yours for the Asking."



As the beautiful young mother of Anthony Adverse.

BEAUTIFUL VETERAN

Anita Louise Has
Made Fourteen Pictures
In The Last Two Years.

By
Helen Harrison

HAVE you ever seen a Midsummer Night's Dream walking?
Well I have!

Not only walking, but talking, laughing and sneezing—just a little—to prove that a dream can be human, especially when cursed with a midsummer cold, which, we agreed, is nothing short of a nightmare!

At the moment Anita Louise was on her way to Europe after a busy two years of having tossed off fourteen pictures! And if you don't think that's a lot of tossing you ought to talk with the two-pictures-a-year boys and girls who tire out all the horses while they're "resting" at Caliente, or who recuperate at Palm Springs between reels. Santa Anita—pardon me I'm getting off on the wrong track—Anita Louise had just completed the role of Maria, mother of Fredric March in the much-heralded "Anthony Adverse." But if you happen to drop in on her informally some evening don't ask if she enjoyed playing with Freddy because she's a bit fed up explaining her role was that of Freddy's mother when he's born! ("It's not a large part," she'll tell you, "but a favorite.")

For her fourteen pictures Anita has what she chooses to call her "achievement bracelets," each gadget of which stands as a diminutive milepost on the road to ultimate success, and which her mother, a small, attractive blonde, augments with each role. One, a series of gold discs, bears on each the title of a picture, and on the reverse side, the date. Another pictorially depicts her most recent roles.

There is a replica of Titania herself, with a diamond in the hair; for "Red Apples," a golden ball of red enamel and appended to the chain is the book "Anthony Ad-



At Palm Springs, Anita Louise (always in blue) enjoys her honestly earned days of ease.

verse," opening like a locket, all forming an amusing and interesting collection to which, when she returns from her European jaunt and her grandparents' home in Wissembourg, will be added still another for "Gentleman from Kimberly," the picture she is immediately scheduled to do.

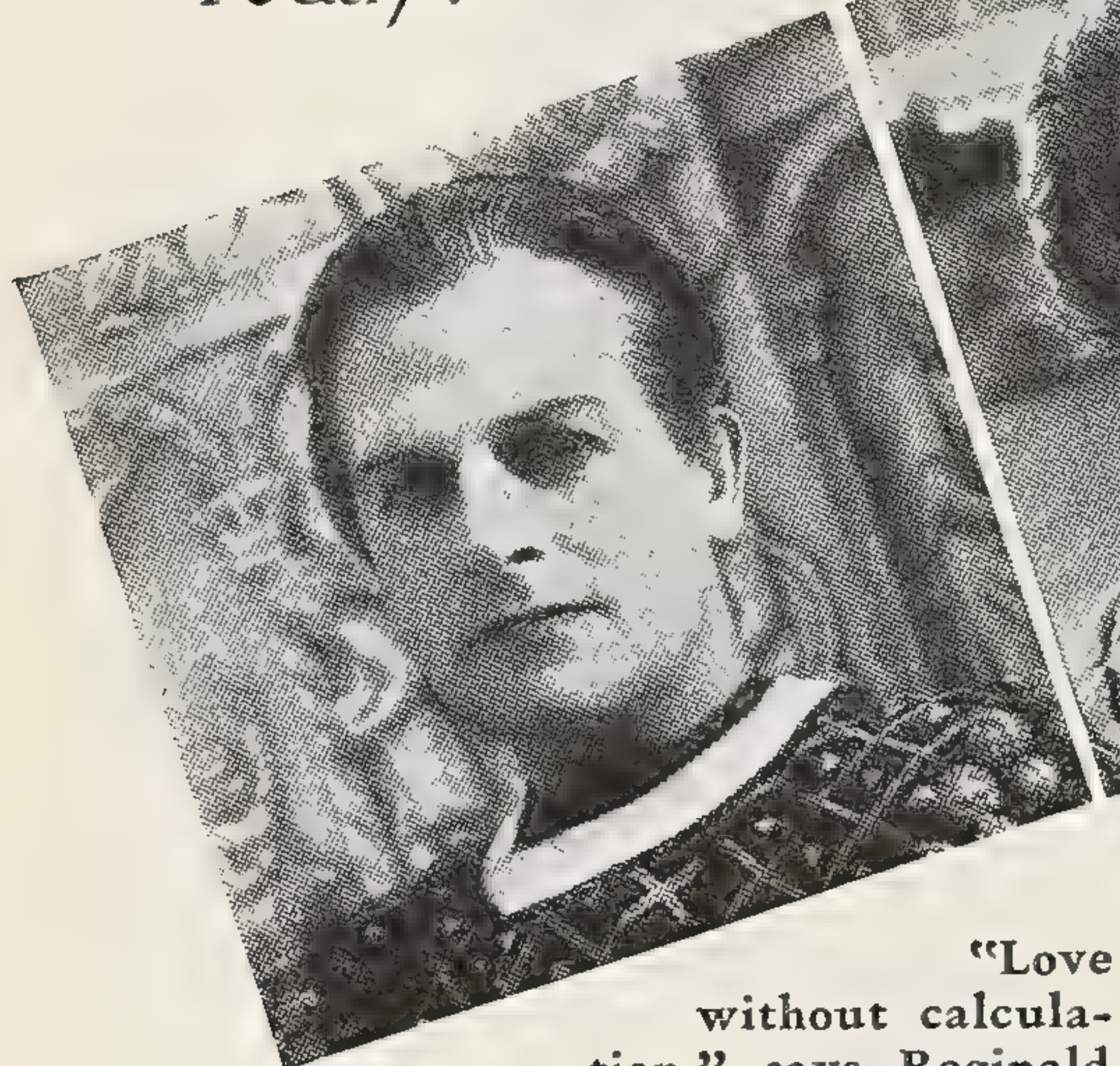
"How," I asked, "did you enjoy your visit to your native New York?"

"It was fine," [Continued on page 62]

IS DYING FOR LOVE

A THING OF THE PAST?

Is The Tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" Possible Today?



"Love without calculation," says Reginald Denny, "happens only to the very young."



John Barrymore defends the bard's fated lovers. "The theme is modern," he says.



Leslie Howard believes in the beautiful, ancient theme of the martyr lovers.



Edna May Oliver, comedienne, goes cynical.

IS DYING for love outmoded today? Could Romeo and Juliet live and love and lose their lives for love in this push-button-and-get-girl Twentieth Century? Or rather, *would* they?

Would the young Romeo of 1936 keep that fatal final assignation in the Tomb of the Capulets—or would he go on to other assignations, less fatal and certainly less final, with other and less sleepy Juliets?

Would the young Juliet of 1936 look upon the lover lost in death and wield the blood-red blade or would she dial another Romeo and wield the blood-red lipstick?

Do we die for love today?

Or do we live—and love—again? And then again—and yet again?

I asked the starry cast of "Romeo and Juliet." I asked Norma Shearer, who is Juliet. I asked Leslie Howard, who is Romeo. I asked John Barrymore and Basil Rathbone and Edna May Oliver and most of that glittery galaxy which, on the MGM lot, is bringing that immortal love and those immortal lovers to the silver screen today.

I said to each and every one of them separately and individually: "Tell me, is dying for love outmoded, out of date today? Is the will to die for love as dead as the two young lovers? Is the tomb—or the cocktail bar—the final rendezvous of love today? Did Great Love die in Verona in the tomb of the Capulets?"

I asked Juliet herself. Norma, in the 'broidered robes of the young Juliet, as we sat on a marble bench directly beneath that legendary balcony from which wafted the immortal love words—and there were pear trees in the Spring all round about us . . . *real* pear trees an' it please you . . . dripping white blossoms upon her lovely head—and it seemed, not Norma, but Juliet herself who spoke to me, her young eyes

prescient of that last long sleep she was to sleep for love . . . it seemed not a set wherein we sat, but veritably the garden of the Capulets.

"Yes, oh yes," murmured Norma, her usually direct, incisive voice hushed by the burden of beauty, "yes, I do believe that young people of today love just as desperately as they did in the time of Romeo and Juliet. Conditions are easier for them now, that is the one great difference. Situations of such stress do not so frequently arise and so the boys and girls of our time are not so often compelled to summon death as their sad solution. Parents, not young hearts, have grown wiser. For I believe that if parental opposition to young love were as strong and as prejudiced today as it was in those days we would read of many more suicide pacts than we do.

"It isn't," continued Norma softly, "it isn't that love is weaker today but that freedom is greater. Freedom to love. There are no obstacles today other than financial obstacles or, perhaps, ill-health. And Youth, given wings, given freedom, is so gloriously courageous that now, instead of dying for love, it *lives for love*."

"No, it isn't great love nor the capacity for great love which has been removed from the hearts of men and women, boys and girls of this our day . . . The change comes from without, not from within. For love, like Time, never dies . . ."

Thus spake Juliet in the scented garden of the Capulets . . .

* * *

I sat with Romeo in a motor bus!

I had wandered forth to the back lot of MGM, there to keep my date with young Mr. Leslie Howard Montague. The back lot stretched before me, transformed into a street scene in Verona. And there, armed with a tiny camera, taking shots of the scenes in which he does not appear, was Leslie Howard Montague, clad in sky-blue doublet and hose, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles atop his classic nose, a crimson bath-robe girt about his middle, his golden hair curling about the nape of his neck.

He suggested that we find a secluded spot wherein to hold sweet converse. And we found a seat in the back of a mammoth bus parked near the set, in readiness to take the several hundred extras to and fro.

Romeo in a bus!

Did I—or Shakespeare—ever?

Said Romeo, sensibly "Yes, there is just one stratum of society left today in which the catastrophic tragedy of Romeo and Juliet might happen—namely, among the *gangsters!*"

I gasped. Romeo lit a cigarette.

"No, but figure it out," quoth Romeo with sweet reasonableness, "the Veronese were a desperate lot, most of them. Feuds existed among the Montagues and the Capulets even as feuds exist among the gangsters of today. In no other class of society do such feuds exist except, perhaps, among some remote mountain tribes. Yes, the Montagues and the Capulets still carry on among our passionate Public Enemies from one to one hundred. Mercutios are slain. Bloody Tybalts still fester in their shrouds. The sword has been replaced by the machine gun, the fiery steed by the armoured car, but the results thereof compare quite favourably. So much for that.


"Then, too, there are no women in any class of society today who are so secluded, so jealously guarded, so spied upon, so puritanically protected as are the gangsters' 'Molls.' Fancy the Moll of one gang leader going over to an opposing gang leader—suicide and murder would be inevitable. Yes, it is quite conceivable that in the ranks of the still medieval Underworld a Montague and a Capulet feud might bloodily arise, a Mercutio and a Tybalt meet their deaths, a young Romeo and Juliet die, caught in the tangle of love and fear and complexity.

"There are a great many analogies once you get started. The Veronese of the 14th Century lived with imminent death for their daily bread. They never knew, in the morning, whether they would be among the Quick or the Dead by night. Ditto, certainly, our gangsters.


"Yes, yes," continued Leslie, amused with his amazing similes, "among the gangsters the Capulets and the Montagues live again. And, even as these old Veronese lived,

Read The Interesting
And Varied Opinions
Of The Artists Cast
In This Picture.

By
Gladys
Hall



Basil Rathbone
advances the
idea that love
in a self-sacri-
ficing degree
comes only to
older lovers



The most beautiful love story
in the world is screened.
Norma Shearer and Leslie
Howard, as "Romeo" and
"Juliet," find that all of
happiness and all of grief
lie within the circle of their
arms.

richly caparisoned and housed, armed with dark vendettas and secret cabals and mysterious intermediaries, so do our underworld brethren live today. In the dank tomb of the Capulets young Romeo and Juliet fled a life too sinister, too complex, too arrayed with dark forces, dark politics and passions for them to cope with. In the dank cellar of gangsterdom today, it is conceivable that young lovers might also flee a life too sinister, too complex in its politics and passions for them to cope with.

"It's a novel thought, at any rate," smiled Leslie, bemused, "and I really think it's true that in no other social sphere today would such a desperate love be liable to exist. There'd be no reason for it in any other sphere. There are many Don Juans today but few, very few Romeos.

"Modern times and casual circumstances make it difficult, really, for young men to follow in the footsteps of the world's most poetic lover. It is very hard to imagine any modern young man loitering beneath mi-

lady's balcony making a plea for his beloved's undying love when, no doubt, a telephone is jangling to right of her, a radio blaring swing music to left of her and a cacophony of motor horns in the street is adding punctuation to his appeal.

"Some men still die for love, of course,"

[Continued on page 64]

NO LUCK IN SPECIALTIES

A Special Talent Is
Sometimes A Great
Misfortune.

By
Jerry Asher

SHOW me the man who called this the age for specialists—and I'll show you another Chic Sale. Actually, there is no luck in specialties. (Well, maybe just a bit.) Now I know exactly what you're thinking. Those names up in lights—their salaries just about the biggest thing since "Ben Hur"—the box-office moaning and groaning when their pictures (not Mr. Deeds) come to town. And I have the unmitigated brass to say there is no luck in specializing? All right, so I'm tetchèd in the haid. It's my story and I'm stuck with it. But I still insist—there is no luck in specialties. (And now try and make something out of it.)

Virginia Katherine McMath will never play Juliet. Now wipe that dazed look off your face (kisser to my friends and relations) and I'll make myself clear. I *know* you don't know Virginia Katherine, so stop your pouting. But you do know her by the name of Ginger Rogers, who once answered to the name of Mrs. Edward Jackson Culpepper and is soon to relinquish her legal married name of Mrs. Lew Ayres. But she still will *never* play Juliet!

Do I mean that Ginger Rogers couldn't? Do I mean that Ginger wouldn't? Do I mean that she couldn't if she would—or she wouldn't if she could? Or something. (Get thee behind me Gertie Stein.) I most certainly *do not*. Ginger might play a Juliet to end all Juliets. But do you think the RKO big-wigs would allow her to climb up on a balcony? Why, Ginger practically has to bring a note from home to get permission to go shopping on the mezzanine floor of the May Company.

When everyone but George Arliss was mentioned for the rôle of Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland," it was our own little Ginger who yearned for the part. The fact that it was a Hepburn starring picture never entered her pretty head. Here was a chance to prove that she could do something else, besides putting all her eggs in one basket. (With or without Fred Astaire.) Not that Ginger hasn't made a great success as a dancer and a light comedienne. But by establishing herself as a specialist, she has never been allowed to show what she might do with a real dramatic part.

Hopefully, Ginger sought out designer Walter Plunkett, and make-up artist, Mel Burns. Between the two of them, she emerged every inch a Queen. Next Ginger called in Katharine Hepburn (that water-on-the-fur-coat episode was just a silly publicity feud) and director John Ford. Hepburn was delighted and entered right into the plot. When Ginger arrived on the set, Ford introduced her to Hepburn as a titled actress from Europe. Speaking with a foreign accent, Ginger feebly tried to express her appreciation at meeting the great star. Hepburn appeared to be touched beyond words.

As they were making some silent wardrobe tests, Ford insisted that Ginger step before the camera. The next afternoon executive Pandro Berman was sitting in the projection room. Ginger, as Queen Elizabeth, came on the screen. Berman took one look at her and sent for John Ford. Who was this exciting new actress? Why hadn't they taken a sound track of her voice? Where could she be reached? Was she available for the rôle?

Do you think Ginger got the part? Her reputation as a dancer was far too important to risk in such a haphazard manner.

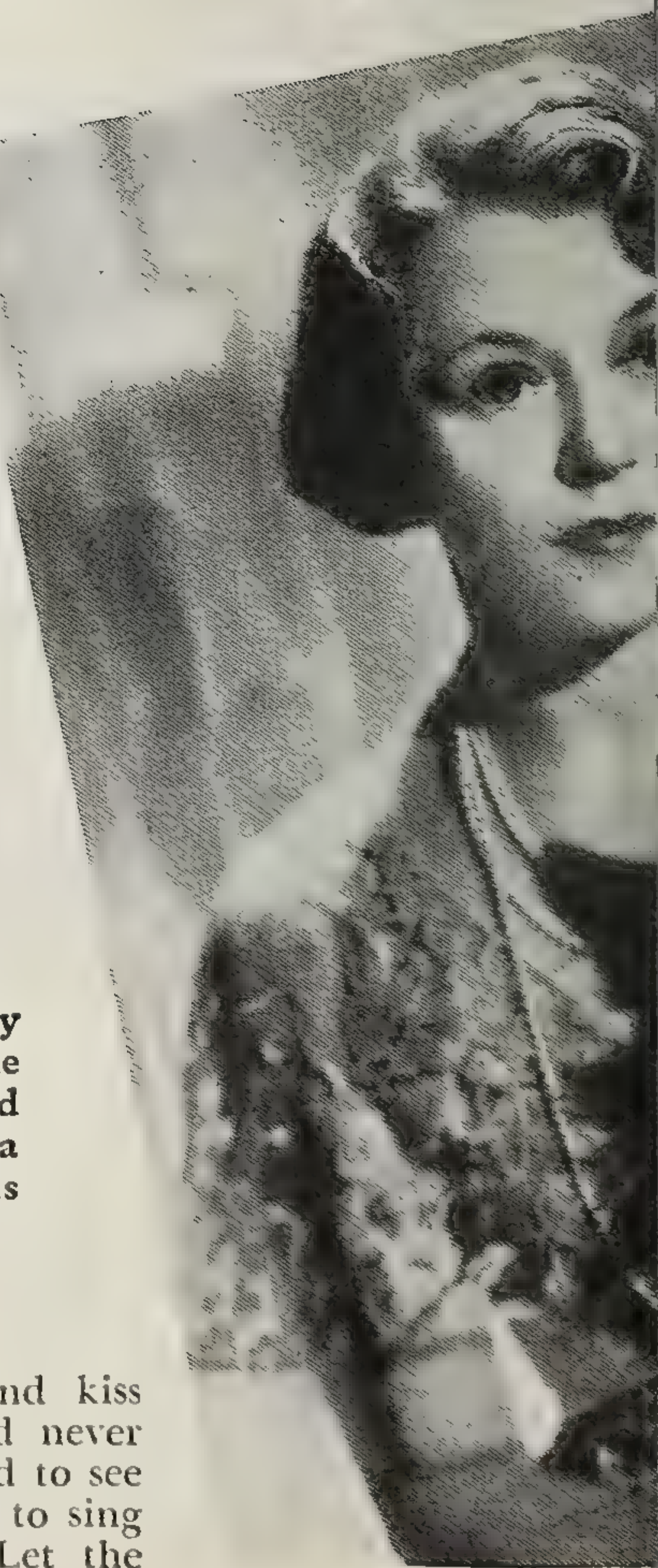


Ruby Keeler is always expected to tap.



Fred Astaire has a wonderful personality but his dancing limits his career.

Alice Brady is really a great tragedienne but having started on the screen as a comic her fate is sealed.



(Besides, who would be continental and kiss while they're dancing?) Her fans would never accept her in a serious rôle. They wanted to see her slim, young body. They wanted her to sing and look pretty, as only Ginger can. Let the

more seasoned actresses disguise themselves as Elizabeth. Florence Eldredge got the part and played it beautifully. And there was nothing for Ginger to do but go back to face the music and dance.

Several years ago New York audiences witnessed a musical production called "The Band Wagon." Aside from it being one of the most artistic and entertaining shows on Broadway, it featured a novelty number called "The Beggar's Waltz." This special dramatic scene brought cheers from the audience. It was done entirely in pantomime and proved the histrionic ability of the dancing star. Broadway was convinced, but fate stepped in and changed the course of his life.

In Hollywood the star became a greater star. He introduced a sophisticated brand of comedy dancing, heretofore unknown. His pictures were delightful, refreshing and entertaining. He created a standard that kept him struggling to top his own performances. Needless to say, his name is Fred Astaire.

Recently Fred was on the outs with his studio. He claimed it was impossible to make so many pictures each year and live up to the precedent he had established. There weren't enough steps, ideas and routines in the world to supply the demand and keep improving.

Fortunately for Fred he won his point. He is now going to make two pictures each year and keep a higher standard on each. Everyone knows that dancing is the hardest work in the world. Besides the actual execution, Fred has the responsibility of staging and creating the numbers. In pictures he's the best tongue-in-the-cheek comedian who ever tipped a top hat. But has he ever had a chance to give his dancing feet a rest? Would they allow him to make a straight comedy and park his Carioca in the dressing room? Would his audiences accept him in a dramatic rôle that was minus a cheek-to-cheek?

If they would, the studio isn't taking any chances of finding out. Fred has proven a sensational success in his established specialty. He himself isn't complaining. But if it were possible for him to apply his sensitivity, his sincerity, together with his natural flair for vitalizing a situation to the drama—it would prove what a great dramatic star the world has lost. (As far as I'm concerned his taps will always be tops.)

Eleanor Powell presents an interesting problem in our world of Hollywood specialists. For years Eleanor worked in vaudeville, musicals, and road shows. No one got terribly excited until she was given her big chance in "The Broadway Melody." Dozens of people took credit for her discovery. But it was a Hollywood agent who had the foresight to sign Eleanor to a personal contract. That was before she made her hit. When MGM

wanted her for their exclusive property, they had the agent to deal with. The arguments that went back and forth are not for these pages. But eventually he was persuaded to settle all personal claims on Eleanor. He turned her over to the company, who will realize millions from her specialty—tap dancing.

In this particular case, was Eleanor lucky to be a specialist? While she is young and attractive, she has never had an opportunity to train herself for dramatic acting. Would [Continued on page 74]



When Eleanor Powell made her hit as a dancer she barred the path to any other future.

She can never hope to play Juliet. Ginger Rogers must forever tread a measure.

"NO PARTY GAL!"

But Sylvia Sidney Has
Party Ideas And Very
Good Ones, Too.

By
Jane Ellis

"I SUPPOSE," said your Inquiring Reporter who is forever asking the silliest questions, "that you'll be attending the King's garden party?"

And London-bound Sylvia Sidney, subtlet by all America to Gaumont-British to star in a big special with Robert Donat, replied:

"No."

She sounded pretty final. And things began to look as though ye scribe was off on the wrong foot again. But one who raved in print about Happy Hollywood Marriages, citing Doug 'n' Mary, Joan and Junior, Lew 'n' Ginger, Clark and Rea, among the shining examples of fire-side felicity isn't easily fazed. The snappy come-back was:

"Why?"

"First," said Sylvia, "I won't be invited. Second, I don't go to parties."

"What! You, Sylvia Sidney, glamour girl of Hollywood, mean to stand there on the floor—or deck—of this sea-going gondola and tell me you don't go to parties—Hollywood parties! Fie upon you!"

"That," she said, quite unperturbed, "is the fact."

"Oh, I see. You're always too busy giving parties, in being *hostess*, to ever attend one as a *guest*."

And I laughed and laughed, like Little Audrey.

There was a smile on the curvaceous Sidney lips, but the blue eyes were glacial, the tiny tootsies tapped a warning.

"You may give the item to Ripley, if you like, but I neither toss parties nor attend them. If you're looking for a story about social soirees, I'm afraid you've missed the boat. And I don't mean the one we're on."

"Well," I stammered, "if you were going to give a party, what would you do about it?"

For a moment I thought that Sylvia would call: "Help! Help! There's a lunatic loose!" Then, maybe because she's a slightly screwy kid herself, that crinkly-eyed Sidney smile came dazzling as a rainbow. She relaxed.

"Not an uninteresting speculation," she sparkled, "and at least as informative as airy romancings regarding my non-existent 'art,' a highly fictitious 'love-life,' or similar mental meanderings which are printed on paper made from stately trees."

If those aren't the exact words, that was the general idea. Sylvia settled down.

"Yes, I have thoughts about what sort of party I'd give—if I gave one—and I think it would be successful, too. My number one rule, most certainly, would be never to invite the 'right people.' By that I mean those who really 'must be asked.' A party should be for fun, and the moment you invite guests

from a sense of compulsion — good-bye gaiety. Not only are you miserable, but the guests are, too, and your little ulterior motive is thwarted because the really unwelcome visitors have a perfectly . . . well, un-lovely time."

It sounded sensible. Out came the notebook, and surreptitiously Sylvia's party philosophies were en route to immortality. Well, more or less! Now she fairly rattled on.

"I'd never be a worrying hostess. One who flutters around and somehow manages to impart an atmosphere of nervousness which makes perfectly good and docile guests thoroughly ill at ease. All the fretting should be done days before

hand, then, with plans perfected, the hostess should be able to have just as good a time as her company.

"Sometimes bores are simply unavoidable, and if such a dilemma faced me I'd obviate it by gathering all my bores in one basket and sequestering them. I mean I'd put 'em all at one table, for instance, or see to it that they were together. The result? Each would believe himself the one brilliant member of the party—so they'd all have fun and be subtly flattered besides."

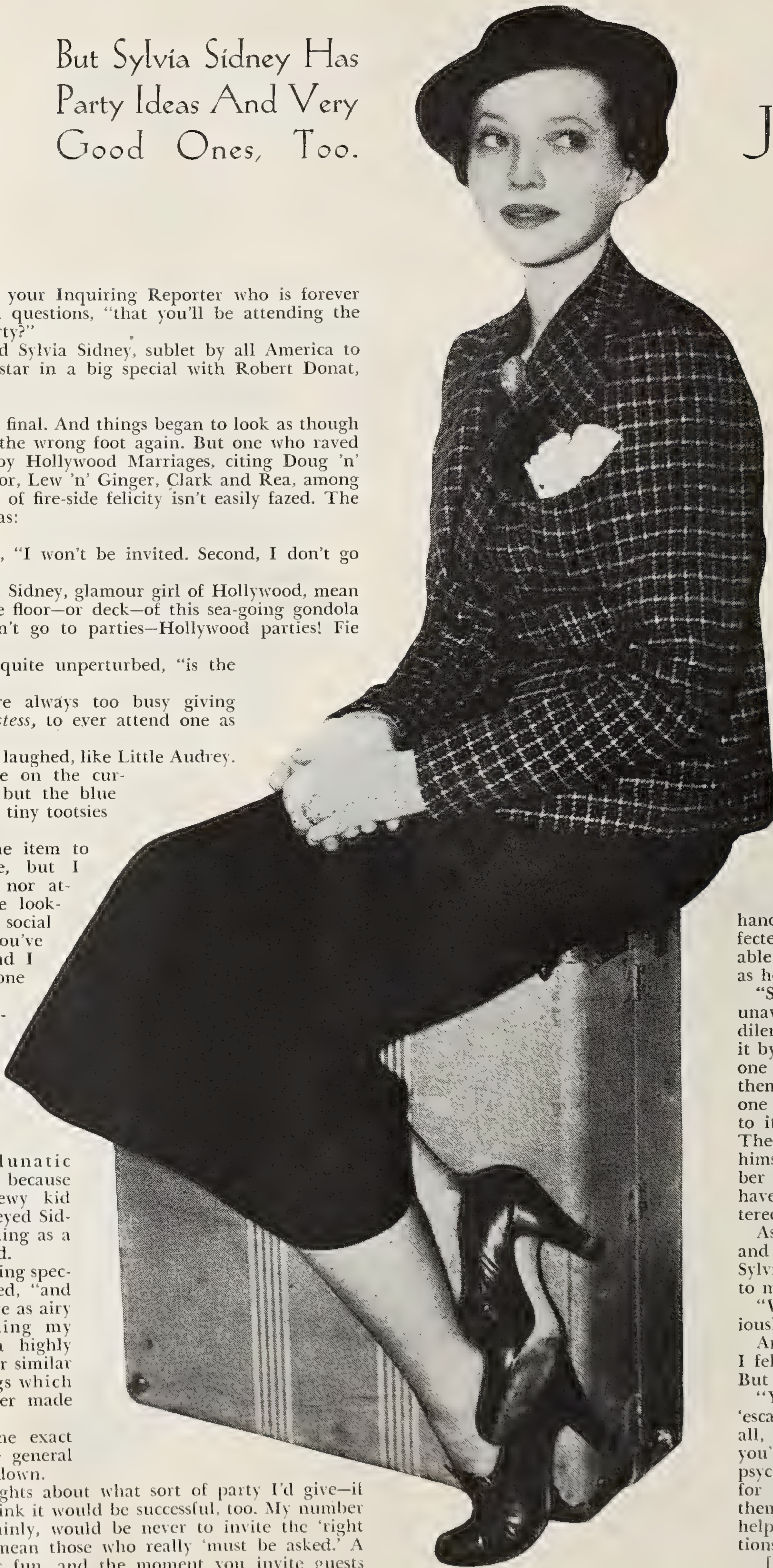
As one who hates tinsel hats and tin horns, I approached Sylvia upon a matter very near to my heart.

"Would you," I asked anxiously, "give a costume party?"

And she said, yes, she would. I felt pretty badly about that. But she explained.

"You see, costumes spell 'escape' for most persons. After all, if you dig down a little, you'll agree that the entire psychology of party-giving is for people to get away from themselves. Dress-up nonsense helps. They shed their inhibitions with their street clothes.

[Continued on page 56]





How wonderful is
the quality of mercy!

The film story of Florence Nightingale, which is titled "The White Angel," pays tribute to the beautiful life of one of the finest women who ever lived. Kay Francis as the famous nurse.

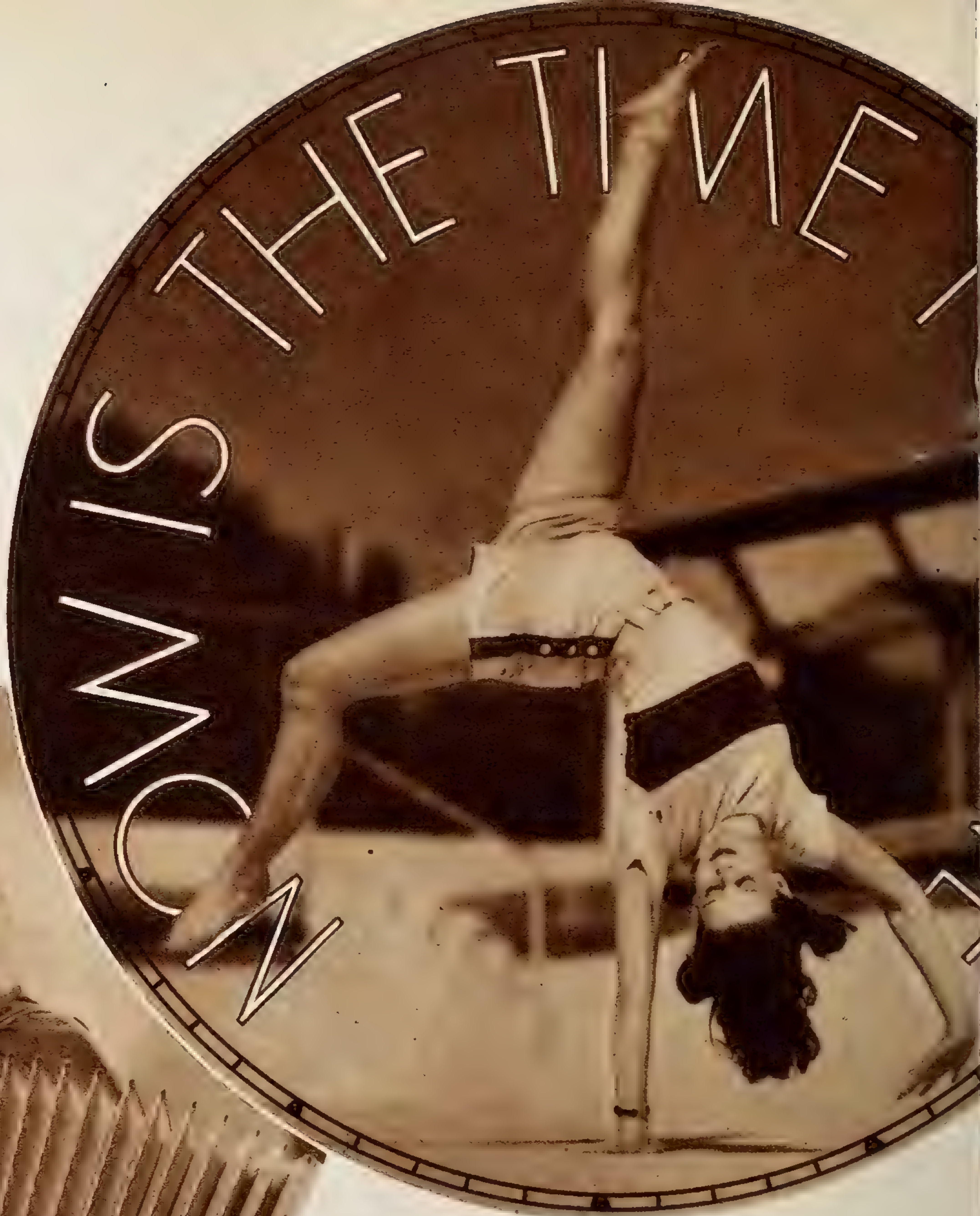


Eleanore Whitney in "Three Cheers For Love," which is a swell title. Eleanore doing the "soldier-swing."



Ginger Rogers' beauty plays on the susceptibilities of hearts even more effectively than Ginger herself can play on the organ with the chest expansion in "Never Gonna Dance."

The sun, dappled on the smiling face of Merle Oberon, adds to her attractiveness.



Perhaps every hour Mary Howard awakens in some one the yearning for love.



FACE VALUE \$1,000,000 EACH

In China They Have No Actresses—Backward Country.
The Beauties Of Hollywood Inspire The World.

THE pretty girls of the screen help to accomplish a great deal of the world's work. Where is there a great bridge to be built or a great tunnel to be dug that the engineer doesn't draw his inspiration from one of the Hollywood lovely ones? Climb up to the control shack of some tremendous engineering feat and whose picture do you find tacked to the wall? Garbo or Ginger Rogers without a doubt. And every man Jack on the job knows her and probably has a photo of her or of another screen cutie fastened above his pillow in the bunk house. But that isn't why it is called the bunk house. No, Ladies of the Lenses, you are the inspiration and daily companions of he-men everywhere, and if you were given one-half the honors you so richly deserve you would at least have your names on the bronze tablets on a thousand bridges and work projects.

In addition to this important employment, the girls are a constant reminder to all men, be they prominent financiers in Wall Street, farmers or fishermen, that life is principally for love—a matter which so often is almost forgotten.

A revealing title is "Ladies In Love," Janet Gaynor's new picture. Love is the theme song of their existence.



Jessie Matthews, the English beauty, is our Ginger's only dancing rival in the world.



Loretta Young will be the Indian girl in "Ramona." Your grandmother liked this story a lot.

This blue and white play-time outfit suits Olivia de Havilland's lovely slimmess. In "The Charge of the Light Brigade" she's dressed differently.

BOOKS OR PLAYS

Which Screen Most Effectively?

THERE is prestige about a famous book that seems to vitalize its adaptation to the screen. In the near future we will see a number of movies based on great books and, as the stills on these pages show, there is assurance and certainty in the characterizations. This is probably due to the fact that the actor has read the book and has learned direct from the author what the character is supposed to feel. But plays are all talk and little action and there is no character analysis given in the script. A book

also views the action through the omnipresent eyes of a creative genius, but a play is always seen from "the front."

Both plays and books, however, have an advantage over original scripts which tell the adventures of characters unknown and as yet unloved. That's where the biographical original has merit over the original idea film story. We are interested to know *more* about a person who has already achieved the goal of having his name become a household word.

"My Man Godfrey" was originally a novel by Eric Hatch. William Powell and Alice Brady both are gifted with a flair for delicacy in humor.



(At right) "The Garden of Allah," famous and picturesque love story, with Marlene Dietrich in a rôle which should establish her superiority in sophisticated, alluring characterizations.



(At right) De Lawd and Noah in "The Green Pastures" — a play of remarkable feeling.



(At left) Pearl Buck wrote "The Good Earth," and now Luise Rainer and Paul Muni will re-create these lowly Chinese people.





Bruce Cabot in "The Last of the Mohicans."



Mary of Scotland lived, and both books and plays have told her tragic life. Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March.

"TEA"

It's An Old British Custom—"The Oolong Hour"—And Hollywood Sips "Orange Pekoe" And "English Breakfast" Every Afternoon.

WE HARDLY realized how the English actors have gradually established the British habit of tea drinking until we secured pictures of "four o'clock at the M-G-M Studio." Everything is tea! The Near East, with its coffee habit, has never made any headway.

In English studios everyone has tea, grips and all, absolutely, my dear fellow. And during prohibition "Tea" rooms flourished in New York, but now they are all Cocktail and Snack Rooms, and a very sinister fact it is, say we.



Spencer Tracy, in "San Francisco," supports Jeanette MacDonald, and so does Clark Gable. They talk it over with a drop of Russian Caravan tea.



Cary Grant, a drop of Chinese tea, and Jean Harlow relaxing for a moment between shots of "Suzy." Cary is an Englishman from a long line of tea drinkers.



Doing it right. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton at the Green Tea-Formosa ceremony. They are making "The Devil Doll" when they can spare the time between cups.

When Tea Time
Comes The Vil-
lains Cease From
Troubling And
The Social Gra-
ces Are In Favor.

Clark Gable cov-
ered with dust after
working on the
earthquake se-
quence of "San
Francisco."



In the same picture with
Frank Lawton and Maureen
O'Sullivan is this very ami-
cable old lady who, every
afternoon, keeps her girlish
complexion by partaking of
40 drops of Young Hyson.
Yes, it's Lionel Barrymore.



Janet Gaynor,
Robert Taylor and Binnie
Barnes. Perhaps Binnie's telling
them about the jasmine and orange
flower tea with the blossoms included that
they sip in Hong Kong.

Every Movie In=
fluences Somebody's
Mind—Is The Screen
Making Girls More
Flirtatious?

"ONE MAN TO C AND ONE TO



SOME actors feel that a succession of parts in which they "never-get-the-girl" is bad for their reputation for charm. This is particularly true of those men who have, on occasion, played the hero. Some, however, have come through the years as girl getters and now are quite happy as the characters who get the press notices instead.

Adolphe Menjou in "Sing, Baby, Sing" will get his share of the compliments anyway.

If, as our professors say, the girls who go to the movies are influenced by the behavior of the screen sweeties, each one probably will consider gathering two or more males for the sake of those lovely situations. Let us warn them. The hardest job a director has is to make a girl love two men and still retain the audience sympathy. They usually keep the girl moral by having her kiss only one, and he has to be the one who wins out.



Randolph Scott, Tom Brown and Frances Drake. What could offer a better basis for drama?



Norman Foster reverses the idea, with Glenda Farrell and Helen Wood in "Trouble Makers."

To—
ay No To"

In Pictures It Takes
Two Men To Make
One Man Know
His Own Mind.

(At left) Warner Baxter,
Myrna Loy and Ian
Hunter in a picture with
the prettiest title of the
month: "To Mary—With
Love."

In "The Crime of
Dr. Forbes," Gloria
Stuart is with Rob-
ert Kent and J.
Edward Bromberg.



Gene Raymond, Barbara
Stanwyck and Robert
Young in "Marry the
Girl."



STILLS FROM COMING

Frank Lawton, Maureen O'Sullivan and Lionel Barrymore in "The Devil Dog."

THE snowy scenes from Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It" will be on the screen about the time that "The Texas Rangers," which King Vidor is directing, is released. That is the great thing about a picture house—it out-classes the Hippodrome today and tomorrow it out-sophisticates the Empire Theatre.

However, many pictures that are all finished will not be released until "next year's schedule." The motion picture year begins about September 1st.



Fred MacMurray in the midst of a battle between the Indians and "The Texas Rangers."



In "Come and Get It," George Breakston, 14-year-old actor, plays Barney, as a boy, in the lumber camp. Edward Arnold and Virginia Bruce are featured.



Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall in "Girls' Dormitory"—one of those innocent titles.



Making" with J. Harlow, Franchot, and a girl flivver.

MOVIES

Cameramen
ve Reaped A
ich Harvest.



In "The Gorgeous Hussy," Joan Crawford wears a period dress of rust-colored velvet trimmed with old lace. The hat features a cascade of ostrich plumes.



Barbara Stanwyck devises a method to keep Robert Young from running a temperature.



Laurel and Hardy drink a toast with Arthur Housman, to some serious and altruistic project, no doubt.



Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn in "Mary of Scotland."

THE TOUCH OF GENIUS!

Does That First Contact With Other Players Inspire Or Disturb An Actor?

ONE of the oldest and most popular fan magazine stories is "Are Screen Kisses Real?" Or sometimes it is called "What Is the Effect of Those Love Scenes?" It is most intriguing to ordinary people who do not go around kissing for a living. But if we could steal onto a set and see the quantities of make-up and note the dozen or so "grips" and "juicers" who keep a cold and steady gaze upon the lovers, everyone of us, we are sure, would be convinced that screen kisses are far from the sweet delirium of love. The moment when two comparative strangers touch is, however, full of excitement.

Some girls respond to a great actor and out-class themselves in intimate scenes, while others feel "dominated," as they call it.



Herbert Marshall and Simone Simon in "Girls' Dormitory," in which Simone plays school girl.



George Raft seems more at ease than usual in this scene with Dolores Costello. Barrymore in "Yours for the Asking."



Robert Montgomery as Prince Florizel and Rosalind Russell as Princess Brenda in "Trouble for Two."



Why the suspense? Ray Milland and Gertrude Michael in another "Sophie Lang" story. The first "Sophie Lang" picture was a success and "The Return of Sophie Lang" should make Gertrude Michael very happy. This kiss is a part of the picture—and a quite inviting part.

Are The Players, When They Are Made Love To, Able To Keep Completely In Character?

(Below) Douglass Montgomery and Constance Bennett in "Everything is Thunder," a Gaumont-British picture.



Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy in "Fury," which is making such a success.

(At left) Larry Crabbe and Marsha Hunt, in "The Arizona Raider," take to love-making with smiles that suggest true artistic enthusiasm.



We Are All Photographers In Summer Anyway, But The Best Ones Are In Hollywood.

Virginia Bruce in her new Brentwood Home.

THE FUN OF PHOTOGRAPHY

IN A picture with masses of gray the lightest white will attract the eye. The white fur had too great an area so the clever photographer, Mr. Ted Allan, put a light behind Virginia Bruce to make her blonde hair the "lightest white." The Betty Grable picture is spoiled by the shadow of the nose. The Madge Evans portrait has strong light and dark and beautiful modeling of the face. Lighting is the secret of portrait photography.



Wallace Beery tries his hand as cameraman.



(At left) Betty Grable.

Madge Evans, beautifully photographed.



Betty Furness; the pattern makes the picture.



"DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT IS THAT AN EX-CYCLE COMING?"

The Players In Hollywood Always Talk Shop And Here Is What They Talk About

By Liza

WHAT sort of midsummer madness are the lotus eaters of Hollywood up to now? If you think they are all lolling on the beaches done up in one piece bathing suits, with brassiere tops of splashy chintzes, you aren't greatly mistaken. However, Big Business goes on as usual in the market places—Paramount has swapped Bing Crosby for Columbia's Jean Arthur, and Metro has sold Norma Shearer to Warner Brothers in exchange for their Leslie Howard—yes, Trade is as good as ever. But I suppose that you, snob and socialite that you are, were never one to be interested in anything so vulgar as Trade. You crave gossip, locker room gossip, about our fine-feathered friends, and I don't have to have cards, and a crystal, and dirty finger nails to know that. (I've never understood why medium ladies of the mystic realms had to go in for real estate on the side.) Well, I was never one to tell—much. But there's a little piqué number down in my favorite shop that I can't live without, so I'll talk.

The excitement of the moment seems to center around the new cycle in pictures—the Ex-Cycle we call it, to differentiate it from the G-Man Cycle, the Costume Cycle, and the It Happened One Night Cycle. Walter Wanger, that astute producer, hit upon the smart idea that it would be a lot of fun (and box office) to team romantically an ex-husband and an ex-wife. Hollywood pooh poohed the idea saying that if a

husband and wife couldn't live peacefully together it would be too much to expect them to work peacefully together, and that the temperamental costs on the picture would be terrific. But Wanger put "The Moon's Our Home" into production with Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda, who had once been Mr. and Mrs., and after the first few days of chill and storm clouds and feigned indifference, Maggie and Hank simply fell into each others arms, and they have been practically inseparable ever since. Miss Sullivan started divorce proceedings, a la Mexico, against William Wyler, whom she married while he was directing her in "The Good

Fairy," and of course all of Hollywood is speculating as to whether the former Mr. and Mrs. Fonda will remarry as soon as the divorce is complete. Anyway, Universal is so impressed with Maggie and Hank as the latest sensation in a romantic team that the studio plans to co-star them in another picture as quickly as possible. In the meantime they

have celebrated their birthdays together at two different parties, and are cavorting all over the place like a couple of crazy kids.

Following immediately upon the success of "The Moon's Our Home," Universal signed William Powell and Carole Lombard, who will celebrate the fourth year of their Reno divorce this coming August, to co-star in "My Man Godfrey." As we go to press there has been no

preview of the picture but, judging from advanced rumors, it will be nothing [Cont. on next page]

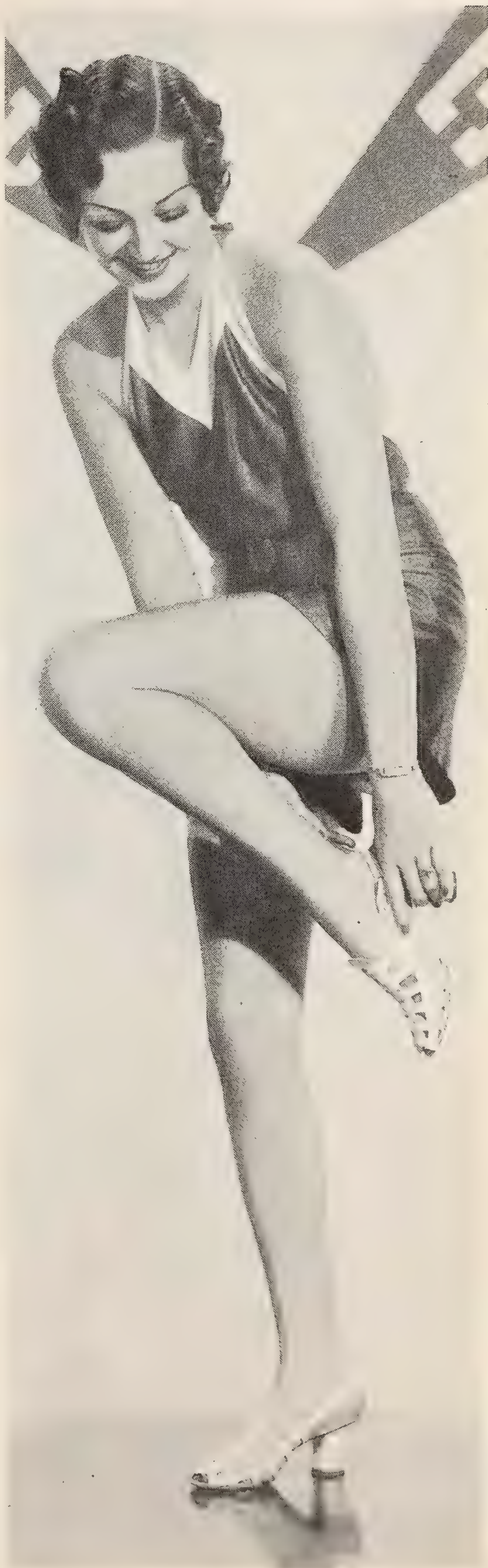
This is not Arline Judge's latest photograph but it is a very attractive one. "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" is her next picture.

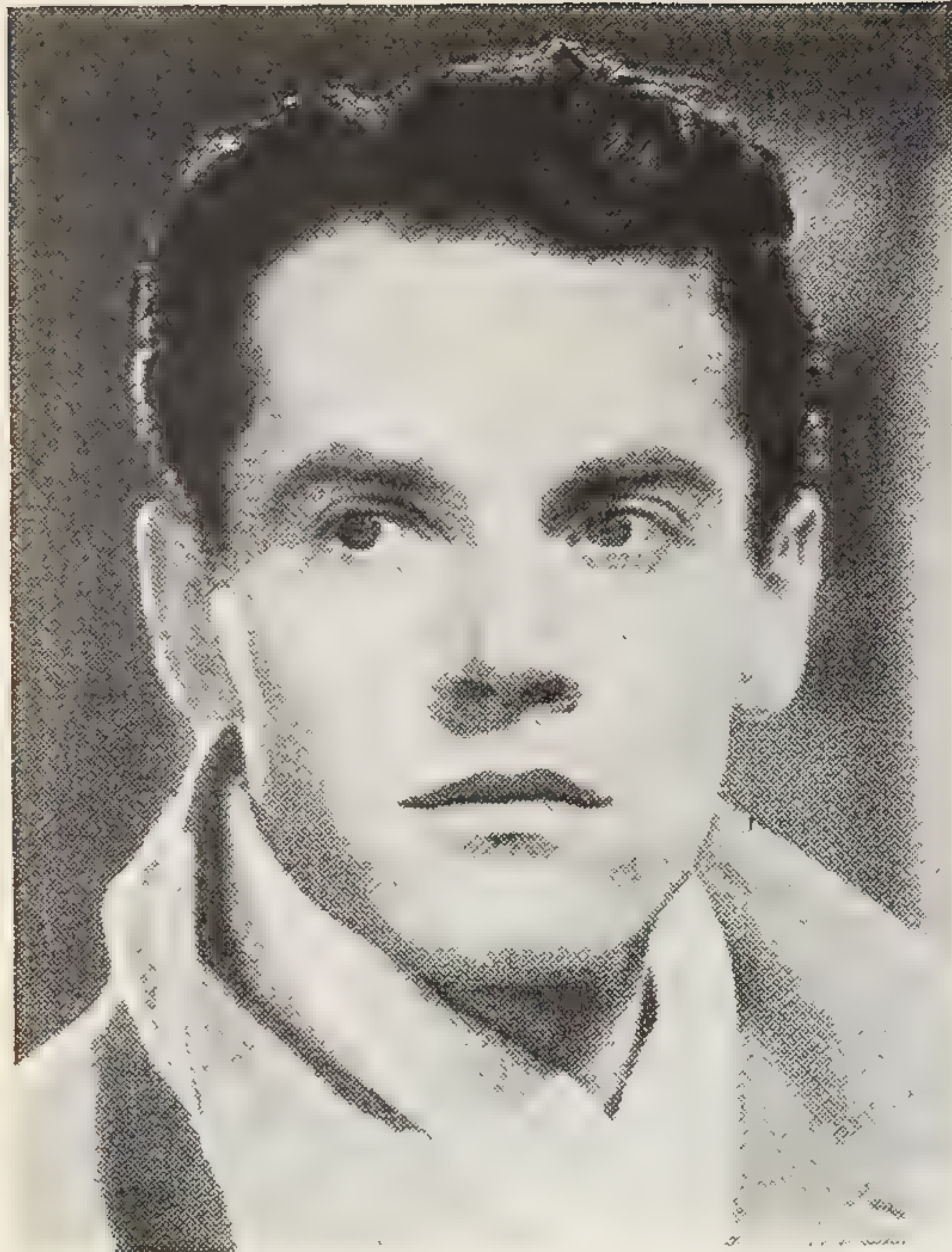


What does James Stewart intend doing about Ginger Rogers?



Greta Garbo, on her return to America, gave an interview. The breaking of the great silence was a world-shaking event.





Henry Fonda, who is keeping the gossips all a-twitter.

short of a complete knock-out, with Carole and Bill at their maddest and best. Will history repeat? Will Carole and Bill fall in love again? For awhile there Hollywood was all a-twitter with speculations. But alas for the cycle of remarriages, Carole and Bill, unlike Margaret and Henry, did not fall in love again—all on account of that guy, Clark Gable. Clark officially separated from Mrs. Gable last winter and after being on the loose for several months finally started going with Carole. Well, after that the best directing in the world from Mr. Gregory La Cava couldn't make Carole's and Bill's screen kisses real. But at least the ex-husband and ex-wife remained most friendly throughout the picture and on the evening of the last day of work, they threw a party to celebrate the end-of-the-picture-and-the-continuation-of-our-beautiful-friendship, and invited the cast and crew and their friends. Alice Brady was the life of the party, arriving with a lei around the neck of her dog, said lei being discovered later around the neck of director La Cava.

The latest ex-husband and ex-wife picture to go into production is "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." Last winter cute little Arline Judge and her director husband, Wesley Ruggles, (Charlie's brother), officially separated and Arline has been rumored in love with this young man and that young man. Arline is playing the role of the young girl now in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" and Wesley Ruggles is directing her, and Hollywood is all agog. Will they fall in love again? It was when Ruggles was directing her in one of her first pictures in Hollywood, "Are These Our Children," that the director and the little ingenue first fell in love and soon afterwards were married. They have a little three-year-old boy, who can boast of having Irene Dunne for a godmother, and all their friends are hoping that this picture will bring them together again.

What can make the wives of the men stars shiver? Running your finger nail over a file, mice, a chill wind from the Pacific, Dracula's Daughter? Wrong, all wrong. What really makes the Mrs. Robert Montgomerys, the Mrs. Jimmy Cagneys, the Mrs. Robert Youngs, the Mrs. Pat O'Briens, the Mrs. Freddie Marches and the Mrs. Charles Boyers of this industry have cold shivers rushing up and down their spines is nothing more awful than a pretty little film star who gets a divorce. You can just imagine with what horror "the little woman" reads

in the morning paper that beautiful Miss So-and-So has separated from her spouse and is on the loose again. Naturally that petted darling of the celluloids, the devastating Miss So-and-So, must have herself another man as quickly as possible to flaunt around the night clubs, and there's just no telling whom she might fancy. It's a safe bet she isn't interested in the forgotten man, or the obscure man, no, she'll definitely want some one with a "name." And what chance has a drab little wife versus a vivacious Glamour Queen?

I am quite certain that at least fifty wives of the film colony turned pale, and shivered, the morning they read that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres had separated. Who will Ginger choose next? Ah me, life on the edge of an erupting volcano is peaceful compared with the life of fears and suspicions that wives of men stars lead. Personally, I don't think they have to worry over Ginger much as she seems to be rather interested, perhaps as an escort only, in James Stewart, who has been beauning her here and there ever since the separation was announced. One of her New York boy friends, Johnny Green, the young composer and orchestra leader who has been on Jack Benny's radio hour all winter, has taken a house in Hollywood recently and perhaps, little wives of men stars, it will be Johnny that Ginger turns to now.



When Bob Taylor made his first hit, he identified Irene Hervey as his girl. But that's all changed now.

And my, my, what a deep breath of relief all the wives took when Barbara Stanwyck started going with Robert Taylor after her separation from Frank Fay. Of course, Barbara sort of muscled in on Janet Gaynor and Irene Hervey, but at least he wasn't married so the field was open. By the way, I wonder how Barbara felt the other day when she listened in on the Rudy Vallee hour and heard both Robert Taylor and Frank Fay on the same program? Must have been sort of a peculiar sensation. Well, anyway, don't let me ever catch you envying a movie star's wife. You may be poor but at least you can read about the divorces in the morning paper without having cold shivers. (And while we're on the subject I might add that there will be a lot of wives who'll feel much better if Loretta Young will only marry Eddie Sutherland when he returns from Europe. Loretta is one of their best shivers.)

And speaking of Robert Taylor, Hollywood is doing a lot of speculating about that young man. His popularity is nothing less than sensational, what with women screaming and swooning every time he appears on the screen. But there are those pessimists who say that even with all his popularity he will not be pleasing to Miss

Garbo when he plays Armand to her Camille, and that it wouldn't surprise them in the least if she demanded that he be replaced by Freddie March or George Brent.

On the other hand, Greta may join in with the fifty million women who can't be wrong. Now what's going to happen when, as and if they do "Camille" together? Garbo, as you well know, usually manages to fall in love with her leading man for the duration of the picture, and so, will Bob succumb to her charms or will he remain true to Barbara? Bob is typically a night club boy, friendly and sociable, with none of that mystery *chichi* about him, so somehow or other I don't see him touring Arizona with Greta or making pancakes with her in a secret hideaway, but of course one never knows, does one? Bob flitted from Irene to Janet to Barbara, so why not Garbo? Bob will next co-star with Barbara Stanwyck in "His Brother's Wife." Good old Metro, you didn't think they'd miss a chance to cash in on the Stanwyck-Taylor romance, now did you?

After "Small Town Girl" they tell me that Janet Gaynor, who had been too long among the whimsies and was obviously slipping, can write her own ticket again. The studio is about to re-make "Seventh Heaven," the picture that made Janet the great box-office star she is, and this time it will be Simone Simon, the French actress, who will play Diane. When the studio was talking of reviving "Seventh Heaven" Janet was asked if she would like to play her part again. "No," said Janet, "I couldn't play it again, because now I know there is no Seventh Heaven."

I must say that Hollywood, as a whole, has been rather phlegmatic over Greta Garbo's return to the scene of her triumphs, despite the fact that she gave interviews to the press and posed for pictures. As a matter of fact most of the comments have been about those pictures. "Where, oh where, did she get that frizzy permanent?" shrieked the perfectly coiffed film stars. "I never before realized what big legs she has, and very bad ankles," said others, when the picture of her meeting the New York press on the boat was re-printed in the Los Angeles Times. "Doesn't she know not to wear light stockings with black shoes for photographs?" others screamed. And as for her interviews—well, I think my own little secretary, Emily, sort of voiced the general feeling in Hollywood towards Garbo's press interviews. "Well," said Emily with disgust as she finished reading the Garbo interview, "Garbo talked but she didn't say much."

Take my advice, Greta, and stick to your silences and seclusions.



The gossips are wondering about Bill Powell's marriage—if, as, is and when—but Bill just keeps on rolling along.

REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN



Fredric March, as Anthony Adverse, holds his beautiful Angela, played by Olivia de Havilland. Director Mervyn LeRoy has covered himself with glory.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

MASTERFUL ENTERTAINMENT—Warner Brothers

HERVEY ALLEN'S famous and widely-read novel of a glamorous past century comes to the screen as a deeply moving, pictorially brilliant, and compellingly interesting picture. And after all those cracks which have been made about the length of the novel you will be glad to know that the film has been cut to 78 minutes—you won't have to spend the week-end in the theatre. Great praise should go to the director, Mervyn LeRoy, and to Sheridan Gibney, the writer who made the screenplay of the novel, for they have retained all the vivid life-likeness of the original and all its emotional beauty.

Starting with a dramatic prologue, which shows the manner of Anthony's coming into the world, the plot piles one exciting episode upon another until we find Anthony, now a middle-aged man, on his way to the mysterious Americas.

Fredric March, as Anthony Adverse, is really something to write home about; he gives the most outstanding performance of his entire career. And second in importance is Olivia de Havilland's Angela. She convinces us beyond a doubt that she has far

more to give the screen than a pair of the most beautiful eyes in Hollywood.

Every character has been chosen with great care, and each and every one gives a superb performance. Notable are Claude Rains as the Spanish Don Luis, Anita Louise as his lovely, fragile wife and the ill-fated mother of Anthony Adverse, Edmund Gwenn as Mr. Bonnyfeather, Donald Woods as Anthony's friend, Gale Sondergaard as the menacing housekeeper, Steffi Duna as the exotic African maiden, and Louis Hayward as a romantic young adventurer.

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS—Paramount

A VERY entertaining murder mystery that could have been another hilarious "Thin Man" if the authors had taken a little more trouble with it. Carole Lombard, looking too breathlessly beautiful, plays a phony Swedish Princess, with an accent delightfully reminiscent of the Great Garbo, who is on her way to America to crash Hollywood. Also on the boat are Fred MacMurray, famous concertina player and orchestra leader, and his pal and press agent, William Frawley. Fred loses no time in going "on the make" for Princess Olga

you can be sure. But, alas, also on this big transatlantic steamship are five renowned detectives on their way to a conference in New York, a brazen blackmailer, and a famous French criminal who has escaped prison on the eve of his execution. When the blackmailer is found dead in Carole's stateroom the excitement begins, and between concertina concerts it is Fred who solves the mystery with no help from the five bungling renowned detectives.

George Barbier is excellent as the captain, and so is Alison Skipworth as the Lady in Waiting to the phony Princess. You'll be crazy about Carole, her Swedish accent, and her beautiful clothes.

FURY

SIGNIFYING CONSIDERABLE—M-G-M

AND here, my friends, is honest drama. No movie tricks, no box-office folderol are allowed to cheapen this picture. It will make you suffer, it will make you think, it will keep you glued to your seat tense and strained, but it will leave you with an emotional satisfaction that only honest drama can cause. It's a picture that you cannot afford to miss.

"Fury" (which started out in life as "Mob Rule") dramatically and honestly tells the story of a law-abiding American citizen, a good sort of guy, who manages to make enough money out of his gas station to go out West to marry his girl. Driving along, in his rattling car, he is stopped in a middle-western town by a deputy sheriff who is looking for kidnappers, and just because he has a five dollar ransom note in his pocket and no alibi for where he spent the previous night (he slept in his car) he is jailed on suspicion pending an investigation.

And then the Mob—the Great American Mob . . . They storm the jail, set fire to the building and the poor guy's girl arrives just in time to see his agonized face pressed against the bars, the flames licking all around him. But by a miracle the boy escapes—and now, with revenge in his heart he plots to have his torturers suffer a slow legal death—for his murder. This is only a slight outline of the story. It is too powerful, too dramatic to put on paper.

Spencer Tracy plays the guy who becomes the victim of mob rule and gives the greatest performance of his career, of anybody's career for that matter. Sylvia Sidney is excellent as his girl friend and her horror when she sees her sweetheart burning to death will long be remembered by you and me. Striking characterizations are given by Walter Abel, Bruce Cabot and Frank Albertson.

FATAL LADY

NO LURKING—A Walter Wanger Production

AT LAST, a mystery story that's really different. And what a relief not to have any lurking butlers, ominous shadows, thick-headed sleuths, and loose ends of plot dangling all over the place. Even the most fastidious among us will like this one.

Mary Ellis, she who sings—but divinely—and manages to look quite lush besides, plays a young prima donna whose hand is sought in marriage by three men.

[Continued on next page]

They all die, most mysteriously, and then a fourth man, Walter Pidgeon, woos her for the purpose of capturing the killer. He, too, falls in love with the sweet-singing lady, but succeeds in escaping with his life while you break out in a cold sweat. The killer, which is most unusual in movie mysteries, had perfectly logical motives for his conduct. Imagine that. Naturally the operatic background gives Miss Ellis an opportunity to sing arias from several operas, and a delightful little French ditty, entitled, "Je Vous Adore."

In the cast are John Halliday, Guy Bates Post, Alan Mowbray and Norman Foster. Edgar Kennedy and Ruth Donnelly look after the comedy. Your evening at the theatre won't be wasted.

BUNKER BEAN

IT'S IN AGAIN—R-K-O-Radio

HARRY LEON WILSON'S "Bunker Bean" now makes its third appearance on the screen, an old friend, tried and true. This time Owen Davis, Jr., plays the meek young stenographer who rises above his inferiority complex through his belief that he is the reincarnation of an Egyptian King. With his new found courage he does Big Business with his slave-driving Boss, gets himself made vice-president of the company, and marries the Boss's daughter. It's all good clean fun and very pleasant.

Owen Davis, Jr., and Louise Latimer, the "new generation" at RKO, are welcome and attractive newcomers. Robert McWade makes a grand grouchy Boss and Jessie Ralph is fine as the grandmother. The best scene in the picture is where Berton Churchill and Sybil Harris, as a couple of phony mediums, provide Bunker with an Ancestor.

PRIVATE NUMBER

IT'S A BLANK—Twentieth Century-Fox

LORETTA YOUNG and Robert Taylor, both gorgeous in looks, are teamed for the first time in this picture and make a mighty pretty pair. Loretta plays a servant girl in a wealthy family, and of course the college son of the house falls in love with her, and there is a baby and parental objections. Bless my soul, if it isn't good old "Common Clay" again.

There are a couple of new touches, to wit, Basil Rathbone playing a lecherous butler on the make for Loretta, and Patsy Kelly playing another servant girl who befriends Loretta. The picture has been given a lavish production, Loretta has never appeared more beautifully appealing, the Taylor lad will simply have the women folks swooning in the aisles, and Patsy Kelly has never been funnier, but no matter how you look at it it is still "Common Clay."

HEARTS DIVIDED

HISTORY IN THE MAKING—Warner Brothers

MARION DAVIES and Dick Powell are teamed in this romance revolving around America's purchase of Louisiana from the great Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon, excellently played by Claude Rains, sends his young, irresponsible brother Jerome (this is history, my dear) to America to establish friendly relations and to represent France in the important sale.

Dick Powell plays the happy-go-lucky Jerome, who is quite bored with the affairs of state and has himself a good time disguised as a nobody at the race tracks. Marion, of course, is the aristocratic Betsy, daughter of a Baltimore statesman, who is negotiating the purchase of Louisiana, and naturally Marion meets Dick at the races and a romance begins. Dick becomes a tutor in her home, and there is much idyllic romance, until Dick is forced to appear as the young Bonaparte at a governmental party to celebrate the purchase.

Napoleon does his best to break up the



"Fury" is a remarkable picture of mob psychology, and Spencer Tracy gives one of the finest performances of his career.

engagement, but true love finds a way (and that is history too, my dear). Charles Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton and Arthur Treacher are Marion's suitors and are quite comic. Henry Stephenson plays her father and Clara Blandick her aunt. But acting honors all go to Claude Rains. His Napoleon is really something.

GREEN PASTURES

GANGWAY FOR A GREAT PICTURE—Warner Brothers

YOU may relax and draw an easy breath. Hollywood has not ruined Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures." There is nothing super colossal about it, not a single spectacular technical effect, not even a trace of that lavishness for which the cinema is famous. Not one bit of the delightful charm and intimacy of the stage play has been lost in its transition—it's still the quaint and simple story of "De Lawd" and His chillun as visualized by the humble colored people of the South.

Just as in the play the picture opens with Mr. Dashee relating Bible stories to his Sunday School class of little pickaninnies. Then the scene changes to Heaven where the clouds open (nice cotton clouds, nothing fancy) and we see "De Lawd" and His angel "Gabe" and all His chillun with their wings on indulging in a fish fry. Then "De Lawd" creates the world out of a mess of firmament, and discovers to His distress that one miracle calls for another. Mankind gives Him a powerful lot of trouble and often He wishes he'd never started it in the first place.

The visit of "De Lawd" to Noah's and the subsequent Ark episode are the high spots in the picture. The cast is entirely colored of course and each and every one gives a skillful performance.

Rex Ingram plays not only "De Lawd" but also "Adam" and "Hezdrel" and too

much cannot be said in praise of his superb characterizations. His "De Lawd," who loves ten cent seegars and custard with plenty of firmament, is a worthy successor to the late Richard Harrison, the beloved "De Lawd" of the New York stage. Also particularly noteworthy are Oscar Polk as "Gabe," Frank Wilson as "Moses," and Eddie Anderson as "Noah." Many people at the preview proclaimed this the best picture they had ever seen.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

SHE RUNS AWAY WITH THE PICTURE—Twentieth Century-Fox

DEFINITELY one of the best Shirley Temple pictures, "but definitely." Shirley enters the radio field and my, my, what a lot of entertainment. Shirley plays a little rich girl who doesn't have much fun, so she wanders away from her wealthy father one day and follows an organ grinder home.

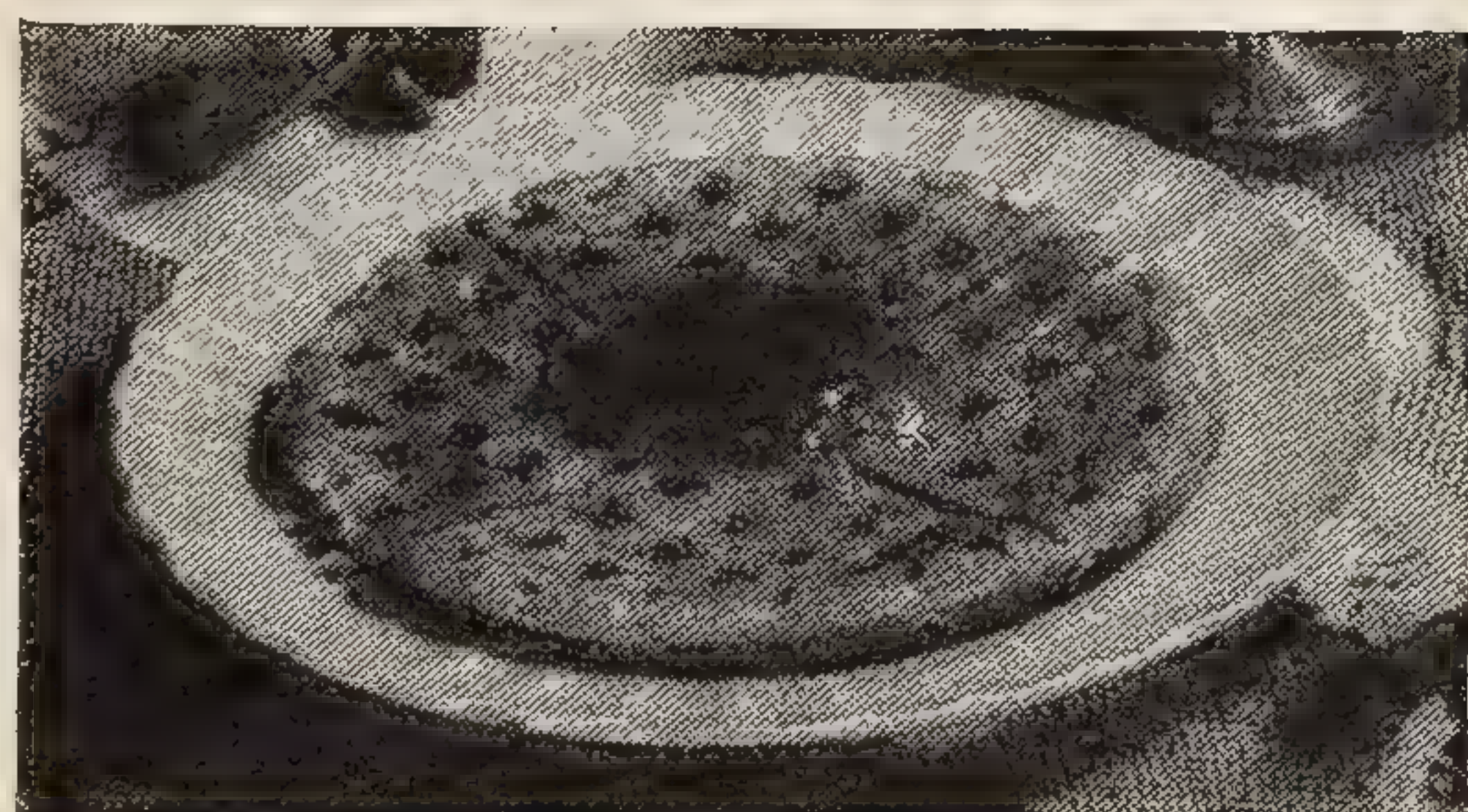
The next morning she joins up with a couple of down-and-out vaudevillians and helps them put their act over for a radio audition. They win a contract for time on the air and of course their sponsor (a soap manufacturer) is a keen competitor of Shirley's father. In time the father recognizes Shirley's voice over the ether waves and she has to go home and be a nice little girl again. But what fun while it lasted.

Shirley proves again that she is a sincere, natural little actress, and teamed up with Alice Faye and Jack Haley she puts over some songs and dances that are knock-outs. Don't miss hearing Shirley sing "But Definitely," "You've Got to Eat Your Spinach, Baby," and "I Like a Military Man." Next to Shirley the honors go to Alice Faye, who has never been better. Also in the cast are Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Henry Armetta, and Sara Haden.

QUICK AND TASTY!

The Sudden Guest Is
Quite Welcome When
There Is Marmalade In
The House.

By Ruth Corbin



Just good old waffles,
but the dash of orange-
pineapple marmalade
brings a new thrill.

IN FLORIDA, Texas and California where citrus fruits abound, marmalade making is more of an art than elsewhere in our United States, for the fruit, which is allowed to ripen on the trees, is an entirely different product from that which is picked green and shipped around the world. It is sweeter and, in the case of the grapefruit, less bitter. There are many ways of preparing orange marmalade but the following is as good as any I have found and much easier in preparation than most of them, if we consider the time element.

ORANGE MARMALADE

Select sour, smooth-skinned oranges. Weigh oranges and allow $\frac{3}{4}$ their weight in sugar. Remove peel from oranges in quarters. Cook until soft in enough water to cover. Drain, remove white part from peel by scraping with a spoon. Cut thin yellow rind in strips, using a pair of scissors. This is more quickly accomplished by cutting through 2 or 3 pieces at a time. Divide oranges in sections, remove seeds and tough part of skin. Put into a preserving kettle and heat to boiling point. Add sugar gradually and cook slowly one hour; add rind and cook one hour longer. Turn into glasses.

AMBER MARMALADE

1 orange 1 lemon 1 grapefruit

Slice fruit very thin, rejecting only seeds and core of grapefruit. Measure fruit, and add to it 3 times the quantity of water. Let it stand in an earthen dish overnight and next morning boil for 10 minutes only. Leave until next day, then boil 2 hours. Measure, add an equal amount of sugar and boil, stirring occasionally that it may not scorch, about an hour. Pour into sterilized glasses; let stand covered with cheesecloth until cold, then cover with melted hot Parawax.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

1 grapefruit 1 lemon, juice only

Follow same general instructions for Amber Marmalade except that grapefruit is allowed to stand in water for about an



A delicious surprise cake with orange marmalade filling—so easy and so certain.

hour, then boiled in the lemon juice for 10 minutes. Proceed the following day in the same manner as for the Amber. This makes a very bitter marmalade for those who like this type.

Orange-Pineapple Marmalade was given me by a friend of the lovely young wife of the golden-voiced James Melton. This lady assured me that it was a particular favorite of the whole Melton family and that Mrs. Melton prepared it with as little effort as the average person used for an omelet. A nice compliment.

ORANGE-PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

2 or 3 oranges 1 quart shredded
1 lemon pineapple (pulp
3 cups sugar and juice)

First peel and slice the pineapples and steam until tender. Peel oranges and lemon, if used. Remove every bit of the white and slice the rind fine. Add the sugar, rind, and sliced pulp of the citrus fruit (membranes removed) to the steamed pineapple. Cook rapidly to the jelly stage.

Here are two altogether new marmalades which I have just developed. One of the nicest things about them, next to their perfectly grand taste, is the ease with which they are made. In testing and originating all these marmalade recipes for your use I have tried to bear in mind that the majority of the homemakers of today live on something of a merry-go-round and that while they feel the urge to putter around in the kitchen, speed becomes increasingly more necessary in meal preparation.

RHUBARB-PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups red rhubarb, 1 cup sugar
cut in small pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, juice and
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple, cut rind
in pieces

Combine all ingredients; cook slowly until mixture is thick and clear. Put in sterilized glasses, cover with cheesecloth and seal when cold.

LEMON MARMALADE

3 pounds lemons 2 oranges
2 quarts (8 cups) water Sugar

Wipe the lemons and oranges carefully. Pare the skin very thinly from the lemons and oranges and cut them up into slender chips, using scissors for this process. Put the chips on to boil in a saucepan, with 3 cupfuls of the water; allow to cook 40 min-

utes. Now take all the white part from the lemons and the oranges and cut up all the pulp roughly; put this on the stove with the remainder of the water and cook slowly for one hour and fifteen minutes. Stir it frequently; then strain it through a hot jelly bag without pressure. Add the chips and liquid in which they were cooked to the strained juice. Now measure this liquid, and for each cupful allow one pound of sugar. Return to fire and boil slowly for 30 minutes. Put into jars, cover with cheesecloth and seal when cool.

I didn't know just what to do with this marmalade after I had it but as we were having fish for dinner I decided to try it since I had often served lemon butter with fish. Frankly I was skeptical about a sweet with fish. The results delighted me.

Making marmalade is not generally a short job. The best marmalade is made over a period of hours or days but the advantage lies in the ability to line your shelves with tempting jars not supplied by the standard manufacturers, such as most of the above recipes show. Marmalade, as purchased from your grocer, is far from inexpensive and here again the housewife scores by making her own, particularly when she knows even a few of the tricks of combining marmalade to set off her table when unexpected guests arrive.

For a quick lunch after bridge or when you return from a movie try combining orange marmalade with peanut butter or cream cheese for a tasty and not too heavy sandwich. Kraft's Velveta cheese combined with either orange or lemon marmalade and toasted on a very hot grill makes another nice sandwich.

Also, for either a late luncheon or breakfast, waffles served with hot marmalade, I suggest the Orange-Pineapple, with strips of crisp bacon, is fit for a king—or a queen either for that matter. Lately I have found that when I was in a hurry I could turn out the swellest, golden brown waffles with Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour in less time than it takes me to write this paragraph.

A breakfast treat is marmalade biscuits. You can stir up fluffy biscuits with the well-known Bisquick. Roll the dough to a thickness of about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch and cut with a large cutter. Place your orange marmalade on this and fold over in the shape of a pocket-book roll. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot with butter.

[Continued on next page]

Quick and Tasty! [Continued from preceding page]

For a meat course ham baked with either orange or lemon marmalade is truly new and unusual and a dish you will be proud to serve.

Here's a taste sensation for you that was recently served to me by a young southern bride in a tiny two-room kitchenette apartment. This girl's husband was a professor and she had found that it was not always easy to be smart on the small salary a young professor makes. She was eternally putting things together to see what would happen. This was one of them.

Place in a casserole slices of boiled sweet potatoes, covering the bottom of the dish; next cover this with orange marmalade. Continue in this manner until dish is full. Pour over this a thick syrup of sugar and water and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

This young wife told me that she had found the addition of various kinds of marmalade to her table or her food helped her to turn out attractive and slightly different meals—either on short notice or an hour or so before the arrival of guests—dishes which did not suffer by standing and then being run hurriedly into the stove for reheating. This allowed her the maximum amount of time with her guests and she was able to preserve a charming,

unhurried attitude which, in the final analysis is the most important requisite of the good hostess.

If you will always keep on hand a package of Kellogg's Rice Krispies or Corn Flakes, you can make a pastry shell while your filling is cooking. 1 cup of either the flakes or krispies (rolled very fine), 1/4 cup of butter, 1/4 cup of sugar mixed well, and pressed firmly around the sides and bottom of a 9-inch pan, forms a pastry shell which takes just a matter of minutes to make. This shell can be filled with a cream filling and covered with a thin layer of your favorite marmalade to make a delicious pie.

Or a rich white cake, the layers filled with orange or lemon marmalade, and the whole covered with a marshmallow icing thickly sprinkled with grated coconut makes the finest dessert (with rich full bodied coffee and cream) that you could desire.

Raspberry Jello with marmalade is another delightful combination that is new enough to make your guests play the great "what is it" guessing game. Jello is prepared according to the directions on the package and put aside in a cool place. When it begins to set stir in either orange or lemon marmalade. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

Another nice dessert and one that is

prepared in two shakes is *Pear Whip*. Take a can of Del Monte pears, drain; whip some cream and stir into it a small amount of orange marmalade. Heap this in the center of the pear and serve. Naturally all ingredients must be chilled for best results.

Glancing back over the above you could prepare in this manner, with the aid of marmalade, the following menu in about forty minutes.

Fruit Cup (10 minutes)
Lettuce and tomato salad
Sweet Potatoes baked (30 minutes)
Baked Ham (20 to 30 minutes)
Pie (crust, 6 min., filling 15 min.)

While the potatoes are boiling the salad and fruit cup can be prepared; then when ham and potatoes are baking in the oven the pie can be made. Or you can omit the pie and serve the already made Marmalade Cake.

So you see, that any woman with the aid of a few delicious previously made marmalades, corn flakes, and other simple, wholesome, easily prepared food can always qualify as a perfect hostess no matter what the occasion or how little time is allowed her.

No Party Gal [Continued from page 34]

and go gay in new personalities assumed with the party dresses. Mr. Milquetoast may turn into the Lothario he's always wanted to be, in a Don Juan costume, and Mr. Bigbusiness may quit hiding behind that false front and emerge a pretty nice kind o' feller if he's dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy or Simple Simon.

"Another thing is that costumes, properly selected, are flattering to both men and girls. The boys can get into things a little more colorful than the dreadfully funereal formal dress which they tolerate, poor things. And the girls can select the clothes of any age, from Eve on, which are most becoming to them. Everyone looks his best, and a gala spirit pervades the group to begin with. We're not so awfully grown-up at heart, you know. We're still pretty much the kids who so love to get dressed-up.

"The biggest night on this boat will be that of the Captain's dinner, which means there'll be horns and bells and noise-makers and confetti—all that Mardi Gras sort of thing. We'll love it. That one whoopee night is standard practice on all the liners. And the steamship men are no chumps. They know what pleases their public. It's the old carnival spirit. You know, let's-get-away-from-it-all and raise hell—I mean, have fun. If I gave a party, that would be the idea."

I pondered this, and began to wish I was sailing with Sylvia, just to blow horns with her on the night of the Skipper's hoop-la. And maybe flirt a little with the handsome officers, who must be able to dance like sea-going Astaires in order to hold their gold-lace jobs. Sylvia, enthused now over her hypothetical entertainment, was going on and on. I was recalled.

"The problem of mixing groups doesn't seem to be anything of the sort to me. I don't see why all manner of intelligent persons can't mingle pleasurably, and I'd ask folk from every walk of life. This, too, would be in line with the 'escape' psychology. Put all actors together, and it's a

certainly the talk would be about the theatre. Bankers would confine themselves to—well, possibly Mr. Roosevelt, or whatever it is bankers talk about. And the shoemakers would invariably stick to their lasts. But put 'em all together and they'll find topics of mutual interest, not solely concerned with their own small spheres.

"As a matter of fact, I think that actors are quite probably the most interesting and entertaining persons, and I'm afraid I'd be inclined to put the so-called society folk at the opposite end of the scale. I don't know why this should be. Perhaps because it is the actor's *metier* to be entertaining, amusing, while the society people grow dull in relying on others to do the social scintillating.

"I'd really like to go to parties. But with certain reservations and provisos. I'd hate to be bored. And I dislike shoving crowds. Surely, though, it's fun to attend an amusing gathering of a few clever friends. Again, party-going is an insidious habit, like golf. I never knew a golfer who didn't neglect more important things to improve his game. And the party-going virus is equally infectious. Once a golfer, or a party-hound—always one. You can't take it or leave it alone.

"There are very few parties that evidence any thought or care upon the part of the hostess. Either the parties or the guests are stiff. I mean the parties are stodgy and stuffy, or the guests get stiff. There's certainly no artistry either way. And I think a perfect hostess is an artist of the first water. The host? Well, he hasn't much to do with it except to remain reasonably sober, which usually spoils the evening for him. Men are such martyrs—in their own minds.

"I don't think there'll be much time for parties in England, and I imagine my amateur standing as both hostess and guest will remain intact. I expect to be out at Shepherd's Bush, where the Gaumont-British studios are located, from early in the morn-

ing until those long, lovely English twilight set in. They last until ten o'clock, you know. I'm pretty much of a working girl, and the fact that the job is acting doesn't alter the necessity of being at the time-clock when the whistle blows.

"Yes, I've been abroad before, and I like London. I like any city. I was born in a city. I'm a city girl. London, to me, is very liveable—if you get what I mean. It's cosmopolitan, too. A world capital which draws a colorful throng from the Continent and the Colonies. I like New York, too. It's alive. There's something to do. Hollywood is a workshop. There's no life aside from the studios. And that is all right, too, because Hollywood is like 'the office.'"

Swank, snappy stewards had begun beating gongs that rang like Chinese war tocsins. It was that sad, exciting time when "all's ashore that's going ashore." But Sylvia was back on her party.

"Now when—I mean—if I were to give a party . . ."

"I'm not sailing," I said, "and here you haven't given me a line to write about. Quick, what's your new picture?"

"Pardon, we're taking in the gangway," interrupted a courteous officer.

Sylvia leaned upon the rail. I was halfway down the plank. She called through cupped hands:

"Joseph Conrad story . . . Robert Donat . . . Alfred Hitchcock directs . . . the title is 'The Hidden Power' . . . looks like Gaumont-British have given me a swell set-up . . . good-bye . . . I'll be seeing you in two, three months . . . if I go to that garden party . . . I'll give your regards to the K . . . to . . . you know who . . ."


The big ship sighed, and started on its weary homeward miles. The band played. The people ashore waved to those aboard. There was confetti. The lucky ones were embarking on a big party—to get-away-from-it-all. I wished hard that I might be sailing, too. Oh to be in England now that July is here—and Sylvia Sidney there!

EN ROUTE TO BEAUTY

Compact Compacts And Cosy Cosmetic Cases.

By Mary Lee

Jane Hamilton comes ashore from the S. S. Santa Paula secure in the knowledge that her make-up is not travel worn.



TRAVELING weather—vacation time—and you're apt to be finding yourself hundreds of miles away from your friendly dressing table! Learn a lesson from vivacious Jane Hamilton, who looks as if she just stepped out of a bandbox. She's an adept in the noble art of traveling light, but you can be sure her essential beauty aids travel with her.

Speaking of traveling light, did you know that airplane hostesses have to keep their weight down to a definite limit, even as low as 98 pounds? We know one who came back from a long vacation with 16 extra pounds and only two weeks to take it off. She simply had to lose that weight—and she did, thanks to the Bergonie Machine that provides reducing exercise automatically. You simply recline in a comfortable chair and have sandbags piled on your "tummy" (actually you can stand a weight of 200 pounds or more without discomfort). Then an electric current is turned on which makes your muscles exercise—perfectly painlessly and far more effectively than if you did your daily dozen by the hour. It's not only weight you lose, but inches off the most needed spots. We've had this treatment at the Face and Figure Institute in New York and we're most enthusiastic about it.

Even if you're not sailing for Europe aboard the sky ship Hindenburg or having *bon voyage* said to you at the airport, you should keep your beauty baggage to a minimum for your own comfort. Save your time for fun and your suitcase space for clothes. Don't clutter it up with a lot of jars and bottles that are better left at home. Most of the cosmetic manufacturers make fitted travel cases that are wonderfully convenient. Everything you need for beauty is in one small case, ready to be picked up and carried to the airplane or pullman dressing room. These cases usually have mirror tops that provide a portable dressing table to be set up whenever you need it. Then there are the trial sets of cosmetics in small sizes which are grand space-savers.

We shouldn't be surprised if you've already discovered the little Glida cosmetic bag that slips into your purse. It holds your powder compact, rouge, eye make-up, comb and everything else you need for quick repairs in one easily grabbed container. It's closed with an air-tight Glida slide fas-

tener, so your powder won't scatter through your purse nor stray cigarette tobacco get mixed up with your make-up.

You can now get a Glida fitted travel pouch, too. It's silken soft, gaily or soberly colored, as you prefer, and rubber-lined in an attractive contrast. It has a flat bottom for convenience and a slide fastener closing to insure against spilling or leaking. One roomy compartment holds a wash cloth and another is left for whatever beauty aids you want to put in it. Snugly fitted into pockets are two empty jars and a bottle, to be filled up with your own favorite creams and lotion.

Personally, we dedicated our bottle to eau de Cologne—a refreshing travel accessory no woman should be without. Have you tried "4711"? You'll love it . . . either the fresh true eau de Cologne fragrance or one of their delightful floral scents.

We feel we can't be too strong in advocating beauty care en route. One is always meeting new people and first impressions are so important. However, we're perfectly willing to admit it's a difficult job to keep fresh and clean considering the difficulties of travel. A grand new aid to Summer freshness is Odorono Ice, and we're all for it! Patted over the under-arm areas, it is absorbed into the skin and gives protection lasting from one to two days. It's so cooling and soothing it makes you feel as if you'd just had a plunge in the ocean the minute you apply it!

One small bit of travel convenience we've resolved never to leave behind is a cigarette lighter called "Glolite." It's a cunning gadget. The one that's a permanent fixture in our own purse is slightly smaller than a lipstick and looks just like one. It lights a cigarette in two puffs. There's no flame to be blown out by the wind . . . and this lighter always works! You simply remove the swivel top, insert your cigarette into it gently without pressing so it crushes. Raise it to your lips, puff twice—and presto, you

have a light. It's all so simple we grudge the time we've wasted looking for matches and waiting politely for somebody else's lighter to light.

Entirely aside from its convenience and dependability, we're addicted to Glolite for purely beauty reasons. It's the first real insurance we've found against yellow stains on fingers. You see, the principle is that sulphur fumes from matches and not the cigarette itself, cause the stains. Remember the old theory that if you light your cigarette first and then put it in your mouth, it won't stain your fingers? There's truth in it, but try the trick for yourself and see how many matches you waste before you get a light that stays lit. Much better to simply add a Glolite to your travel equipment, in and out of town!

Lovely Kay Francis, with her reputation for flawless grooming wherever she may be, is an enthusiastic traveler by air. One of her secrets of traveling light, and still keeping her make-up intact, is a lipstick with a little chrome mirror concealed in its case. When she opens the top, the mirror pops out, jack-knife fashion . . . all ready to give her a clear view of her shapely lips while she touches them up, when and where needed. Corday is the maker of this space and time-saving gadget.

Wherever you go, your favorite perfumes should travel right along with you. Banish that fear of a broken bottle or leak saturating your suitcase contents with an overpowering scent! There are non-leakable containers that make perfume a perfect traveling companion. One-dram purse sizes may be obtained at almost any perfume counter in a wide choice of fragrances. And now along comes Molinelle with a two-dram travel size, both leak-proof and dust-proof. A long metal cap fits securely over the top of the flat little bottle.

Ciro's diminutive Peti Pat holds concentrated essences in lovely scents. The perfume is released one drop at a time (and a single drop goes a long, long way), when you remove the cap, turn your Peti Pat over, and tap it on the bottom.

Many seasoned travelers have learned the trick of using dry perfume, or sachet. Roger and Gallet provide seven of their most popular perfumes in sachet form. This dry perfume lends a delightfully suffused and lasting fragrance when it is applied directly to the skin. It may be sprinkled into gloves, mixed with dusting powder or put in satin bags to be slipped between clothes or even worn with one's costume, pinned into a strategic spot.

SUMMER



Dots are more and more in favor, and Marsha Hunt selects a cool, brown sheer dotted in white and worn over a crisp slip of brown taffeta. The dress is trimmed in white pique. A cluster of burnt orange berries worn at the throat add an interesting note.



This dinner gown of white lawn and red dots that Frances Drake is wearing has a long, full skirt and full elbow-length sleeves that are bloused gracefully. A sash of bright red grosgrain ribbon embraces the waistline and falls nearly to the floor in front.

A Very Modest Gentleman [Continued from page 25]

impressed. I have a feeling that it would have pleased him. But not my mother. She's not a movie fan."

"But she does go to see your pictures, doesn't she?"

"Oh yes. But she keeps telling me I'll have to do a whole lot better if I want to keep going in this business."

"Wise mother," I said under my breath. Although I realized that this young "screen find" was far too sensible on his own account to be flattered by even a doting mother's praise.

"Did you ever play on the stage?" I asked him.

"Just in college. I was doing a part in 'Journey's End,' and pretty badly, too, when the M-G-M scout signed me up. Heaven only knows why."

"Was it your good looks" (Mr. Taylor looked positively pained with embarrassment) "or your hidden talents?" I asked facetiously, now that we had come to know one another better.

We both laughed, with Mr. Taylor exhibiting the even white teeth required of every handsome movie star. "You know," he informed me seriously, "that guy still called me the 'Pomona Mugger' even after I had been training under the M-G-M banner for over a year. He doesn't work there any more, or he might be calling me something worse now. He once told me that I was just a mug with big lips and heavy eyebrows."

Well, when the nation's most glamorous male star starts talking about himself in such a way it's time to change the subject, n'est ce pas?

Mr. Taylor was particularly delighted

with the set-up for his next film, "His Brother's Wife." "M-G-M certainly gives me the breaks," he told me with sincere appreciation in his voice. "I'm to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck . . ."

"Is that why the publicity hounds have been linking your name with Miss Stanwyck's from a romantic point of view?" I interrupted with pointed naivete.

"On the contrary," laughed Mr. Taylor. "I guess they decided to cast us together just because of the fact that we've been seen with one another so much lately."

"Well, it evens itself up whichever way you care to put it," I smiled.

"You know, it's funny, but if you're seen with a girl more than once in Hollywood they start announcing your engagement. I've grown used to it. I don't even argue about it any more. There was one gossip commentator who claimed that I was going 'too, too social' just because he saw me dancing with a girl at the Trocadero once. But I didn't tell you about my next picture. Think of being lined up with Irving Thalberg as producer, with Van Dyke, as director, and with either John Barrymore or Jean Hersholt in the cast!"

I looked properly impressed. "And Garbo comes next," I twitted him.

"I once played the rôle of Armand when we did 'Camille' at college," he informed me. "But, gosh! I'll have to step some this time to match her performance, I can tell you."

As Mr. Taylor's eyes took on a somewhat worried expression at the thought of things to come, I changed the subject very kindly so as not to spoil his vacation by even the

slightest shadow of a doubt that his Armand might not match up with Garbo's Camille.

"Outside of the theatre, how does New York strike you?" I asked.

"You have to dress up too much," he replied with a shake of his head. "You're always on parade. Now I like to slouch around in old slacks and sweaters and I hate to shave except when I have to . . . what chance has a fellow to do that in New York?"

"None," said I. "None at all," and noticing for the first time that Mr. Taylor was wearing with amazing *sang froid* the traditional Hollywood outfit of white slacks, white sweater and softly folded foulard scarf right here in New York's swanky Waldorf-Astoria, situated directly on Park Avenue. However, the slacks and the sweater and the white shoes weren't decorated with the slightest signs of wear and tear and smudges that Mr. Taylor professed himself in favor of. A concession to New York, no doubt.

"People fuss too much about clothes and how they look," said he frowning in disapproval. "Especially girls. Why they have to use so much make-up, I don't know. They'd look so much better just natural. Even on the screen I think that the girls would be more interesting if they'd let their hair blow about a little and not look so perfect all the time."

I agreed with him heartily at this point—although I disagreed with him as to the non-shaving idea and the slouching around in messy slacks and sweaters. But then, what man and woman ever did see alike on this business of non-shaving and non-dressing

SMARTNESS!



Ann Sothorn wears this white organdie gown embroidered with tiny red stars and dots. The bodice is gathered into a halter-like band at the neck. Gores are in each side of the skirt to give it fullness. A big red moire ribbon bow is worn at the waistline in the back.



Marie Wilson selects an outfit in the colors of the desert. The skirt and cape are of desert tan crepe and her chiffon blouse is the vibrant color of the desert verbena. With this distinctive street costume, Marie wears a small-brimmed hat carrying out the color of her blouse.

up? Women, generally, would rather be found dead than not looking absolutely correct for whatever happens to occur, whether they're vacationing in the desert or traipsing down Fifth Avenue. And men simply do not care. That's why they live longer than we, I suspect. They don't worry so much over trifles.

Now, if I've disappointed some of you fans who've fallen in love with the polished, sophisticated Robert Taylor of the screen, let me try to fix it all up with you. Mr. Taylor will shave and he will dress when the occasion demands it, and I've heard tell that he's one of the most gallant swains in Hollywood and will treat you like the Duchess of Towers if you happen to rate a date with him.

Besides which Mr. Taylor is exceptionally fond of dancing. Although he's very modest about his own prowess, admitting frankly that when once the girl of his choice dances with his friend, Cesar Ro-

mero, he sits out all the dances for the rest of the evening. In fact, dancing has got him down. He wishes that it was his long suit, but apparently it isn't.

What is his long suit? He's pretty good at tennis, but still, not good enough . . . he's a fair musician, but nothing to write home about . . . he's a good swimmer, but not first rate. Riding . . . well, yes. If only they used the western saddle in Hollywood and a man could wear high heeled boots as he did back home in Nebraska then he'd feel he could ride with the best of them.

If you're matrimonially inclined, and like to think of Mr. Taylor as the lover of your dreams, I can recommend him as a most desirable choice, for he possesses one attribute every candidate for marriage should have—a dislike of being alone.

"If I'm left to myself for more than fifteen minutes at a time I get fidgety and start going places," he confessed.

Asked what kind of places he preferred

most, and he straight-forwardly admitted that he likes to hunt out dance halls in out-of-the-way sections of the city.

"And then what?"

"Oh, I just sit and listen to the music. You can't possibly dance in those places. But the music is marvelous!"

So, if you have visions of yourself trailing gorgeously from one swanky night spot to another with Bob Taylor, movie hero, extraordinary, get that idea out of your mind pronto. But you could rely upon "going places and doing things" as a general run, because Bob avowed that he's not keen on moping at home with a good book, although he said that he was ashamed of himself on this one point.

Furthermore, the future Mrs. Robert Taylor need have no qualms about removing the war paint at bedtime each night. Bob will like her much better when her face has been treated to a generous dose of soap and water.

NIGHT CLUB LOVE [Continued from page 22]

men, but the picture was taken. His raving at the press didn't do any good now.

Newspaper men cornered Joan and Nicky. They had tried to make the elevator, but, like most elevators, it wasn't there when they needed it most. Nicky got Joan close against the shaft door while the questions rained on her: "How long have you known Farraday? . . . Are you going to marry him? . . . Was it love at first sight? . . . Is he your ideal lover?"

Joan was beginning to wonder if she could hold out much longer. She had had

enough of Farraday and enough of Nicky's schemes. All she wanted was to get away.

The car came up the shaft; the door slid back just behind her. A strong arm reached out and whisked Joan in and the door slammed again. Joan was alone in the elevator, alone that is except for Ted and his photographer.

"I just wanted to have a little talk with you," Ted grinned with savage sarcasm. "Of course I know you're not a gold digger. Perish the thought!"

"You don't understand," Joan moaned.

"Oh Ted—why won't you listen to me—"

No use appealing to Ted at this moment. He had seen the girl he loved chasing after Bruce Farraday, deliberately getting herself involved with a ham Romeo, notorious for his exploits with women. Injured pride added to Ted's fury and his voice was nasty as he broke in: "I understand enough, my dear. I've got to hand it to you, though. You sure had me fooled last night."

Ted took up pad and pencil.

"Now, let's get down to business. When did you first meet this ham?"

Joan was speechless with rage. He had her kidnapped in the elevator, held prisoner between floors, at the mercy of a photographer who kept snapping more angles of her indignant face. "Pretty smart, aren't you?" she sputtered.

"Not as smart as you, little one. Why, I expect to see sables and ermine around that pretty neck any day, now."

"You know what I'd like to see around your neck!"

Ted grinned. "Take my advice, baby, dig while the digging is good. And I'll be there with my little pad and pencil when you cross your legs for the jury."

Under the glaring headlines—*Romeo Finds His Juliet*—Ted wrote his version of the affair, wrote it out of the bitterness in his heart:

We understand it was a case of love at first sight and why shouldn't it be? Farraday's income is said to exceed half a million dollars.

Joan read it through tears of anger. She looked at the full page halftone, Bruce Farraday in his nightgown kneeling at the feet of his Juliet . . . herself! She hated Ted . . . she hated herself . . . she hated everybody connected with the affair.

Nicky was in an ecstasy over the business. Joan's name and Joan's picture running through edition after edition. Publicity! It would be the making of Joan. He had visions of fat radio contracts, visions of the prosperity that would follow for him, as Joan's agent and manager.

"Look at those headlines," he cried, waving the newspapers. "You're a sensation! You're famous!" He paused and looked solemnly at Joan and Fitz. "Girls, we have come to the end of the rainbow! We have caught the bluebird!"

Fitz lifted a questioning eyebrow. "Well, look out she don't lay an egg," she warned out of the deep wisdom of one who knew that Nicky's fortunes were a one-way street, going from bad to worse.

At the moment Nicky's fortunes led to the very swank apartment hotel where Farraday lived. Nicky secured a suite for them all just across the hall from Romeo's and began negotiating with big advertisers for a contract for Joan. The big advertisers liked the idea, but they didn't want Joan unless accompanied by Farraday and, unfortunately radio was one word that threw the actor into a screaming frenzy. Nicky stood about as good a chance of getting Farraday to sign a radio contract as he would have floating the Queen Mary in his bath tub. But Nicky never quit trying.

To the hotel suite Ted followed Joan. Of course he told himself it was his job to follow Farraday's newest Juliet so long as the story was hot. And of course Joan wasn't any more to him now than the Cellophane wrapper on a pack of cigarettes. Yet, somehow, he was always following her around. Maybe it was because she made him so mad!

"And then you met Mr. Farraday?" Ted questioned her in his best journalistic manner.

"Yes," said Joan icily. She was furious at him. If he was determined to think her a gold digger, let him think so . . . she'd give him reason to think so!

"And he fell in love with you?"

"What do you think?"

"The paper would never print it, my dear! And you, of course, immediately fell in love with him?"

"Completely," Joan agreed bitterly.

"Why?"

"Why? Well, what girl wouldn't? He's handsome, romantic, gallant. The first time I saw him it was as though he had just

walked out of a dream—"

"You mean staggered, don't you?"

"I worship him," Joan screamed. "I adore him. He's the one man I've waited for all my life!"

The apartment door opened at that moment. Farraday came in, stopped, held the picture like the actor that he was. "My Juliet!"

"My Romeo!" Joan answered, falling into his arms.

"My hat!" shouted Ted and jammed it on his head in a fury.

* * *

Hand it to Nicky, he had accomplished the impossible! Nicky had Farraday's promise that he would join Joan in an air program.

To get Farraday into that frame of mind Nicky had convinced him it was a splendid opportunity to prove to his brother-in-law, Robert, that he was capable of managing his own affairs. For the moment, at least, it looked as if Nicky had sprinkled salt

him for slander. No, for breach of promise! He asked you to marry him, didn't he? We've got witnesses! We'll sue him for half a million."

"We'll do no such thing," Joan cried in tones that rang. Ted, on hand as usual, stared at her with open mouth. Joan's cheeks were red and her eyes sparkling with indignation. She turned to him.

"That's what you'd like to have me do, isn't it, Mr. Blake? Sorry to disappoint you, but I wouldn't take a cent of Farraday's money if I were starving!" She walked into her bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

"Say . . . she really means it!"

Ted was staring at the door goggle-eyed. Joan was on the level! She wasn't a gold digger! He had been a fool!

Fitz confronted him and her eyes darted flame, her rattlers rattled. "Certainly she means it, you big lunk! A fine mess you have made out of that poor kid's life! They ought to give you reporters machine guns instead of typewriters."

Ted was doing some fast thinking. His little Joan was on the level and nobody was going to call her what Farraday's last statement implied.

"Listen to me, Nicky," he said. "You've got to go after Farraday and make him retract that statement."

"Go after him?" Nicky wailed. "Go after him with what!" It was like asking Nicky to balance the national budget. "I'm broke," he gurgled.

"We'll fly after him!" Ted cried, seeing the solution to everything. "My paper will finance a trip to the moon for a story like that."

Joan came out of her bedroom just then, carrying a packed bag. She was going home to her own modest flat where her credit was still good. She was furious when she heard the new idea. "He's doing it so he can keep his columns filled with more slush!"

Ted blocked her way, his voice firm. "Think of yourself and forget about me—"

"That's just what I want to do—forget you, Farraday, the radio, everybody." She pushed Ted aside and slammed out of the room. Ted left it to Nicky to bring her back; he had his hands full getting hold of a plane.

Bruce Farraday was speeding west, locked in a drawing room aboard *The Chief*. Robert wasn't taking any chances with his prisoner, and, deprived of liquor, Farraday was coming back to normal. It wasn't a happy trip for the actor. He was genuinely sorry for the mess he got Joan into and if there was one thing he hated worse than the radio it was the sight of Robert's tight-lipped efficiency. Robert was always right—and he didn't keep it a secret.

In the wake of the speeding train flew the plane that bore Joan and Nicky and Fitz and Al and Ted, all concentrated now on getting the retraction that would set Joan right with the world. They got to Kansas City ahead of the train, in time to lay their plans to foil Robert.

Robert was notified that a telegram waited for him on the platform and took a chance of leaving Farraday, for a brief period, after locking the door and pocketing the key. While he was looking for the telegram he was loudly claimed by a weeping lady with a handful of squalling brats who hailed him joyously as "Daddy!" The more the dignified Robert tried to explain, the larger grew the crowd of onlookers and the crowd sympathized openly with the weeping lady, who was none other than the loyal Fitz.

Meantime, aboard the train, Ted and Nicky, with the aid of a porter they had bought over, got in to Farraday. Ted gave the actor the lowdown, and Farraday, mellowed by a drink, agreed that he owed

WHO is the most popular player in Hollywood?

Last year you voted Shirley Temple the winner of SILVER SCREEN's Gold Medal. Will she win again? Or have you a new favorite? Our September issue will enable you to cast a ballot for your favorite star.

Bette Davis will be our Cover Girl next month and Elizabeth Wilson is preparing a "Projection" that will intimately acquaint you with the thrilling story of this star, who was voted the greatest screen actress of 1935.

And if you like our "Hollywood Date Test" you will find another questionnaire to test which screen star would prove your most amiable companion.

These and many other features will appear in our September issue, on sale at all newsstands Friday, August 7th.

THE EDITOR

on the tail of the bluebird.

But out in California Farraday's brother-in-law hadn't gone stone deaf. Or blind. The radio and the newspapers kept him informed of Romeo's latest escapade and Robert hopped the first eastbound plane. Bruce Farraday was shaving when he saw, in his mirror, the one face he dreaded most, Robert's. Many a day he had regretted that he ever took Robert off the laundry wagon to become his manager, but never more than this one when, thanks to the machinations of Nicky he had found freedom and a new Juliet.

One look at Robert's face told the story. Back to Hollywood for Farraday, back to the everlasting grind of celluloid romance . . . and he'd been having such a hell of a time! Before he left, Robert issued a statement in Farraday's name, calling Joan a gold digger.

The news fell on Nicky and if it had been the Empire State building he couldn't have been any flatter. The advertising manager, who thought so highly of Joan Warren so long as Joan was going to appear with Bruce Farraday, called up promptly to tell Nicky no decent woman in the country would care to listen to Joan. Nicky's trembling hand mopped a bedewed brow while he looked dumbly at Joan.

"Don't tell me what he said," Joan sighed. "I can imagine. My goose is cooked—for good."

"No, it's not," Nicky shouted. "Farraday isn't going to get away with this! We'll sue

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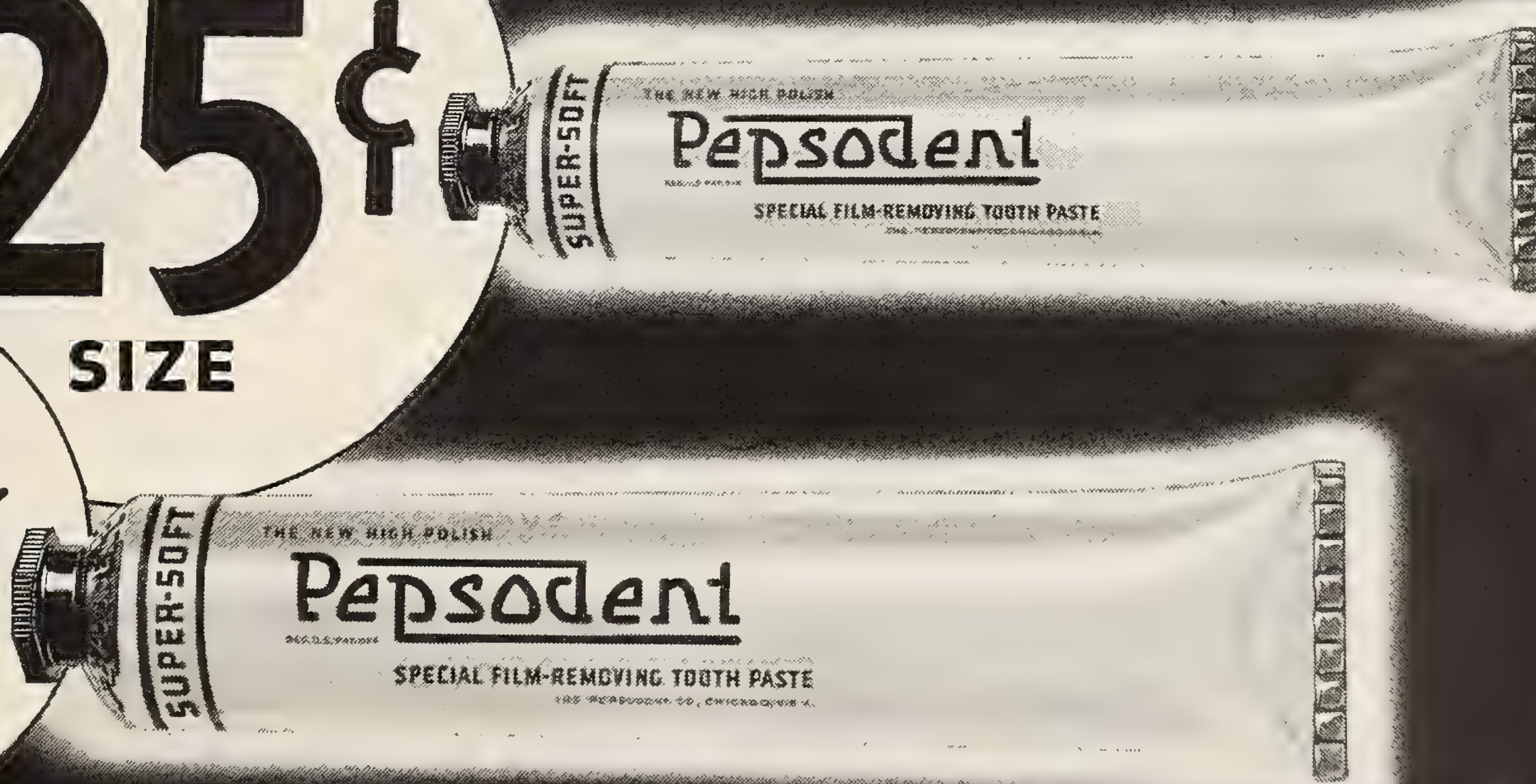
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In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent's history!

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Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known . . . Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT! Try it today. See why millions are switching to this new-day discovery!

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1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!

New \$200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.

2. MAKES TEETH LOOK CLEANER TWICE AS LONG—SAFELY!

You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists' tests.

3. BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!

Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.

HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!

Joan the retraction. He even agreed to go on the air right there in Kansas City and make his apologies and explanations public to millions. Everything seemed to be set for a triumph at last, a broadcast contract for Joan and Farraday, a handsome apology to Juliet from her Romeo, love and kisses all around.

But wiley Robert still had an ace up his sleeve. When he learned how he was tricked, Robert jumped the train and hastened back to Kansas City. He kidnaped his brother-in-law just before the broadcast and no power and no persuasion would move Robert to release him.

There was panic in the broadcasting studio. The program had begun without Farraday and everything hinged on his appearance. Joan had sung herself hoarse, all the local talent had been employed to fill in, while, locked in a hotel room, Romeo argued in vain with Robert.

The job of retrieving Romeo had been left to Ted and Ted was pretty nearly at his wits end. Finally, in desperation, he built a small fire in his hat and wafted the smoke under the crack in the door. Robert could stand a lot, but incineration, even in the line of what he thought his duty to his brother-in-law, was asking too much. He burst out of the door and Ted captured Farraday.

In farm house and village lunch wagon, in Park Avenue pent houses and Bowery flop houses loud speakers had tuned into the coast to coast hook up. A breathless nation waited until there came, at last, Bruce Farraday's million dollar voice:

"My main purpose in coming here tonight is to right a terrible injustice that has been done to a certain charming and delightful young lady, Miss Joan Warren, who is completely innocent of the malicious and unwarranted reflections on her charac-

ter. I hope we shall always be good friends and I wish her the great success and happiness which she deserves in her career."

From the studio audience came a burst of applause. Farraday who despised the radio, brightened at that. Bowing gracious acknowledgement he went on, "And now for my millions of fans and admirers listening in, I shall do a few scenes from my next picture, Hamlet . . ."

At that precise second, the period ended. A switch was thrown, Farraday was off the air.

Joan had nestled into Ted's arms and between them all was forgiven. The faithful Fitz and Al rejoiced with Nicky that at last they had one singer to manage who had a contract that paid real money. Robert, the cause of so much woe, sat in a locked hotel bedroom, hating the world.

And in the broadcasting room, before a dumb mike, Farraday was happy, reciting Shakespeare.

Beautiful Veteran

[Continued from page 29]

she laughed, "in spots . . . and a relief to finally get started at all. Mother and I both have a mania for getting things out of the way—and very successfully disposed of our train and steamer tickets in the incinerator, and were *we* burned up! From the moment we learned of our predicament there wasn't a dull moment, but we succeeded in getting duplicates in time to meet the worst storm they've ever had in New York!"

Anita, it's my guess, could meet a sand-storm—and a lot of other things—without turning a hair on her pretty golden head or shifting the calm gaze of her serene blue eyes.

Anyway I decided to find out. (*All rascals aren't screen stars!*)

"What," I inquired in the off-hand manner that Groucho Marx would ask for Garbo as his leading lady, "what about this romance with Tommy Beck? And love—what about love?"

"No fair!" she cried. "Why I hardly ever have time to step out, though the minute I do go dancing at the Troc, or occasionally at the Cocoanut Grove, it seems that everyone has me engaged or in love and no one will believe I'm not!"

"Now don't go telling an ol' debbil Cupid like me, with just a slight touch of the roué, that you're going to dedicate your last few declining years to teaching Ethiopians the gentle art of badminton!" (Badminton is Anita's special delight. She has a fine court at her home where Elizabeth Ryan, former woman's tennis champion, gives her lessons.)

"I won't," she assured me, "because I fully expect to marry when the 'right time' comes—but I hope that won't be for years—well at least two—I've so much I want to accomplish. Nevertheless I won't say I'm *not* going to marry because if I met someone who'd sweep me off my feet I'd probably do that very thing tomorrow, and then I'd have to spend years making alibis!"

Smart girl.

"Precisely what are the awfully important things you want to accomplish?"

"I'd like to stand for the sort of thing in Hollywood that Katherine Cornell does on the New York stage!"

Such goings on!

"At the moment each picture I do is only a step in the direction of achievement—but," she insisted, "it isn't really accomplishment!"

"I'd like most to do Juliet," she said, in



Wide World

Joan Bennett with her husband, Gene Markey, and their two children, Diana, eight, and Melinda, two, arriving in New York by plane en route to England on the Queen Mary.

a burst of confidence, "I've wanted to do the role long before Norma Shearer ever thought of doing it, but I'd like that opportunity now, when I'm just the age!" And I do hope for Anita's sake that some studio gets around to making "Romeo and Juliet" again before Shirley Temple becomes the pride of the Capulets.

For a girl who works as hard as Anita one would think she'd find relaxation on the scenic railway at Venice (California) or chuting-the-chutes at Coney Island—anything mildly insane. (As for me I'd collect star-sapphires like Carole Lombard, I'm *that* looney!) But Anita? Well, this'll give you an idea:

Five years ago, when she was given her first big contract, her mother told her she might have anything she wanted . . . well, anything within reason, as long as you bring that up. It could be a car, a new and beautiful wardrobe, jewelry. . . . Do you think Anita reached across and picked the Eiffel Tower or the Warner Freres or even Robert Young (ah, there, that's a thought!) No, ma'am, she picked a harp! I said a HARP!

"Is that *all* you want, darling?" her mother asked in a voice which, to my sensitive ear, carried a note of alarm. Anita solemnly insisted a harp would make life complete.

And she's done right well by it! Just before Christmas she gave a concert at the Pacific Institute and *that*, I'll have you

know, is the cultural equivalent of living in the Garden of Allah apartments; having Leslie Howard's horse kick you, plus an Academy Award!

But don't go over in a corner and mope, because there's nothing pedantic about little Miss Louise. She *has* a book and she likes interpretive dancing—but she likes Fun, too, I'm happy to report.

Her crowd includes such regular youngsters as Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, daughter of the famous Fred, and "Jimmy" Lloyd. However, now that she's growing up she likes the "older" crowd too—insists they're every bit as silly, and implying such senile playboys and girls as Jeanette MacDonald,

Gene Raymond, Johnny Mack Brown and his wife and Pat and Eloise O'Brien!

Just before sailing Anita took a test for color pictures, with "gratifying results," so, before long, all her lovely coloring will be right there before you on the prismatic screen!

"Right now I'm going to have the grandest time," she told me, "my first real holiday in nine years! I shall forget all about pictures and studios—

—and interviews."

"And interviews," she laughed in agreement.

"But what would happen if Sir Elstree were to draft you for a picture?"

There was just a second's hesitation.

"I'd love to do a picture in England," she admitted, realizing, as she smiled, that she'll never forget pictures or studios or interviews.

"Please," I cautioned her as I left, "be sure to come home. Of course we simply *couldn't* part with Merle Oberon, but that doesn't mean we intend to trade you down the river!"

"You forget my contract and 'The Man from Kimberly.' I'll be back!"

And when she does there'll be serious competition for the Claudette Colberts, the Bette Davises and the Janet Gaynors, because Anita, you may have discovered, is more than the stuff of which dreams are made. She's a realist, and for her the only *real* reality is the *very* top!

"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESSES
A TRUTHFUL
EX-WIFE



"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner,
our happiness might have
been saved"

"WHEN my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, reckless ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the world-wide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed,

"Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.)...when many other preparations *don't work*.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.



Lysol
Disinfectant

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Bloomfield, N. J.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant Dept. SS8
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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Is Dying For Love A Thing Of The Past?

[Continued from page 31]

Remember
one little thing...or this
may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm . . . upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed*. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

said Leslie, more gravely now, "but I think they die *living deaths*. I mean, I think they go about much as they always did, living to all outward appearances, but with death in their hearts, where life and love once reigned, disillusionment in their souls, which once harbored dreams . . . a living mental and spiritual death rather than the final and perhaps more dignified death of the body."

"And I do believe this—that when we see *Romeo and Juliet* on the screen, we are going, for the first time, to understand them fully; we are going to understand the really complex and ingenious plot of the play as we have never been able to understand it before because of the limitations of the stage. We will understand fully and in detail just *why* they died . . . for they were in a *very* complex situation. Not only was parental law against them but civic and military law as well. Romeo had murdered a man. He had that to face. He never got the message which was to tell him that Juliet was but feigning sleep. That whole business—the plague-infected area which trapped the message—the whole involved and intensely thrilling plot will be made clear as it never has been clear before."

At which exact moment Mercutio, in the dramatic person of John Barrymore, rose from the dead and came toward me . . . Leslie made way for his friend. John joined me in the motor bus. And when I put my question to him he said, his voice rich and sardonic, the Barrymore eyebrow elevated: "If anyone has any doubt that the *Romeo and Juliet* situation exists today, let him but glance at almost any daily paper. And almost any day he will find a case of suicide over a love affair, very often a killing thrown in for good measure.

"I'm not criticizing the good sense of those who kill themselves for love," said Mr. Barrymore, the eyebrow riding higher than the hair-line, "but we are not talking of good sense. It may be that in most cases, in any century, young people who die for love are dramatizing themselves—a basic human instinct. They might, if they had waited, done quite otherwise. But the fact is that they do die for love . . . and proceed to give the Receiving Hospital, the police, the Coroner's Office and their relatives and friends a lot of trouble and grief.

"Possibly the best cure for such a thing would be a good dose of counter irritation. If a young swain thwarted in love or a young maiden whose romance is blasted would step out and seek other diversion for a time, a cure would be inevitable. But anyway, the newspapers prove that the human animal is about the same today as ever it was, same heart, lungs, liver and gizzard as in the days of *Romeo*. That's why Shakespeare is modern today—and he can prove it by the headlines!"

And then John Barrymore was gone, replaced by "Bloody Tybalt" . . . Mercutio vanishing from my view as he was vanished from the view of the Veronese when he encountered Tybalt . . .

Basil Rathbone, a tall, dark, sinister Tybalt, suggested that we abandon the motor bus and take up our stand by a fruit stand facing the Veronese street. He leaned against the stand and juggled golden lemons, vivid sun spots against the rich sombre ebony of his attire as he said: "*Romeo and Juliet* could 'happen' today *only after Youth is gone*. Great love comes now with years and not with hours or days. *Romeo and Juliet* today would be people in their middle years. For only after years of companionship, only after roots had struck jointly and deep would death be prefer-

able to life—alone. After the close-together years, after the marriage of *habit*, which is the only true and tested marriage, only then would it be unendurable for one to face life without the other. Then and only then, I think, could dying for love be conceivable—or probable.

"If either of the lovers could live today, it would be Juliet. There are, possibly, girls who would be Juliets if they were given any encouragement. It is *Romeo* who is dead . . . When I was playing *Romeo* to Katharine Cornell's Juliet, for instance, a crowd of young college boys came back stage to see me one night. They wanted to talk to me about *Romeo*. They said 'But wasn't he sort of *sappy*?' And I said to them 'My lads, the age of the he-man is gone! In Verona, in those days, the men were painted and powdered and exquisite—true. But they were walking with death every hour of the day, with swords unsheathed—to kill. Today what do we have? The football hero, helmeted, protected, the victim of a few broken bones, perhaps. No . . . *Romeo* is dead and for want of him Juliet, too, has perished from the earth . . . not until the middle years can such love flower and die for its own sake."

Tybalt waved his sword and withdrew . . . and Ralph Forbes, playing the ill-starred *Paris*, carried on with the lemons . . . *Paris* was in tweeds. For Ralph was not working that day. And after the black silk tights, the black locks, the gleaming sword and flashing teeth of Tybalt I felt an appreciable relief at sight of tweeds and a cigarette package . . . Said Ralph: "Definitely yes. *Romeo and Juliet* do live and love and die today—if *they are young enough*. After one has braved one's early twenties hardening of the arteries of the heart sets in, I should say. Philosophy dethrones passion. The vulnerable age is safely passed. The age when love is all-devouring and—unbalanced. I believe that the rapid-fire machine age intensifies desperate love rather than moderates it. I believe that *Romeo and Juliet* would have died even sooner than they did had they lived in the torrential Twentieth Century. Everything today is frenzied and frantic—and so is love. And the only thing more frenzied and more frantic is death . . . Propinquity is easy today, of course, but propinquity doesn't lessen the emotion of love. On the contrary. Swains still moon for the campus belle—and die for her, too. And, only if they live long enough are they safe! For, with maturity comes other interests and other richnesses and other alternatives. Love becomes a part of the varicoloured pattern, not all of it. There is too much to live for to make death for one emotion desirable or even possible. If *Romeo and Juliet* had survived the twenties," smiled Ralph, "they would have lived to a ripe old age."

Edna May Oliver, playing Juliet's Nurse, gave a vast snort when I put my question to her. Edna May, the lover's go-between, the intermediary between two such sighing hearts, said: "Ooooooh, my dear, love rolls off me as water from a duck's back . . . what should I know of love? Yes, what do I know of love? Let me see . . . there are three ages of love . . . Young Love. Middle-aged Love. Old Love. Young Love—no, it would not die of its own malady today . . . there are too many pages to the book. Middle Aged Love would not die for love—there are too many interests in the middle years.

"Too many other 'consuming passions,' such as Contract and horse racing and radio programmes and Keeping Up With the

Joneses and window shopping and gossip and Women's Clubs and such. Dear me, no, there wouldn't be time to die for love. Then comes Old Love, and only then, I think, does one die for the other. But Nature, not Man, takes care of that. Nature, not love potions nor yet the desperate sword . . . one simply and quite naturally follows the other into death as one has quite simply and naturally followed the other from room to room in the house of Life, for lo, these many years! Romeo and Juliet at eighty-five and ninety—yes. For all the other Ages and Stages of Man—no, no, *nonsense*, my dear!" said Nurse Edna May Oliver.

Conway Tearle, lordly and imposing as the Prince of Verona, spoke to me from his horse's back whereon he was presiding over the frantic Veronese. He said, this descendant of famed Shakespearean actors, this veteran of many a Shakespearean rôle: "No . . . Romeo and Juliet are impossibilities today. Love has become a question of common sense. The boy of eighteen in our time is equal in wisdom and capability to the man of forty in the days of Romeo. He knows how to handle situations, the modern lad. He would not throw the world away for love because he knows very well that to do so would be a stupid and an adolescent gesture—and quite unnecessary. Romeo couldn't live and love today because Romeo *has grown up*."

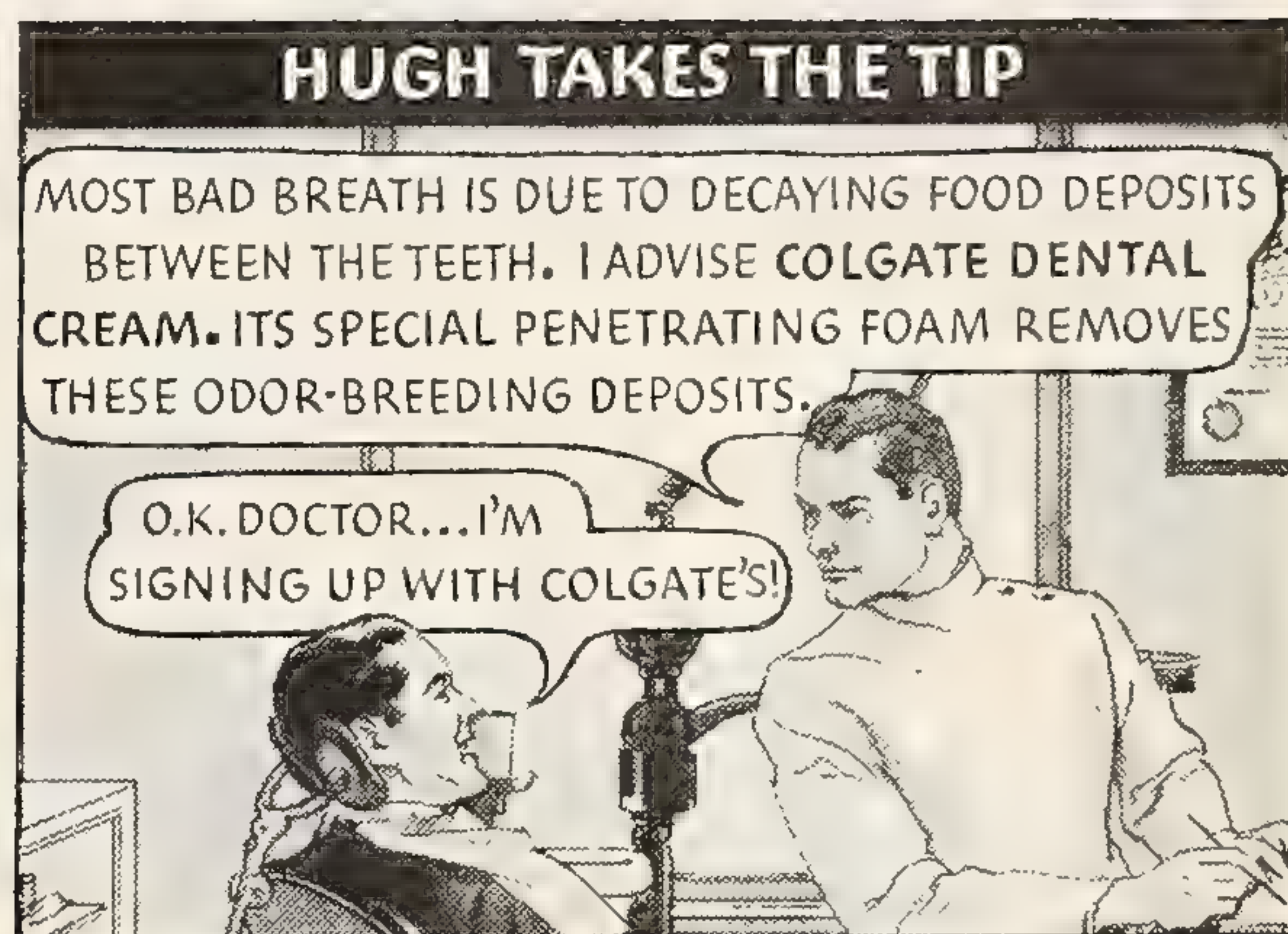
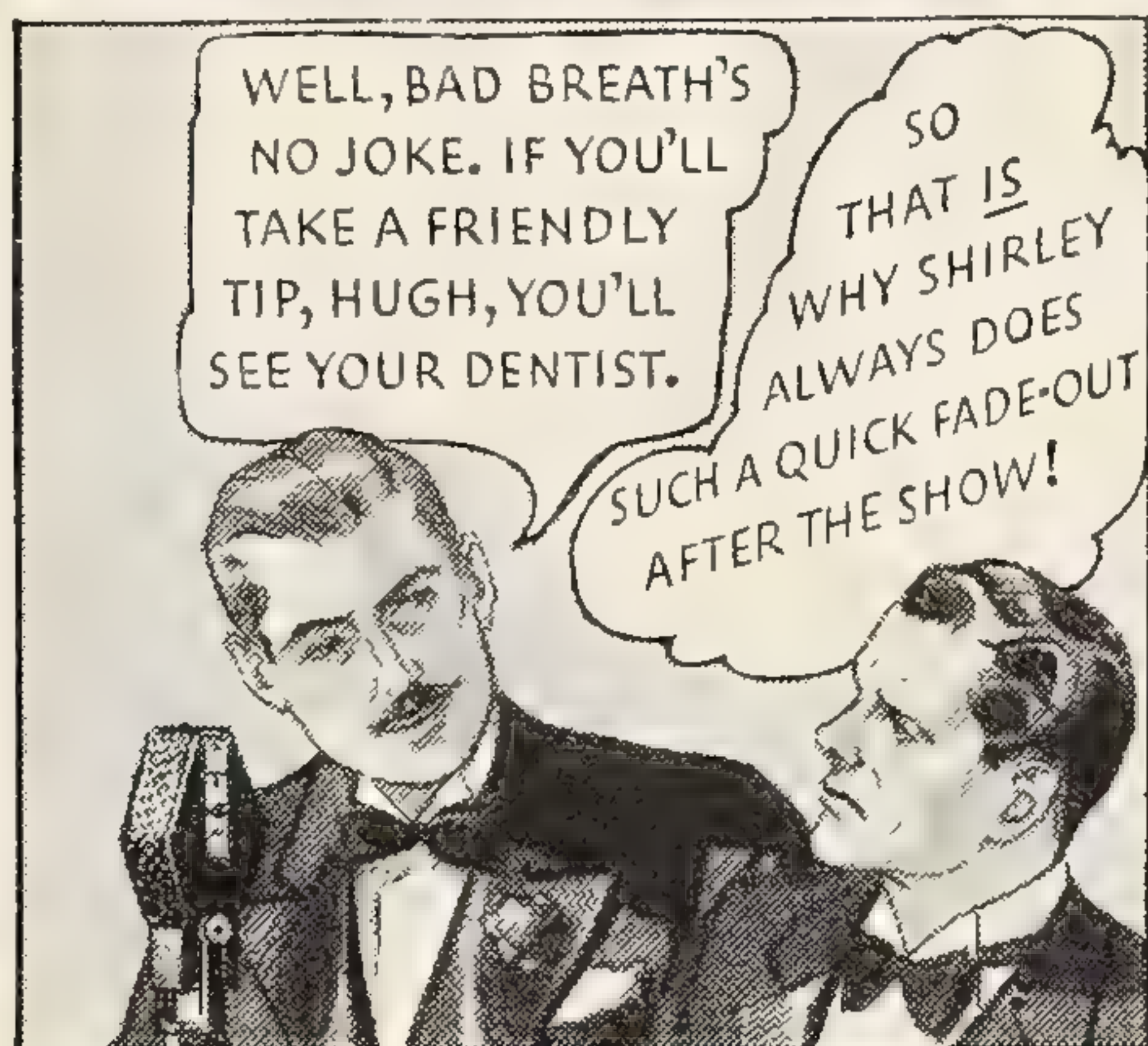
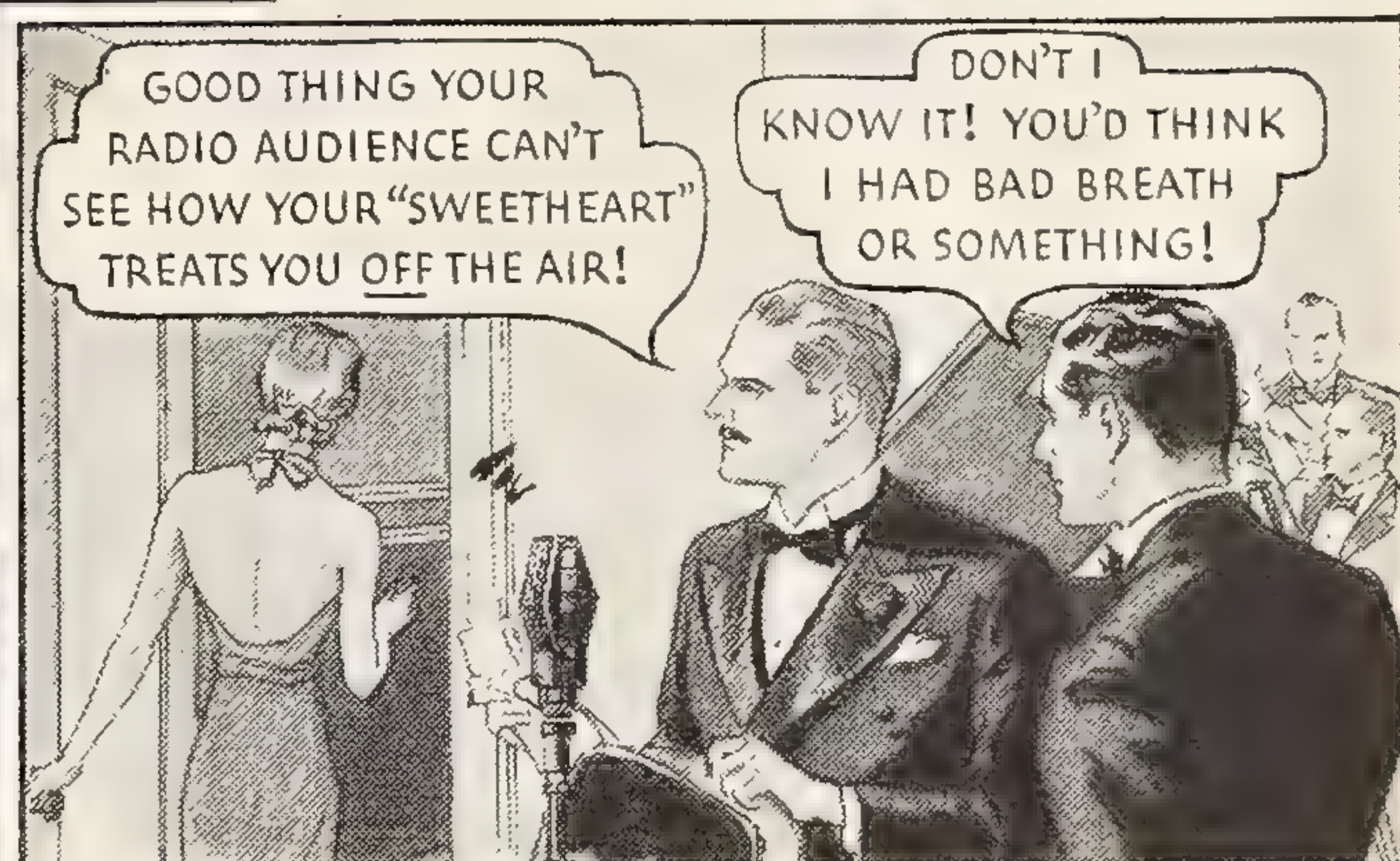
Reginald Denny, seated beside me on a marble street bench under the horse's head, took up the theme song. He said, wearing impressively the habiliments of *Malvolio*: "I don't agree with the prince. Romeo and Juliet could live and love today—if they were *very young*. And by very young I mean, not eighteen and twenty, but girls and boys of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Boys and girls still half-children, and so, stunned and inept if faced with adult emotions and problems. But it would have to happen to the *very young* . . . it would have to be the work of a desperate hour or half hour. And even then—is it love? Was it love, real love, with Romeo and Juliet? Did it endure long enough to survive the test of time? The party at the Capulets strikes me as singularly like a college prom . . . young Romeo entering, masked, a fraternity house where, let us say, he has no right to be. He has come for a glimpse of one damsel. He spies another and it is, on the instant, off with the old love and on with the new. Then comes the fraught and tragic moment, the two half-children caught in a web of circumstance with which they could not cope—and the deadly, desperate deed is done. There is not much difference, I think, between the Then and the Now, given the same intense drama and two youngsters of the same ages. They were modern enough in their emotions. Juliet knew what she wanted and went right after it. Even as the Juliets of today know what they want—and get it. Juliet may have been talking to herself in the famous balcony scene, but I've always felt a strong probability that she knew Romeo was lurking there in the moon shadows all of the time. If one is *young enough*" sighed Malvolio, "then time and nationality make no difference . . ."

And C. Aubrey Smith, every considerable inch *Lord Capulet*, said: "Simply hot blooded youth . . . what has time or place to do with it? It is the same, down through the centuries . . . it is timeless and eternal . . ."

And so, do we die for love today? What do you think? Do you agree with Juliet, with Romeo, with Tybalt, with Mercutio? . . . ? For they all disagree—and of such stuff is drama, and argument, made.



IT WAS JUST A *Radio Romance* UNTIL...



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

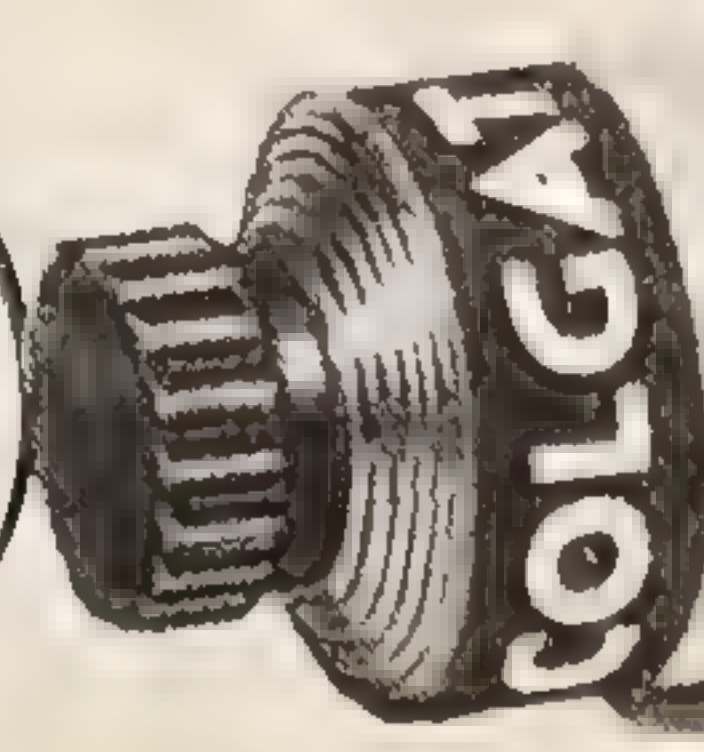
Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN!

Now NO BAD BREATH
behind his
SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
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**Lips that
win love must
be free from**

*lipstick
parching*

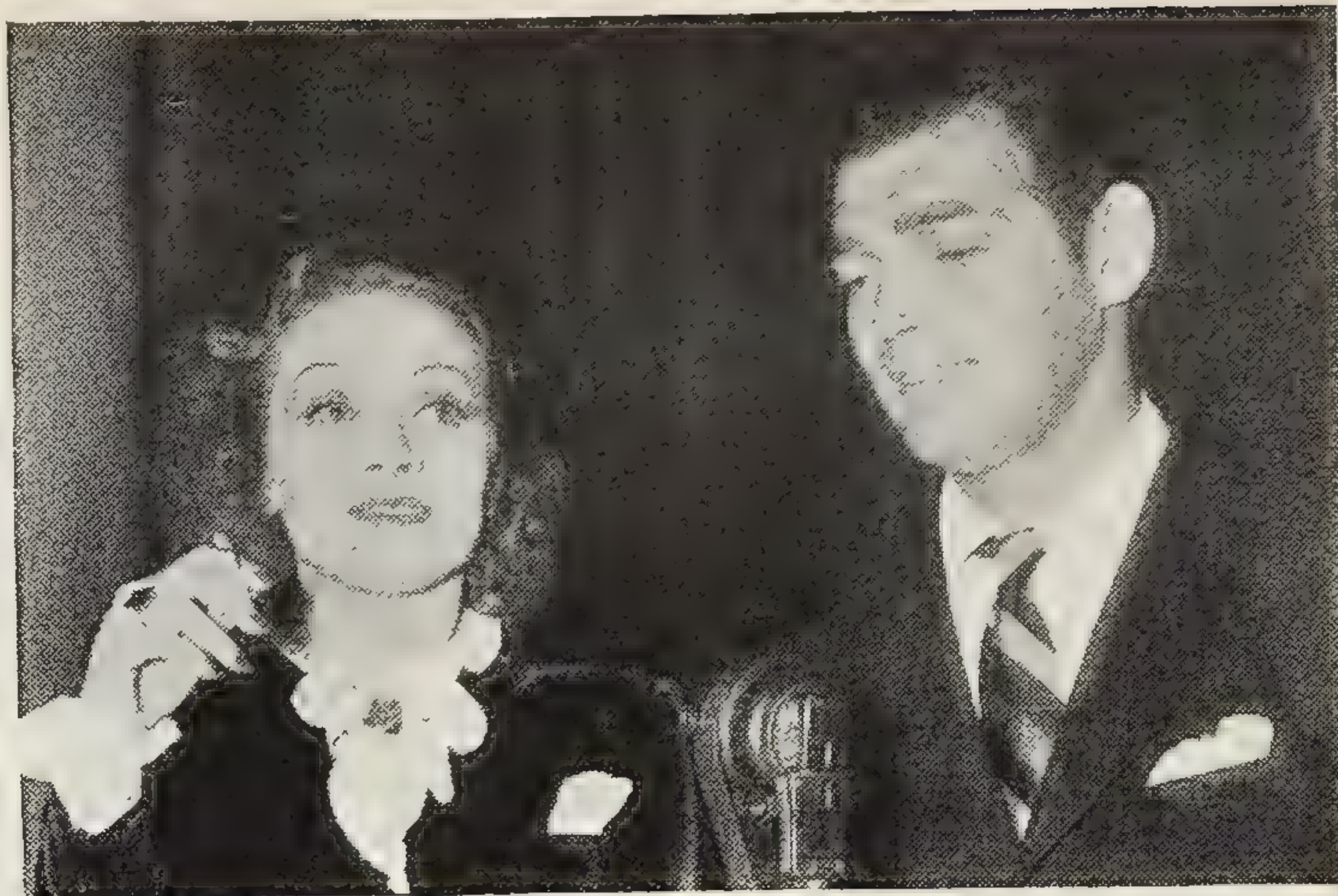
What makes lips look kissable? Ardent color. And even more important... a smooth, silky texture that suggests youth, romance... Never use a lipstick that dries, parches, ages. Get protection, along with deliciously warm color, by using the new Coty "Sub-Deb."

This wonder lipstick actually *smooths* and *softens*! It gives your lips a soft, moist lustre. A new ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom" makes this possible.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



Wide World

Did you listen to Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable on the air in the little play, "The Legionnaire and the Lady"? Here is how they looked when broadcasting.

Projections [Continued from page 17]

considerably chastened heroine.

She considers it no great crime if you misspell her name and it's of the least importance whether you call it Colbair or Colbert. Of course Claudette *would* make a lie out of that fine old English bromide though by having her name appear, ten years after the incident reported above, across the marquee of the Paramount Theatre, at Broadway and 43rd Street—the Crossroads of the World, my dear, and quite public.

If you are planning to invite Miss Colbert to dinner some evening there are a couple of little items about which I had better tip you off. In the first place Claudette is a point killer. She absolutely, positively, refuses to listen to a joke more than twice. "I've heard that one," she will announce just as you are launching enthusiastically into your pet story. "It's the one about the salmon eggs, isn't it? Yes, I've heard that one." I've often wondered why a hostess hasn't murdered her long before now.

Naturally she is going to be from one to two hours late, so beware of the soufflé. And beware of spinach, too, because no matter how disarming it looks in a cute little gelatine roll with little rosebuds of potatoes scattered here and there, it is still spinach to Colbert.

And how to amuse your favorite cinema star after dinner? Don't bring out the bridge tables. Claudette won't play. But if you can possibly manage to have two men get into a skin of some kind your party is a success as far as Colbert is concerned. She is the worst push-over for two men in a skin. She doesn't care whether it is a horse skin, or a bull skin, or a lion skin, and she doesn't care whether the men skate or dance or just cavort—she dies laughing, to her it's the funniest thing in the world.

She's also a sucker for fortune tellers. Not that she will ever go to one, but if they are a part of the entertainment she will go mad over them. She believes everything they tell her (she always gets "good" fortunes) and is always positive that the fortune teller is ignorant of her identity. "Can you imagine," Claudette will say, "that woman told me that I was in pictures. That I would be famous and sign a new contract. Why she's perfectly marvelous." Of course even the most brilliant of us have to have one loose screw I suppose, tsh, tsh.

Claudette isn't exactly what you might call a party girl. The very idea of parties in general does not appeal to her. She is

about the most anti-social of the stars. Even more so than Garbo. However, once she gets there she usually manages to have a very good time. When she first came to Hollywood she refused nearly all party invitations chiefly because of her great inferiority complex, but she has outgrown that in the last few years and now can usually be found at parties given by the Sam Goldwyns, Marion Davies, the Countess di Frasso, and Connie Bennett. Claudette made her debut into the social swirl in New York City at the age of thirteen, and it ended rather disastrously. Her brother Charles became very sentimental over his pretty little sister one night so he invited her to dine and dance with him at old Sherry's. Claudette was thrilled to tears, a handsome brother and a night club, and she could stay up until eleven. It was all too good to be true. It was. Hardly had Claudette finished her jellied consomme when a young man, somewhat inebriated, danced past her table, noticed her big shining eyes and her long curls, and muttered, "They are sure picked them young this year." Charles bristled. He waited until the young man staggered to the men's room. He followed him in. The young man didn't come out for quite some time, and long before he did, Charles was escorting little Miss Colbert home to her parents.

Claudette was born on the Rue Armand Carrel, Paris, France, early in the morning of September 13, the second child of Monsieur and Madame Chauchoin, and it was the last time in her life she wasn't late. As is the French custom a baby's birth and name must be registered at once at the local *mairie*. So Claudette's father, who looked exactly like Ronald Colman, stopped by for two tradesmen, the two witnesses the law required, and at the City Hall proudly wrote "Lily Chauchoin" on the registration blank handed him. "Mais non, mais non," shouted the little French mayor very excitedly. "Lily, it is forbidden. Lily is not a saint's name."

Now wouldn't you just know that France would be like that. There are 365 days in the year and 365 saints' names and little Christian babies must have a saint's name, and Lily it seems was a bit of Old World heresy. Poor Mr. Chauchoin was quite upset. He had definite instructions from his wife and family to name the baby Lily, and here was France objecting to Lily. And the two nice tradesmen who had so gallantly accompanied him to the *mairie* had jobs to go to, and he just couldn't ask them to wait while he rushed home for a family conference. So rather than delay the trades-

men, Mr. Chauchoin who was a thoughtful, considerate man, took matters into his own hands and wrote "Emily" on the book, which pleased France and the saints, and the mayor, and the tradesmen, but which definitely did not please Madame Chauchoin. Whether France liked it or not the baby was called "Lily."

And how did Lily Chauchoin get to be Claudette Colbert? It's practically the story of Claudette's life up until the time she went on the stage. The little Lily took a decided dislike to her name when she was a little girl on Lexington Avenue and had to walk through a bunch of American kids on her way to the Park with her mother every afternoon. "There goes Lily Shoe-string," they would shout. Lily would have liked to have forgotten for the moment that she was a little lady and given them a kick on the shins but her mother was always there to remind her. When Charles went away to school he changed his name to Wendling for practically the same reason (except that Charles kicked plenty of shins first) but Lily did nothing about it until she was fourteen and ready to enter Washington Irving High School.

At that time she was very interested in art and all the pupils signed their drawings with their names boxed in down in a corner of the paper. Lily Chauchoin just wouldn't box no matter how you looked at it. So the child fretted for several weeks and then took her troubles to her mother. "Lily won't box," she complained. "Why can't I have a name with nine letters in it so it will box beautifully in the corner?"

So Madame Chauchoin thought and thought and finally suggested Claudette. Lily was delighted, and immediately adopted the name for her own. So Lily Chauchoin became Claudette Chauchoin because it boxed beautifully. When Claudette was seventeen and decided to be an actress she also decided that something must be done about Chauchoin as somehow or other she couldn't exactly see it on a marquee, and besides no two American people pronounced it the same way. Again she went into a name huddle with her mother and the result of that was that Claudette adopted the name of her great-grandmother which was Colbert. And so—Claudette Colbert. She has no intention of making any more changes.

But it seemed for quite some time there that Claudette Colbert didn't have much chance of making a marquee even if it was a carefully chosen name. After graduating from high school, and trying with no success to sell her drawings, Claudette became a French teacher to naughty, spoiled, Park Avenue brats who weren't the least interested in *parlez-vous*—but, the minute their papas glimpsed the little French teacher *they* became interested in *parlez-vous*—in fact, too interested. Every time Claudette met a papa she lost a pupil. But about then Fate stepped in in the shape of Anne Morrison who gave Claudette a small part in "The Wild Westcotts." It opened in New York at the Frazee Theatre Christmas week of 1924. Claudette was an actress.

But no name in lights, no star dressing room, no boxes of orchids—heavens no; our Glamour Girl was nothing more nor less than a curtain raiser. She came on the first few minutes of the first act, she wore a red dress, and she said in rapid succession, "Isn't it lovely?" . . . "It's a beautiful party" . . . "Oh, I'm hungry" . . . and went off the stage, to be heard from no more until the next evening. As Clarence Wyckoff, famous first nighter, told her later, "My dear, I didn't see you. I got something in my eye for a second and when I opened it you were gone."

"Weren't your family awfully proud of you?" an interviewer once asked Claudette. "No, not especially," said Claudette. "I

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think they were mostly just amazed that I could make fifty dollars for doing so little."

Those fifty dollars were few and far between. Claudette did plenty of pavement pounding and coffee grabbing in automats before she became an established Broadway star. It was "The Kiss in the Taxi" that cinched her as a New York actress—and how near she came not to getting that cherished rôle she did not know until several years later she met Jeanne Eagels, the petted darling of Broadway, at a party. "I saw your dress rehearsal, Claudette Colbert," Miss Eagels told her. "Al Woods invited me. He told me that he was going to fire you that night. That he wasn't pleased with the way you were acting the part. I said, 'Al, don't be a fool. That girl has talent. She'll be a hit.' I was right, wasn't I, Claudette Colbert?"

Claudette became a Broadway star with her name in lights in 1926. It was while she was playing in "The Barker" the next year that she met and married Norman Foster, the good looking juvenile of the play. It was also while she was playing in "The Barker" that she made her first moving picture, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon. She wasn't really "discovered" on the screen until the following year when she made "The Lady Lies" with the celebrated cast of Walter Huston, Jean Dixon, Charlie Ruggles and Tom Brown. She has been on Paramount contract ever since. She gave up the stage in 1929 with Elmer Rice's "See Naples and Die" and ever since has been making pictures, first at Astoria, and then in Hollywood. And as you well know she won the Academy Award in 1935 for her performance in "It Happened One Night."

Much has been written about the Colbert sense of humor, and badly written, I may add, for I, who am usually the most tol-

erant person in the world, invariably find myself muttering after reading a Colbert "humor" story—"Well, if that's funny I'll eat my hat." It is very difficult, I have discovered, to report humor successfully unless of course one is an Alexander Woolcott, an Edna Ferber, or a Robert Benchley, which of course one isn't. So much depends upon the time, the place, and the situation. So it is with fear and trepidation that I now endeavor to give an example of Miss Colbert's sense of humor.

We were driving one day in Bel-Air—Claudette wanted to see what her new house in Holmby Hills looked like from a distance—when we came face to face with the magnificent Hormel estate. "Whose home is that?" Claudette asked. "That is Mr. Hormel's home," I answered, "of the Hormel hams. See what ham can do for you?" "That's nothing," said Claudette with a wave of her hand to her own estate across the canyon, "See what ham has done for me." (What, you don't think it's funny? Maybe you're right. But just show me another movie star in Hollywood who would laugh at herself like that. My dear, you have no idea how seriously those Hollywood Cuties take their Art.)

Claudette admits (which is something for a movie star to do) that she has faults—two of them being very bad faults. Her lateness and her coma. She has never been on time for a social engagement in her life. She doesn't mean to be rude or indifferent, she just can't gage time. If she doesn't know you very well she will probably not keep you waiting longer than an hour, and she will arrive breathlessly beautiful and so utterly charming and contrite that you will immediately forgive her for everything and mentally curse yourself for thinking an unkind thought of her. But—if you're a friend of long standing it's entirely dif-



Margaret Lindsay wears a silver fish net gown in "Public Enemy's wife." The dress is slashed from neck to waist in the back and tied with silver cord bows.

ferent. She'll keep you waiting anywhere from one hour on and when she arrives and you are all set to explode with, "And where the hell have you been?" she will beat you to the punch every time. You can't even open your mouth before she has started on a tirade that leaves you gasping in amazement. Somehow or other, I have never figured it out, she convinces you that it was all your fault that she was late.

Even in the throes of romance Claudette just couldn't be on time. But poor Doctor Jack Pressman didn't know that. The first date he made with her was to take her to lunch, and he waited for her exactly an hour and a quarter. By then it was nearly time for him to keep his appointments at his clinic so he had to take her to the nearest drive-in stand—and the poor doctor had had visions all week of a quiet secluded table at the Town House. Claudette ordered a hamburger with a sliced tomato, and the tomato squashed right out when she took a bite and spread all over the doctor's new white pants which he had bought for the occasion. The luncheon was not all it should have been. It speaks awfully well for the doctor's love and devotion that he made a second date, and later married her.

Just sometime, for the pure devilment of it, keep Claudette waiting five minutes. Have you ever seen Vesuvius erupt?

Claudette's second major fault is not so bad, but a little disconcerting. While you are talking to her she will go off into a complete coma. There will be a prop smile on her face but you know darned well that she isn't listening to a word you are saying. (Lately she re-arranges the furniture in the house while you are telling her about the preview you saw the night before.) The best way to get even with Miss Colbert when she goes vague on you is to stop suddenly and say, "Don't you think so, Claudette?" And fiendishly watch her struggle to recall the conversation.

And now that we've had such a fiesta with Claudette's faults we might just as well give her the benefit of a few virtues, don't you think? Though I was always one to belittle virtues in print and worship them in real life. Claudette is the most loyal person you may expect to meet in this world. As a matter of fact I think she overdoes loyalty—but that's not for the likes of me to say. And, too, there is absolutely no jealousy or envy in her entire make-up. Often, oh quite often, another star will be given a picture that Claudette was crazy to do, but she's never the least bit bitter about it, and always goes to the preview prepared to admire her rival's performance. And that is rare in Hollywood.

She abhors all phony sentiment and is never taken in by it. She's quite a sentimental person, really, but she'd die before she'd let you guess it. Yes, Claudette may be fond of you but it will take several years before you catch on. Claudette often worries because she has no hobbies—she just can't get interested in hobbies no matter how hard she tries. "I have a positive genius for wasting time," she says. "I can just sit and do nothing for days."

Well, after all, if you can get through the immigration authorities, and the New York public schools, and become a Broadway star, and a number one Hollywood Glamour Girl all in the course of twenty years I think we might be pretty safe in saying that Claudette has done all right. Yes, we're pretty safe in calling that the gamut.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who would never wear her hair in curls as a child, is thrilled because she has curls in "The Gorgeous Hussy." Joan hated curls so when she was a kid that she well remembers the day she took the scissors and cut off all her locks that her mother had carefully curled. She got a good spanking.

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In Hollywood, a worthy charity organization sponsored a skating party. From left to right, Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Shirley Ross, Cesar Romero, Cora Sue Collins, Mary Carlisle and Henry Fonda.

Everybody Loves a Singer

[Continued from page 23]

instance, he says "been" with a long "e" instead of using the conventional clipped American "bin." His Highness would like to speak with Miss Moore's husband.

"He told Valentin that he, too, spoke Spanish," Miss Moore retold the incident to me, for she joined her husband in talking to the royal guest. "And when he spoke a few words to prove it, we discovered that he did not speak the dialect that is regarded as official, and that of royal origin, but one of the variations that is heard in South America.

"Val told him that his Spanish sounded very much like it had been learned on the pampas, and he confessed, with a laugh, that the Argentine was just where he had learned to speak it. But no matter about his Spanish accent, he has an excellent knowledge of politics and policies in the Latin countries. My husband talked at certain length with him on these subjects and was impressed with his understanding of intimate phases of Latin problems. I found him witty, charming and intelligent, and apparently well equipped for the duties of state which so soon fell to him."

This meeting with the man who became England's King was one highlight of Grace Moore's London fortnight. Another ecstatic moment was when Queen Mary arose, paused, instead of immediately leaving her scarlet and gold royal box, and stood applauding the golden notes of this American *Mimi*.

There were other exciting moments . . . but perhaps you would like to follow *all* of Glamorous Grace's exciting London adventures, day by day, thrill by thrill, just as she told them to me, and which I wrote down in diary-like form. After writing them, I sent them to her to read and correct, and this is the message she wrote to me, in her own characteristic, decisive

script: ". . . a lump came into my throat, for you made me remember how lonely my first London season really was!" But here is Grace Moore's London diary starting with—*May 30*: The white cliffs of Dover this morning. Perhaps we can find a little rest before the first performance of "La Boheme" on June 6th. Val says in London people will not recognize us. He said the same thing about Paris when we docked at Havre, but I have never seen such seething mobs. We tried to go incognito to our favorite restaurants—some of the little places where we ate when we honeymooned four years ago. Sentimentally, we crossed this time on our Romance Ship, the *Ile de France*. It was on this boat that we first met. There is a little out-of-the-way cafe in Paris where the *bouillabaisse* is delicious. That is, if you like fish soup!

At the cafe there was no time to eat the soup. Autograph hunters discovered us. They were polite about asking for signatures; the French are always polite about everything, that is why I adore them. Even in murder (I am sure it would be a crime of passion!) a Frenchman would probably say: "Pardon, Madame, may I insert the knife, neatly—so!—over the heart, and plunge it in? *Merçi!*"

I love the crowds for wanting to talk to me, but I am so tired from making "Love Me Forever" and from the radio series. "We must go to London," said Val. "There no one will know you. We shall have a rest before the Covent Garden performances." St. Lazare, the Paris train terminal, was packed with people bidding us goodbye. Dover, too, was packed, greeting us. At the London station the ruddy-faced English policemen cleared traffic for us. "Val," I said reproachfully, "I thought you said they wouldn't know us."

June 2: Sunday, and I haven't left our suite

for three days. There are crowds below in the street, calling "We want Gracie! We want Gracie!" London is beautiful this season. Tinsel wreaths are everywhere, and flags and bunting. Whole houses are decked like maharajah's palaces. Poles are wrapped with twisted colors. Scaffoldings are hidden with velvets, silver-fringed.

A charwoman who has just come in for an autograph tells me that Mr. Selfridge, the London merchant, has spent ten thousand pounds for decorations, and has erected in Oxford street a great gilded statue that exactly one million people have come to see. Tomorrow is the Trooping of the Colors in the Horse Guards' Parade in front of Whitehall. And in the evening is the Derby Ball at Grosvenor House, and here I am marooned in a hotel suite with three secretaries answering the 'phones. The first day in London I gave thirty-four interviews. Val just cut the 'phone wires. Now we shall have peace. . . . I hope.

June 5: Vocal exercises most of the time. We managed to use the service stairs successfully last night and found a picturesque old "pub" to dine in; Noel Coward told us about it when last we saw him in Hollywood. But the crowds discovered our ruse, and now all three entrances, including the servants', are besieged. Tomorrow night is the night, and I'm nervous, but I like to be nervous. I sing better when I am nervous. I put forth my best efforts.

It doesn't seem that Noel will be in London in time for the first performance. He has been in the Orient and sent word, by radiogram, that he was taking all the fast ships, trains, and planes, that he could to reach London in time. Val will be in the audience, and will be the one familiar face in the vast theatre. I am the second American singer to appear in the grand old place, full of the ghosts of Dame Melba, Forbes-Robertson, Sir Beerbohm Tree. Rosa Ponselle was first, some years ago.

My husband came in with exciting news. Mr. Geoffrey Toye, the Covent Garden impresario, told him that for thirty-two hours before tickets for the Grace Moore appearance were put on sale, a line of people formed. Hour after hour the line grew, until scalpers came along with wooden boxes which they rented as seats. When the box-office did open for the sale of tickets to another attraction which was scheduled to appear earlier at the Garden, Mr. Toye said his ticket seller opened the wicket, thrust out his head and asked the people to step up and make their reservations. "We're waiting for the Grace Moore tickets to go on sale," the crowd answered, almost to a person. I'm so thrilled. I hope I don't disappoint all those dear, friendly people. Supposing my voice should fail! as it did early in my career. Perish the very thought!

June 6: I can't begin to tell you the supreme joy of tonight. For ten minutes that beloved, appreciative audience of Britishers steadily applauded my *Mimi*. Fifteen curtain calls at the end of "La Boheme." And the English are called "cold" audiences. Six curtain calls after each act. First there was the overture with Puccini's lovely music. My cue came and I stepped onto the stage with my heart in my mouth, truthfully. Val, sitting front row, center, said he waited for my first notes, while the house was silent, too, with an attitude that was friendly—yes—but questioning. Then came the first note, and Val said he sat back with confidence. He *knew* I was safe.

The audience was thrilling. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was in Mr. Peter Cazalet's box. Princesses Marie Louise and Helena Victoria were in the stalls. The dancer, Tilly Losch, Hollywood's Kay Francis, Princess Hohenlohe, Lord Richard Nevill, C. B. Cochran, the producer, Lady Jowitt, Lady Jean Rankin, Lady Ludlow (I sang at one of her great parties later), Countess Howe, Lady Gifford Fox, and



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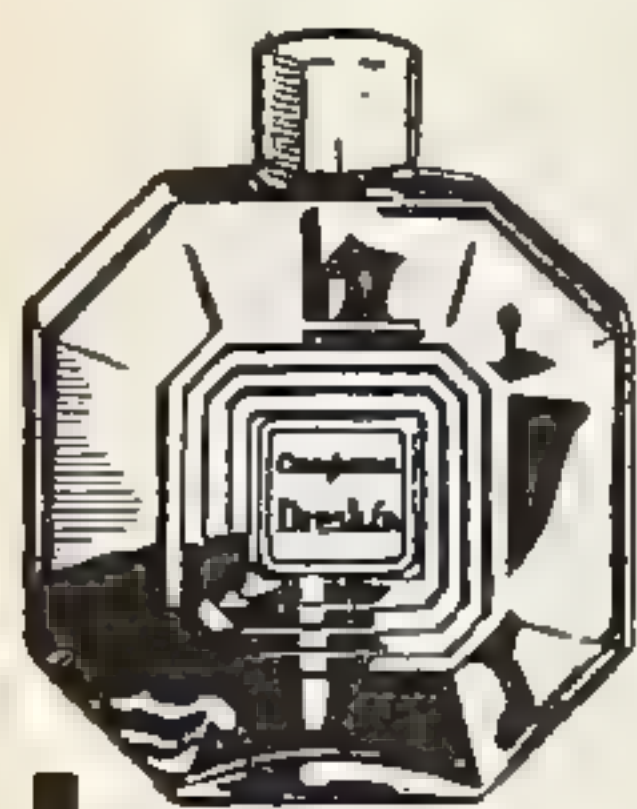
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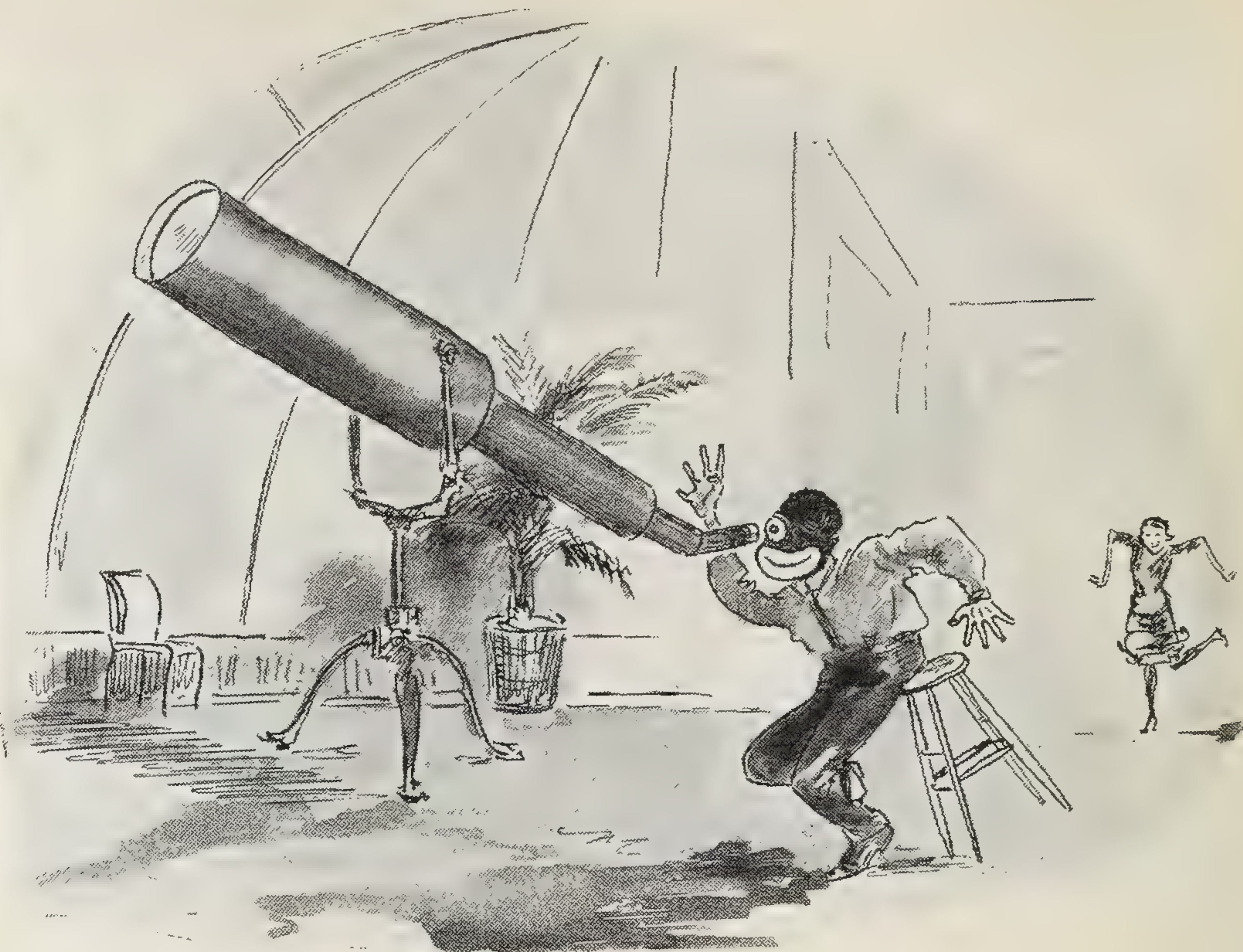
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Al Jolson has just purchased a new telescope for his hill-top home. Al claims the telescope is so powerful that anything less than ten miles away looks like it's behind you.

countless others were present. Afterwards, the Claridge supper for a hundred or more.

Everyone was so good, kind, thoughtful. There were flowers wired from New York, Hollywood, Jellicoe, the little Tennessee town where I was born. The London Daily Mail counted one hundred and forty baskets of flowers. I very nearly wept at the thought of the blessed good wishes that prompted those offerings.

June 7: I was able to see a bit of the Jubilee city today. It looks like a scene from some fantastically beautiful opera, with people surging through the streets. Some of them are in donkey carts, having come from the remote provinces. They have come by bus, on foot, by motor, to the events. Cars with the royal crown, bearing the marks of the diplomatic corps, minor royalties, cars with men on the boxes in bright-colored family liveries, trams, buses, all mixed together and surging through the narrow streets over which suspend balconies that look like hanging gardens.

June 8: My second performance. "Bobbies" at the stage door to hold back the crowds. The house completely sold out. As we made our entrance into the theatre a little old lady stopped me. "Miss Moore," she said, "I simply *must* hear you sing tonight, and they tell me there isn't a seat in the house." She pushed several bundles of cancelled theatre stubs into my hands. "Look," she said, "I have been to see 'One Night of Love' sixty-four times. Here are the seat checks to prove it. Don't you think there is some way in which you might get me into the theatre?" Of course I did! Mr. Toye arranged to have an extra seat thrown up for her, and that little old lady heard me sing *Mimi*.

We were taken, after the performance, to the Royal Box and presented to the Duke and Duchess of York. She is lovely, charming and simple and he discussed brilliantly the progress made by the films and the unlimited possibilities as yet untouched by them. Simplicity is always a sign of really great people. You can count on that.

June 12: My last performance. The Queen was there. And Noel was able to hear me. He arrived in town at 7:30 P.M.! Fortunately, Val was able to secure a seat (by some magic means!); and bathed, shaved and faultlessly dressed for the evening, Noel was in that seat at precisely 8:15, exactly forty-five minutes after he had arrived in London. You know the song—"... mad dogs and Englishmen!"

The Queen was there on that last night, too. Regal, impressive, yet utterly human, she sat in the Royal Box, two tiers up from the parquet; a beautiful, vivid bouquet of pink and red carnations on the rail before her. As I took my bows at the final curtain, I made a deep, formal curtsy to Her Majesty, and—at the moment when my bow was deepest—my eyes found Noel sitting next to Val in the front row. I smiled at him, delighted, surprised, at his presence, and, impulsively, blew him a kiss, then continued the stately curtsy to her Majesty.

I think she may have smiled. I don't know. I wouldn't say that she did. But my impulsive gesture, in the presence of one of the most revered persons in the British Empire, brought a quick flash of memory of the impetuous girl who ran away from a Washington, D. C., school to conquer worlds. She might have ruined the effect of her bow to a great queen by blowing kisses to a friend in the stalls! Until the day I die, I know I shall never forget my nervousness at that moment.

But it was soon over. Once again came a bow before the cheering audience, and as my eyes went to the Royal Box I saw Her Majesty, Queen Mary, delaying her departure while she too stood standing to applaud me, a charming smile lighting up her face. I knew I stood in the presence of a great Queen and a still greater woman, for her graciousness gave me a memory that I can remember in the days when I have stepped from the higher places of the artistic world to the peace and tranquility of being the wife of Valentin Parera.

Bread Upon the Waters

[Continued from page 13]

be placed on the payroll. Jimmy Durante's pay was so depleted by "touches" that, finally, the studio insisted on banking most of it for him. Otherwise, he would have left the Coast with less money than when he arrived. Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Dick Powell are three prime favorites, simply because of their charities on the Coast.

It long has been my belief that when you cast your bread upon the waters, inevitably it does return a hundred-fold. In the first place, the immediate reaction is cleansing. The spiritual "lift" which your character experiences, upon the performance of a swell deed, is worth the sacrifice of time or money. In the long run, these good deeds always return to you in some form or other, for you can't convince me that they do not become wordless prayers for the individual who performs them.

When Countess Barbara Hutton Von Reventlow was seriously ill, after the birth of her child, and the doctors were issuing those dreaded hourly bulletins, I sent her a cable to Dorchester House, London:

"Dear Barbara," it read, "thousands of New York's poor who enjoyed Christmas dinners through your generosity are filling the air with prayers for your speedy recovery stop You will recover just wait and see."

On the two preceding Christmas holidays, Barbara had sent me a check for \$5,000 for Christmas baskets. Each year, close to 2500 baskets had been made available to the poor through these checks. I knew that the poor would not forget her in her moment of desperate illness. When I cabled her my assurance that she'd recover, I was banking on their prayers to pull her through. Doctors perhaps will scoff at such a naive view, but you'll never convince me otherwise.

Not long ago, one of the big passenger planes crashed a short while out from Newark. One of the survivors was the wife of Mayor Meyer Ellenstein, of Newark, N. J. Annually, Mayor Ellenstein gives a big benefit performance for New Jersey's orphans. The accumulated prayers of those youngsters were in his wife's corner when that plane crashed. I told that to him: "That's what I think, too, Ed," was his sober response.

It stands to reason that if there is an equivalent debit mark for all the miserable things that are done to each other by humans, there is correspondingly a credit mark for each charitable action or thought. The celebs of Hollywood have piled up a great number of these credit notations. It is interesting to note, is it not, that the stars who shine brightest in the Hollywood constellation are noted for their largesse of heart and purse. Perhaps this coincidence is accidental—but I don't think so, and on second thought, neither will you.

"The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." You might imprint that on every foot of celluloid that comes out of Hollywood, for these Coasters are pretty nice people.

NELSON EDDY, who recently returned to Hollywood after a concert tour, says that after his concerts the girls would gather around and he would think "My, my, how they appreciate my singing," but before he could beam upon them they would say, "Mr. Eddy, please tell us about Bob Taylor."

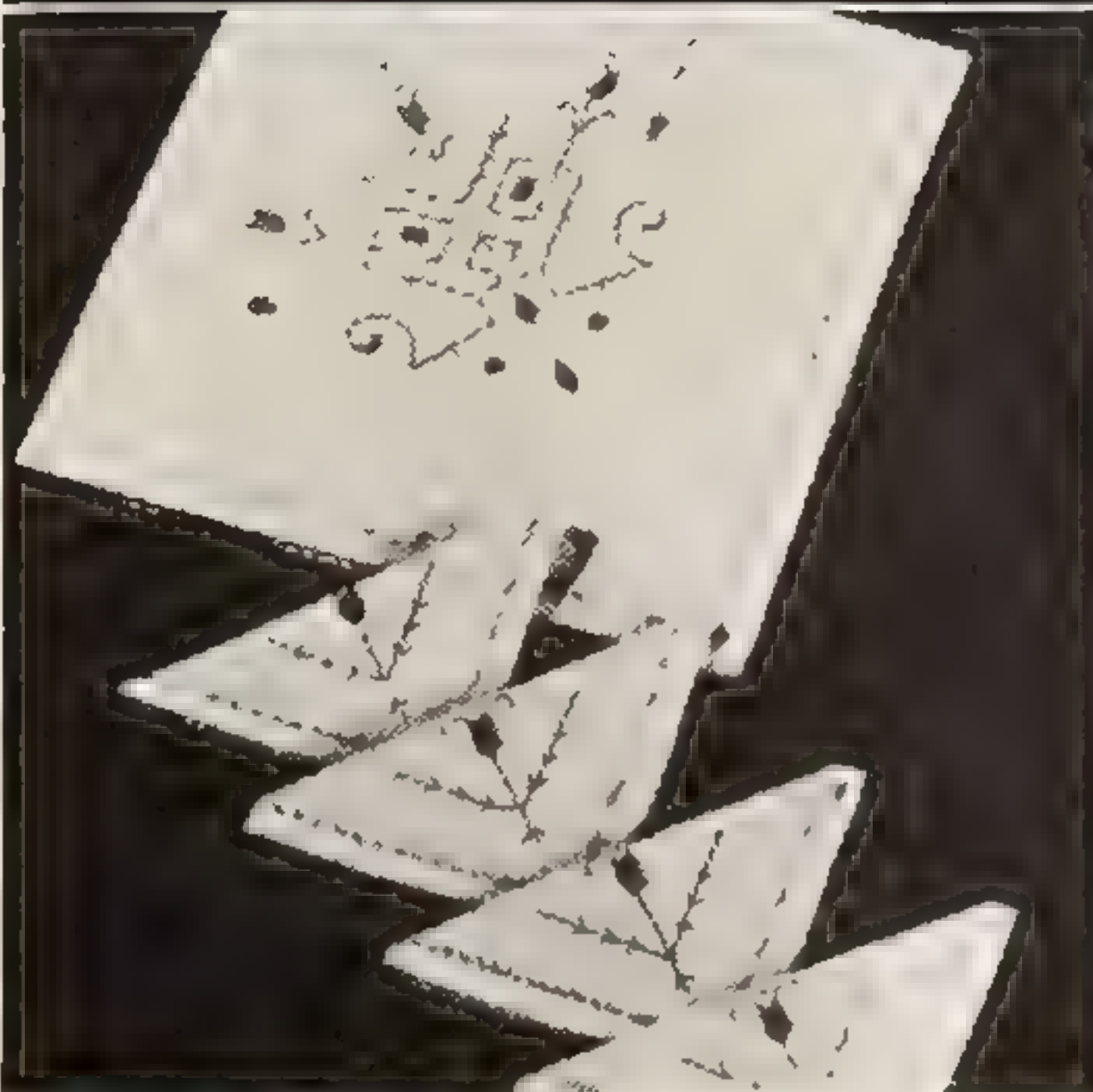


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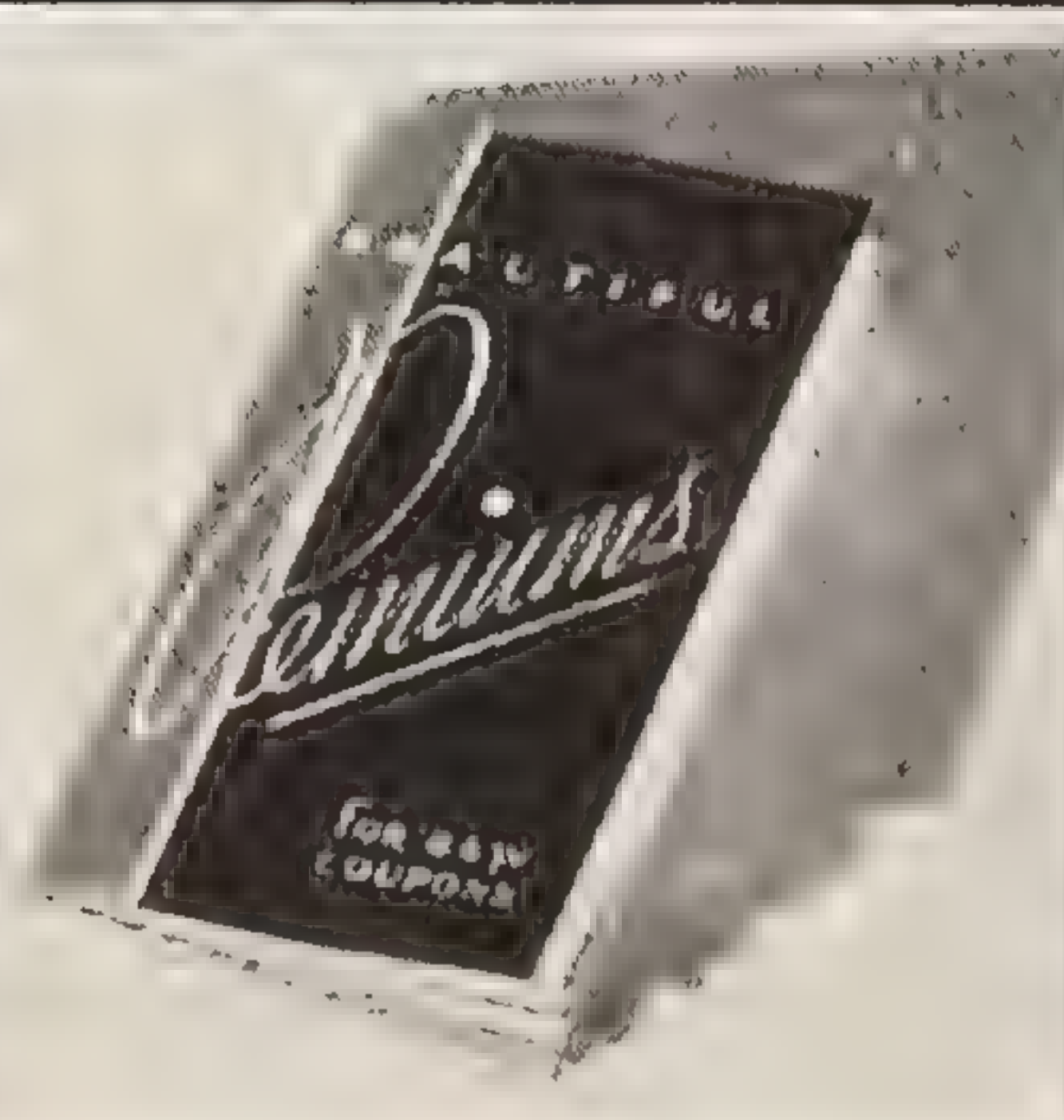
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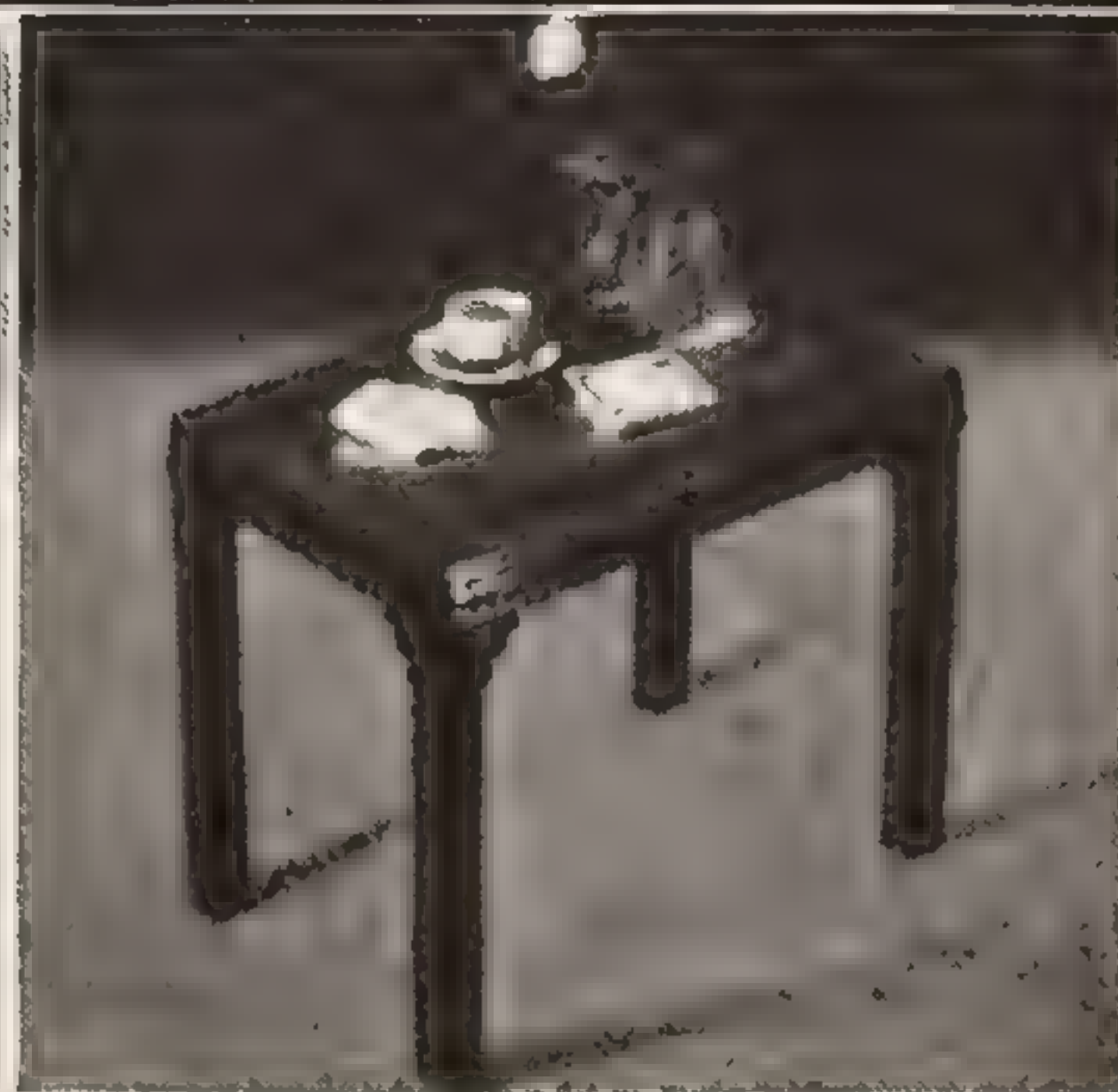
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Richard Arlen, who is making a picture in London, takes his son, Ricky, out walking with the penguins in the London Zoo.

No Luck In Specialties

[Continued from page 33]

the talent scouts have sought her out anyway, if dancing musicals hadn't suddenly become the rage? It's problematical. Eleanor admitted on the set of "Broadway Melody" her experience was limited in reading lines. Her friendship with Una Merkel started when Una kindly coached her on the side, when the two girls rehearsed their scenes together. Director Del Ruth was tireless in his efforts to give Eleanor the best breaks possible. Some of her scenes were taken again and again, until she had done her best.

In "Broadway Melody" Eleanor impersonated Katharine Hepburn. If this is any proof, there is a dramatic talent yet to be discovered. But Eleanor established herself as a dancing specialist. It was this specialty that brought her to the attention of those who gave her the chance that made her famous. If she is given a second *dramatic* chance, will she be just as lucky again? Your answer is as good as mine.

At Franchot Tone's birthday party, I met George Murphy. This dancing Irishman is a close friend of Fred Astaire and, together with his wife, Julie Murphy, comprised one of the famous dancing teams around New York. Nightly they packed the Park-Casino to the doors. But after nine long years at the steady grind, the Murphys became a little restless. They found themselves arguing about imaginative hurts. Both were so exhausted it took very little to disturb their unsettled lives.

Because they are two nice people and very much in love, Julie decided to quit her career and become the little housewife. But the problem that faced them was finding another partner for George. Hollywood took care of that. (It would.) George was offered a contract to come west and dance for the movies. The Murphys arrived in less time than it takes to say Metro Goldwyn Mayer or Twentieth Century-Fox.

Outside of one dancing job with Eddie

Cantor, George Murphy has practically kept his tap shoes packed away in moth balls. He was under contract to Columbia but only danced an occasional step. Paramount wanted a leading man for "Man-trap." They took one look at George's broad shoulders, his good natured smile and his nonchalant manner. He was signed the next day. But he didn't dance.

Now George is under contract to MGM. As yet they haven't been able to find a good *dramatic* rôle for him! Did I say there is no luck in specialties? (It must have been that little man behind me.) George is one of the best specialists in his line. But he's beginning to wonder if he shouldn't go out and buy himself a cape and let his hair grow.

Who do you think gets the most fan mail at the Warner studios? Almost automatically your thoughts should turn to Bette Davis, the young lady who specializes in vital performances that win academy awards. But the gal who keeps the postman ringing twice, is none other than Al Jolson's Ruby. It was Ruby Keeler who tapped the way for Powell, Astaire and all the rest. Name one other feminine charmer who has the face, figure, the sweetness, the beauty of Ruby Keeler. The fans adore her pouting with Dick Powell. Her shy manner in speaking, the charming way she makes believe have placed her where she is today.

The knowledge of all this doesn't prevent Ruby from pleading for a chance to really act. If you look at it from the executive's point of view, why should Ruby forsake her tapping for real honest to gosh troup-ing? They are paying her a fine salary. Her popularity is terrific. The exhibitors clean up on every one of her pictures. Besides, just who could dance, sing and emote opposite Dick Powell and do it so appealingly? There is only one Ruby and the

executives know a gem when they see one. Whether Ruby would ever develop into a great actress will never be known until she is put to the test. But tests are awfully hard to get at studios. (If you don't believe it, just try and convince a casting director that you're another Shirley Temple.)

The specialists in Hollywood are thicker than a group of DeMille assistants. There's Clifton Webb, who is so special they've never been able to find a story worthy of his talents. For almost a year Clifton was on the MGM payroll and never worked a single day. Perhaps if he hadn't been such a unique specialist, they might have found a suitable spot for him. Will the talent that has been his fortune turn out to be his misfortune in Hollywood?

Alice Brady is another unlucky sister of the cinema. Fresh from her dramatic triumphs of "Mourning Becomes Electra," Alice descended on Hollywood. She established herself as a lady who wouldn't be safe around squirrels. True, Alice played those delightfully-mad moderns with an abandon that really was true art. But her movie public loved her so, they refused to accept her for a serious moment. The result was a burst of laughter every time Alice came on the screen. Recently Alice appeared to a disadvantage in an Independent production of "The Harvester." She is worthy of better rôles. Audiences are being robbed of the really great emotion she is capable of giving them.

Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre have devoted their lives to scaring little children. It's been lots of fun being haunted by them. But—will Boris ever be cast as Casanova? Would Bela be convincing as Armand to Garbo's Camille? Could Peter play the title rôle of Barrie's "Little Minister" without changing it to "Little Sinister"? Well—maybe—if they could scare the casting director into giving them the chance.

Remember dear Polly Moran? (Now there was a cheery girl.) For years Polly dedicated her buck teeth and her pigeon posture to the sacred cause of slapstick. Polly was a riot. She never felt quite at home unless there was a bit of lemon meringue nestling in an ear. Then one day Polly decided to give up her specialty of being funny. She went on a diet. She bought some new teeth. She had an operation on her nose. Her clothes were designed by the most expensive modiste in town. And what happened to our own dear Polly? She became so beautiful there was no place for her on the screen. Today she is doing all right for herself with personal appearances. But wouldn't it be nice to see the old Moran take a custard pie—as only the Morans can take 'em?

Fred Keating and his famous disappearing bird cage were expected to take Hollywood by storm. At benefit performances, on vaudeville programs, Fred was a riot. But when it came to making love, his bird cage got in the way. No self-respecting man would make a bird cage disappear right in the middle of a kiss. It just isn't being done—not even in Hollywood. So Fred, who trained under the most famous magicians, temporarily abandoned his specialty. Now he's in demand by every studio in Hollywood.

Speaking of specialists, let's not forget Hollywood's gift to the tired business man. I mean Mae West. Good old down-to-earth sex has been her specialty—and a pretty specialty it is, too. Has Mae limited herself by trying to give the boys a helping hand? If she has, she's had an awfully good time while it lasted. With the special build-up she's given herself, you'll admit that they'll never cast her to play "Little Eva." But I imagine if Mae could answer this herself, she'd say, "What does it mattah whut I play ho-oney, just as long as it's play."

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Ted Healy was examining the mental caliber of a stooge, particularly in reference to history. "What," said he, "happened in 1776?"
"What street?" questioned the stooge.

All Star Cast in the Pacific Ocean

[Continued from page 19]

some odd reason Janet's purchased in the oil-well region! It certainly isn't an exclusive spot, but perhaps the chugging of the derricks is music to her ears. Margaret Lindsay receives the most invitations to Janet's.

Malibu, legendary hang-out for the stars, is losing popularity. When it was all built up the fickle "renters" decided the houses were too close together. It was annoying to have the next-door gang listening to your intimate conversation, even if they were fellow players. More and more, Malibu is turning into the resort for the picture executives, directors, and scenarists. However, the rents haven't fallen noticeably. If you sign a lease for these five summer months you can have an average place there for \$300 a month! The Warner Baxters, the John Boles', the George O'Briens, and the Bennett sisters, pioneers and homeowners, remain loyal.

But those who suddenly are determined to get further away from it all are now heading for Laguna. This is a two-hour spin to the southwest. Fredric March has had an attractive frame cottage on a bluff in this artists' colony for several years. Now others who enjoy a few trees, and a Carmel atmosphere, and who needn't commute to and fro in the same day are following his lead. Balboa, with its bottle-necked bay, is five miles nearer, on the Laguna road. Those who want to frolic with sail-boats and yachts between swims are making it their headquarters. Preston Foster is Hollywood's chief representative in this locale.

In chasing the stars, as is my quaint habit, I've come across novel gadgets for

toting beach accessories. The floppy cretonne hats that Fay Wray uses as a bag are exceptional. She has one to match each of her bathing ensembles. They hold her make-up and olive oil, each hat being lined inside with little rubber compartments so nothing will spill and be messy. Then you just fold the chapeau and carry it nonchalantly! Another original development is the cretonne bag which you can make over the frame of your passé tennis racket. The trick isn't complicated, as explained to me by Madge Evans. Remove the scraggly remnants of strings, fit the covering, and then have the mater seam some flowered material up neatly. Sling the new gadget over your shoulder and there, so convenient, will be your suit, slippers, compact, oil, and cigarettes. If you change at home and motor to and from the beach in your bathing attire, as many do in Hollywood, Kenneth Howell suggests that you save your car by resurrecting your raincoat for the trip back.

There are all sorts of "sure-fire" tan recipes floating about. Janet Gaynor swears by olive oil mixed with vinegar. (When she shakes them up you first dream that you're going to get a Martini!) Dolores Del Rio preaches cocoa-butter. Fay Wray secures her basic tan in her own garden in town. When she is stepping onto the beach she carefully anoints herself with pure olive oil. The result? Ravishing!

Here's a hint that's not such a strain on the pocketbook—try salad oil. And thank Anne Shirley for this cue. If you wish to really express your appreciation, drop her mother a note saying you're all for Anne

getting a membership in a beach club. Now the gal has to rely on invitations from pals who belong. But I'm straying. There's no excuse for sunburning at all if you take it sensibly when you seek a movie star shade. Begin with very gradual exposure, smooth on plenty of protecting oil, and you, too, will have S.A.! If Joan Crawford can find time to tan, why not you?

If Cary Grant, busy boy, can—why not me? I'm running out now to get an hour more on *my* torso. To keep up with these stars I've got to be an old bronzie!

STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 28]

Joel is going to try to sneak him out. He doesn't even want to let Joel see the animal.

"Jonesy," Joel exclaims sarcastically, "positively, you've got a heart of gold!"

Clyde snorts and Joel goes over to the horse. The horse whinnies a little and nudges Joel with his muzzle.

"He loves me, Jonesy," Joel exclaims triumphantly to Clyde.

"It would take a horse to be that foolish," Clyde jeers.

"Good old Jonesy," says Joel. "A heart of gold? A heart of platinum." He turns back to the horse and strokes his nose gently. "I brought you your supper, old boy. Bon bons," bringing a bunch of carrots from behind his back. He takes one and holds it up to the horse. "Caviar a la Russe. Tasty, what?"

Need I tell you that later, as Joel is sauntering down the avenue, a rich spendthrift, entertaining high up in a penthouse, is giving each of his lady guests a thousand dollar bill? Must I draw you a diagram to let you know that one of them, defending her virtue, tears hers in half and throws it out the window? Would you believe that Joel finds half and the girl in the picture the other half? Can you guess that Joel and the girl meet, put their halves together, get the horse out of hock, enter him in a race, that he wins the race and all's well that has a horse connected with it?

"Money from Heaven" is on location, thank heaven; also "Crash Donovan," another Jack Holt picture. So that finishes me here and I beat it to—

Paramount

AT PARAMOUNT, my friends, I run into a whole mess of productions. The biggest is "Poppy," starring W. C. Fields in his first picture in months. He played in this on the legitimate stage and so did Madge Kennedy. But Madge has grown up now and is no longer in pictures, so Rochelle Hudson is playing that part. It's been so long since I saw the play I've forgotten what it's about and Paramount has no synopsis. Mr. Fields, who gave me the most enjoyable interview I have ever had (it lasted five hours and two bottles of Scotch) is not working today but all the other principals are.

As I look at Rochelle in her white antebellum dress, with the wide skirt and puffed sleevelets, every other girl I know is forgotten and I can only think of a couplet from a song in the first "Broadway Melody." It went—

"The angels must have sent you
And they meant you—just—for-me."

But Rochelle evidently thinks differently. "Hello, Dick," she says matter-of-factly. Little does she dream of the tumult raging in my breast as I make an heroic effort to keep my voice steady as I answer, "Hi ya, toots?"

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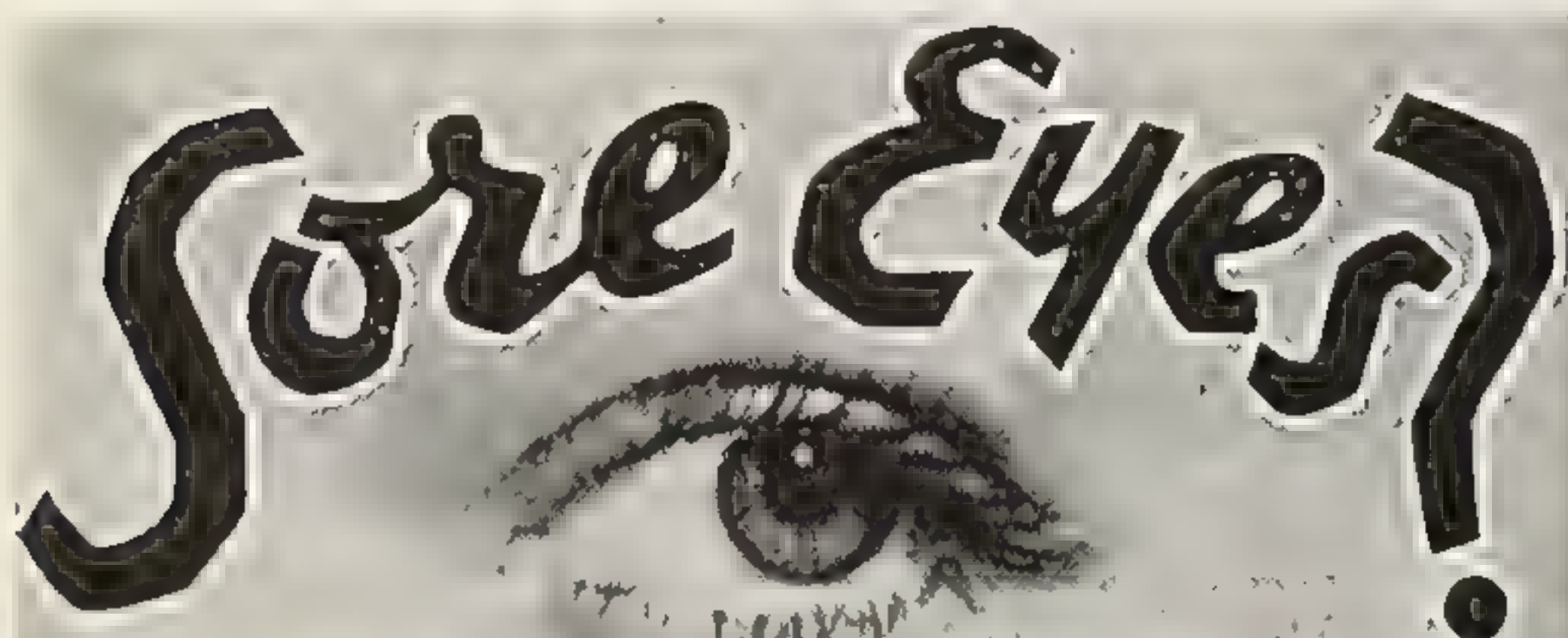
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Then the director has to go spoil this spring idyl by calling everyone on to the set. It's the living room of an old colonial mansion.

Maude Eburne (my favorite character actress except for Heien Westley and Alison Skipworth) tucks Rochelle's arm in hers and starts out. "I'm taking her home with me," she informs them loftily.

"Are you going to shelter a criminal under your own roof?" Granville Bates inquires incredulously.

"Criminal!" Miss Eburne sniffs scornfully.

"Of course, if you people had listened to me—" Catherine Doucet (that delightful aunt in "These Three") begins.

"Do you want me to slap you in that giggling mouth of yours?" Maude bursts out, rushing up to her.

Miss Doucet looks at her in amazement for a moment, then, "Ho, ho, ho," she titters softly. There is a pause and then one last little "ho."

"You can't harbor this girl," Lynne Overman puts in. "She's under the jurisdiction of the court."

"Bah!" Maudie squelches him.

Suddenly Richard Cromwell steps out of line. "I'm going with her," he says.

"William," Mr. Bates wheezes, "you stay here."

"Listen, Billy," Rosalind Keith (another beaut) puts her oar in, "why bother? She's probably quite used to this sort of thing."

"You keep out of this," Rochelle flares.

"What do you know about it." Then suddenly she turns on the gaping crowd. "All of you. What do any of you know about anything? A lot of self-satisfied, stupid hicks who never did anything in your lives but sit on your own silly little front porches and decide how other people should live! Maybe I am just a little carnival girl—maybe I don't know what place cards are—but I'd rather be me than the whole smug lot of you! My pop (that's Fields) and I are rough-necks, I guess, but we never did a mean thing in our lives. You're mean—that's what you are!" All at once she breaks down and turns to Maude. "Take me away from here. Take me anywhere you like—only take me away from here!"

Maude looks questioningly at the Mayor. He nods his consent. "Come on, baby," she says tenderly as she slips her arm around Rochelle in a comforting, motherly gesture.

Didn't I tell you Maude was swell? And don't think Rochelle doesn't give out in this scene. All of them do.

Nothing's going right on this lot today. Here's Rochelle, one of my two favorite ingenues (Anne Shirley is the other) in a pickle and right on the next stage I find my favorite juvenile (Tom Brown) in another one.

This picture is called "And Sudden Death." When I arrive on the set I find it's the visitors' room in a prison—and there's no mistaking that. "Who's in stir?" I ask as I breeze in.

"I am," Frances Drake informs me. Frances is still another beaut. She has the most enormous limpid brown eyes. But she has a complex. She wants to hide her beauty under a bushel and play in horror pictures with Karloff and Lugosi and Paul Muni—if she can get him to act in one. Charles Barton, who is fast becoming one of Paramount's better directors, is wielding the megaphone (as we say in the press) on this. Whenever Charlie's on a picture there's fun on the set. But he's sort of glum today. There's nothing funny about a prison picture—except that one Spencer Tracy made for Fox once, called "Up the River."

This is really a grim plot. It's about people who are killed in automobile accidents—but it isn't propaganda. There's a plausi-

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ble story running all through the picture. A lot happens before, but to make a long story short, Tom Brown is driving while drunk and crashes into a bus full of school children. His sister, Frances Drake, who is sober, pushes him aside and gets behind the driver's wheel just before the cops arrive. She takes the blame, is indicted on a charge of manslaughter and sent to prison. Tom is sitting on one of the benches when the barred gate swings open and she walks dazedly in.

"Don't feel badly about it, Jack," she whispers.

"Gee, sis," he chokes up, "I never thought it would turn out like this or you wouldn't be here."

"Don't say that," she says in a low voice. "In a way I feel as if I were as responsible as you."

"Aw, no you weren't," he protests. "I've got a yellow streak a mile wide and I'm going to do what I should have done in the first place."

"What do you mean?" she breathes.

"Well, you know that stuff I told you about Knox—how he was going to fix everything?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was a lie—all of it."

"Jackie!" she sobs.

"I never went near him," he bursts out. "I tried to—but didn't have the nerve. I figured he'd probably do something anyhow because he was in love with you. But he gave all that evidence against you on the witness stand."

"I'm glad you told me, Jackie," Frances smiles.

"Even then," he goes on, "I kept hoping the jury would bring in an acquittal. Now, I'm going to Knox (Randolph Scott) and get it all off my chest."

"Now, listen, Jackie," she protests, "we've gone this far. Don't you see we've got to stick to it?"

"Don't worry about that, sis," he comforts her. "You've done enough."

"Your time is up," the matron says to Frances.

"I'll tell Knox," Tom promises her in parting.

"No," she protests once more. "I'd rather tell him myself sometime."

I'm sure you can appreciate that after a scene like that no one feels much like kidding so I just bid them a very pleasant good day and go to the next stage to see "The Texas Rangers." But "The Texas Rangers," it seems, including Mr. Fred MacMurray, Mr. Jack Oakie, Mr. Lloyd Nolan and Miss Jean Parker, have gone to Gallup, New Mexico, on location. And "The Arizona Raiders" are also off on location. But George Raft and Dolores Costello are on the lot.

The picture, "Yours for the Asking," is practically just starting and the scene is the entrance hall to a very elaborate mansion.

"You've been very kind," Dolores murmurs as she opens the door from the garden and they come in.

"Whew!" George whistles, taking it all in at a glance. "Quite a place you have here."

"I'm glad you like it," she smiles, looking at him.

"Mind if I look around?" he asks, still gaping.

She gives him a surprised look. "Why not?" she smiles again.

Miss Costello, too, is a beaut. It seems to be a day of beautiful wimming.

The last picture at Paramount is one being made by my favorite producer, Walter Wanger, and it is called "Spend-thrift."

There's no sense going into the plot be-

cause this scene tells all. The set is the living room of Greenhill Manor. Assembled in the room are all of Henry Fonda's servants, including Buel (Halliwell Hobbes) a very, very, stern-faced English butler; Rico (Jerry Mandy) the Italian cook; Hilda (Greta Meyer) the German maid; Miki Morita, the Japanese valet, and a flock of bill collectors and creditors. They are grouped in a semicircle. The most prominent is Robert Strange. They're waiting, when the door opens and Fonda comes in in his riding boots and the same camel's hair overcoat he wore in "The Moon's Our Home" (and him worth twenty millions!—in the picture), accompanied by his pal and former bootlegger, Edward Brophy.

"Ahhh!" the creditors breathe in unison.

"What is this—a minstrel show?" Fonda demands.

"No, young man," Strange snaps, "this is not a minstrel show. Gentlemen," to the creditors, "be seated." The hell it isn't a minstrel show, say I. They all sit, except Interlocutor Strange, who remains standing—naturally—if he doesn't sit.

"Young man," Mr. Strange goes on to Fonda, "I don't know whether you remember me or not. I'm president of the Third National Bank. You know the Third National Bank—or should. We've got a surplus of a hundred million dollars."

"Got it with you?" Mr. Brophy demands.

"That isn't funny, young man," Strange squelches him. "Is that meant for jocular-ity?"

Mr. Strange is pedantic. He calls everybody "young man" and Mr. Brophy isn't "young man." He's bald—baldier than I am, which is very, very bald indeed.

"Middleton," Strange goes on to Fonda, making me out a liar because, for once, he doesn't call him "young man," "you've come to the end of your rope. You are about to lose Greenhill Manor and it's your own fault. You've dissipated a fortune of twenty million dollars. I don't know what you've done with it, but a man like you doesn't deserve to have any money. You owe me three hundred and forty thousand dollars and I'm quite sure you'll never have it."

"Cut!" cries Raoul Walsh, the director.

And Mr. Fonda, after a bawling out like that, starts "Truckin'" of all things! I don't know Mr. Fonda as well as his pal, James Stewart, but he shows every evidence of being just as nutty.

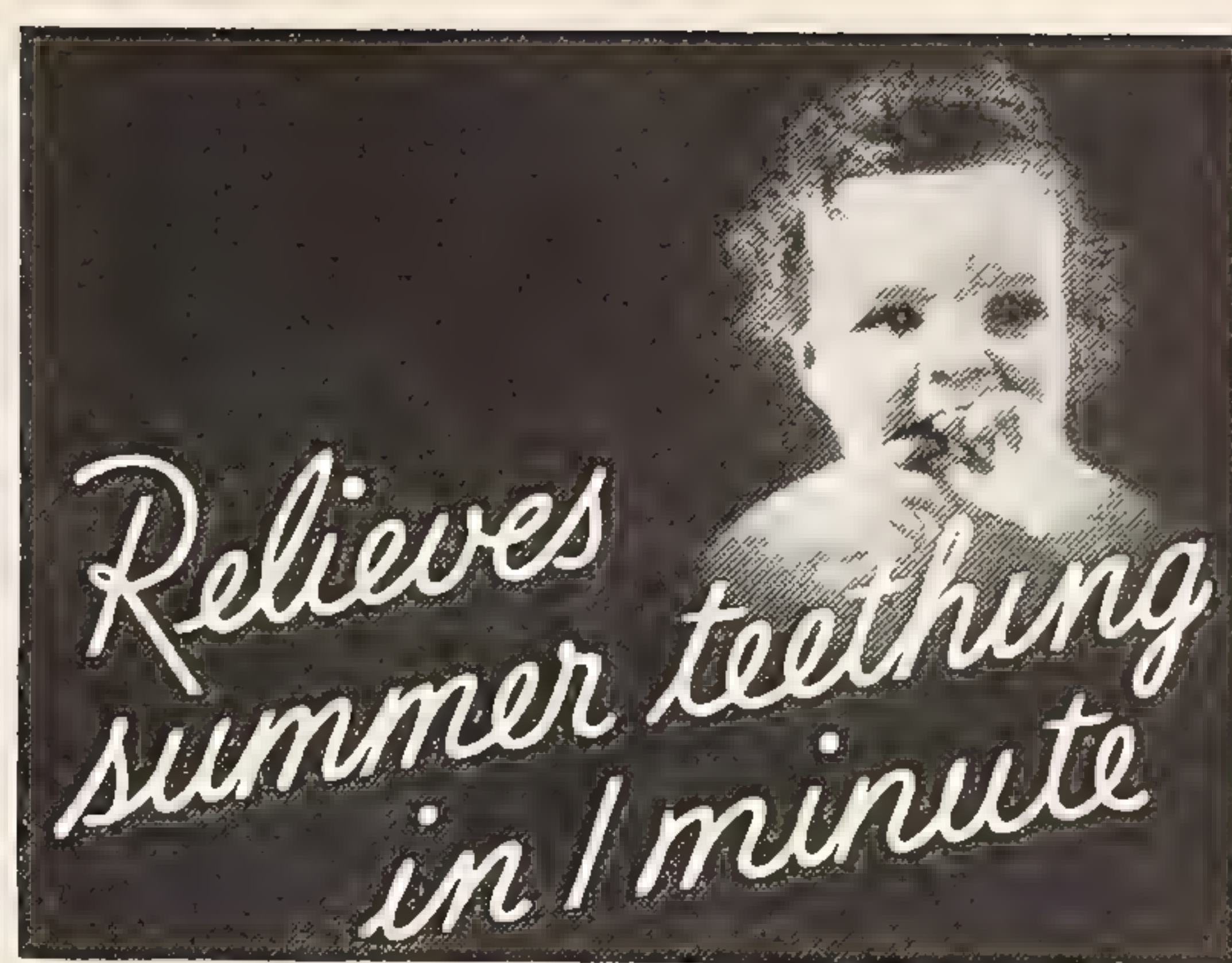
Just to show you how trying studios can be, Mr. Wanger's publicity man, one Dan Thomas—instead of sending me the still I'm supposed to get, sends one with Pat Paterson (the feminine lead) just to get her in print and she's not even in this scene. Lest you think me fickle or wishy-washy, I will not say that Miss Paterson is also a beaut but I will say that if I ever cover the sets on a day when Blondell, Lombard, Rochelle and Barbara Stanwyck are not working, Miss Paterson has great possibilities. Mary Brian plays the "heavy" in this picture. She always wanted to be a vamp.

Having disposed of Paramount, we now turn our attention to—

20th Century-Fox

FOR once, there is neither a Shirley Temple picture nor a Charlie Chan opus in production here. In fact, the only thing in production at this studio is one called "The Crime of Dr. Forbes."

Robert Kent ("Country Beyond"), it seems, has gone through college on a scholarship furnished by Edward Bromberg. Upon graduation he goes to work as assistant to Dr. Bromberg. They're looking for a cure for spondylitis (a disease of the spine). After six months Bob thinks he has found it but something goes wrong. Bromberg tells him not to be discouraged—that



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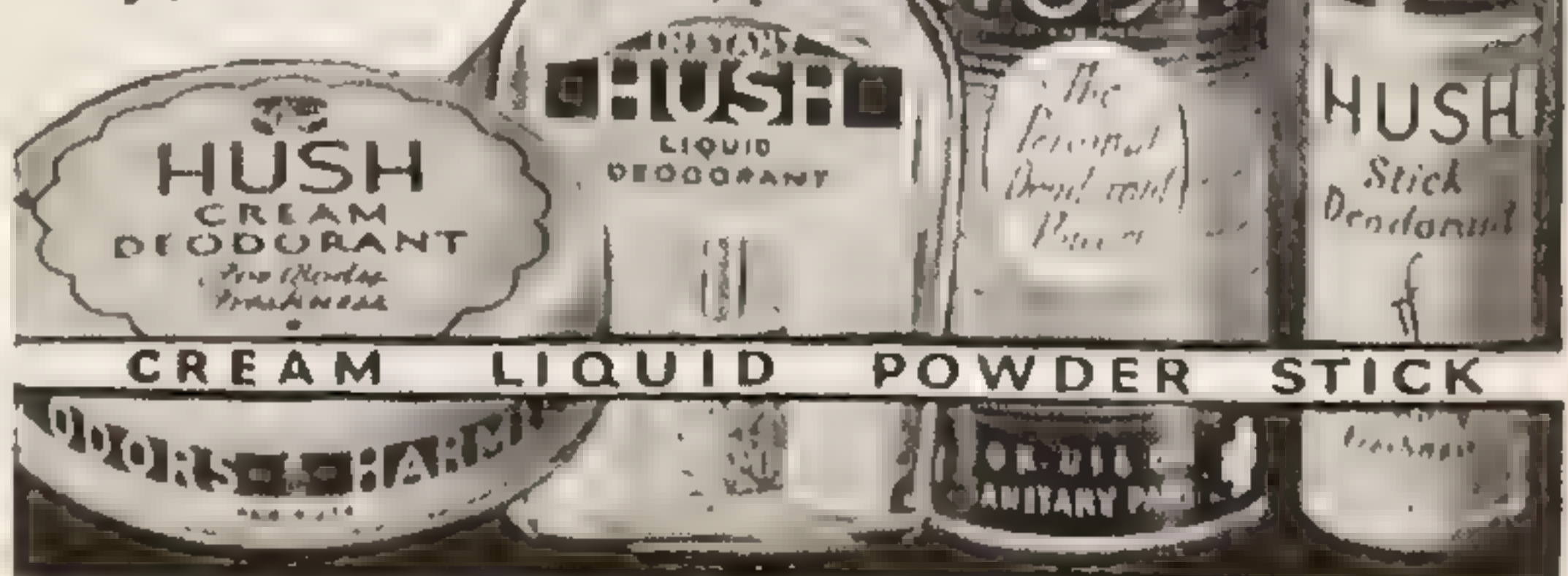
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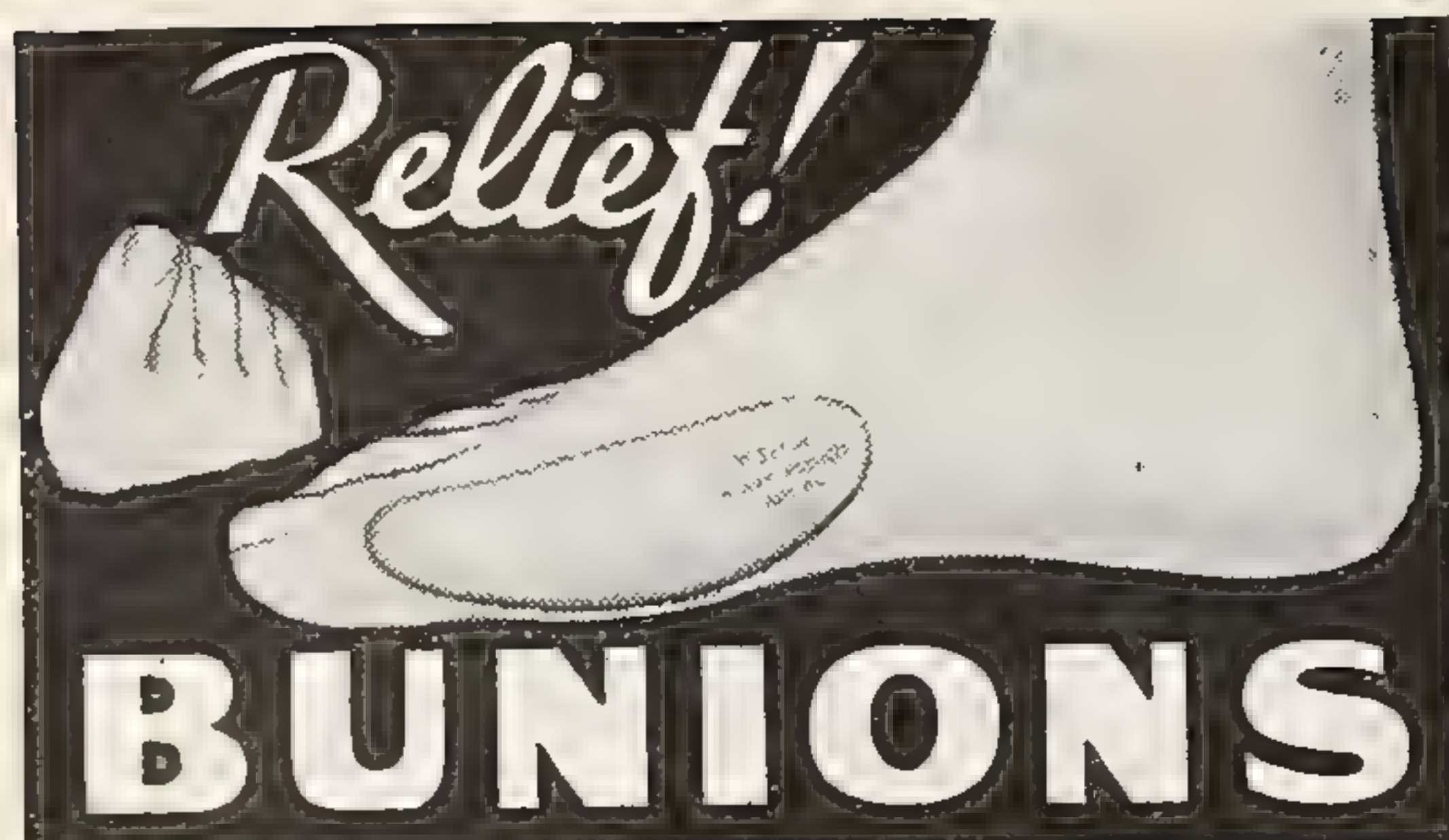
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for ten years he's thought he's found it. But each failure—through the process of elimination—brings him nearer to his goal. He also tells him he's working too hard and invites him up to dinner, where we pick them up. Dinner is over, they're in the living room of Bromberg's home and his wife (Gloria Stuart) is pouring coffee. She hands a cup to Bob, smiling, "Don't yell or I'll drop it."

Bob takes the cup and saucer, looking a little guilty.

"You're in or it," Bromberg chuckles. "Might as well make the best of it. No woman likes to have every dinner invitation declined."

"Declined perhaps," Gloria smiles, "but not ignored."

"I didn't realize," Kent apologizes sincerely, "but I have been rude."

"No, you haven't," she says with quick reassurance. "Eric has told me how hard you work."

"He's been over-doing it," Bromberg states. "This afternoon's outburst is a result of strain—over-work."

Gloria catches a glimpse of Kent's rather stunned expression and laughs out loud. "Oh, no, Eric! You can't blame that on nerves. You didn't see those women."

"Well, anyway," Bromberg insists, "he works too hard. Then suddenly he remembers. 'That reminds me,' rather doubtfully to Kent, 'do you enjoy opera?'"

"Yes," Bob admits.



Gloria Stuart, J. Edward Bromberg and Robert Kent in "The Crime of Dr. Forbes," another thriller.

Bromberg looks relieved and glances amusedly at his wife. "Good! I have tickets for Wednesday night but since I won't be here anyway, why don't you and Ellen go?"

"I'd like to—if—" he begins hesitantly.

"Of course," Gloria announces.

"And now, my dear," her husband says, "if you'll excuse us, I have some notes I want to show Michael."

They leave and Miss Stuart leans back in the divan as though this were the last straw—the thing she is always fighting. And when her husband practically flings her at another man—well what can you expect?

And that's all there is at 20th Century-Fox today. But we have—

R-K-O

THE only picture shooting over here is "The Last Outlaw." It's another of those all-star westerns, this time with Harry Carey in the lead, and Hoot Gibson, Russell Hopton, Tom Tyler and Margaret Calahan.

It's a street scene and just as I arrive on the set, Hopton is drawing a gun and covering Carey. "Dean Payton!" he ejaculates. "I knew it was only a question of time."

"He was trying to hop that car," the cop explains.

"They've got my—they've got Sally Mason in that car," Carey explains in cold fury.

"Lock him up!" Hopton orders the cop.

"Let him go!" Hoot Gibson whirls furi-

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ously on Hopton as he indicates Carey. "I can explain what he was doing in that bank!"

The cop is hustling Carey out of the scene, a police car has skidded to a stop at the edge of the scene and Hopton is snapping officiously at Hoot. "If you want to horn in, make yourself helpful," nodding towards the car. "I can use another deputy."

Hoot leaps into the car beside the driver, Hopton and one of his deputies leap into the back seat, the car speeds off in the direction the bandits have taken and I speed in the direction of—

Columbia

ONLY the new Frank Capra picture is going here and that's closed to visitors today so I'll have to tell you about that one next month. And for dessert, we'll have—

M-G-M

JUST one picture going here but that's enough. It's "Suzy" starring Jean Harlow and Cary Grant. The scene is the bar of the Cafe de la Lune. It is late. The bar is practically deserted. Jean Harlow is in a filmy white chiffon gown—



Russell Hopton, Hoot Gibson, Frank Jenks and Harry Carey in "The Last Outlaw," a western with a punch by a cast with a wallop.

mode of 1914—at the outbreak of the war. Suddenly she rushes in, clambers up on a stool, exposing one of the famous Harlow shafts (from the knee down). Cary Grant comes in, grinning, and stands beside her.

"Give me a drink—anything," she orders George Davis, the bartender.

"For you, m'sieu?" he asks Cary.

"I'll have whatever the lady is drinking," Cary announces.

"What is ma'mselle having?" Davis inquires and gets only a dirty look in reply. "Oh, yes," he remembers, "anisetete."

"I loathe anisetete," Cary proclaims, "but I'll drink it. Do you realize, barman, that the Americans have no sense of humor?"

"Yes, m'sieu," Davis agrees absently.

"Give me another drink," Jean orders hotly, throwing her glass behind the bar. "Yes, ma'mselle," Davis agrees.

"Anything—except anisetete!" she instructs him.

"Anything, ma'mselle?" he inquires.

"Cointreau," she decides, not knowing what he'll offer her.

"I'll have a cointreau," Cary decides.

"Yes, m'sieu," Davis agrees, pouring a couple.

"Do you realize, barman," Jean tells him, "the French are utterly lacking in ingenuity?"

"Yes, ma'mselle," Davis agrees.

"Do you know something, barman?" she rattles along angrily.

"No, ma'mselle," he gives the right answer.

"Frenchmen are not the romantic fellows I thought they were," she confides.

"No, ma'mselle," Davis agrees.

"I'm told," Harlow says scornfully, "they have to toss a coin to find out whether or not they'll dance with a girl. They can't decide things like that with their own heads."

"Yes, ma'mselle," Davis agrees.

"Barman," it is Cary's turn to ask a question, "do you know that in America when you want a sandwich or a slice of bologna or a baby, you go down to a store and drop a nickel in a slot machine?"

"Yes, m'sieu," Davis starts to agree and then gets the significance of Cary's remark and bursts into a giggle. "Did you hear what the gentleman said, ma'mselle?"

"Barman," Jean sniffs, "you're having hallucinations. There isn't a gentleman in sight."

"No, ma'mselle," Davis agrees.

Suddenly there is a terrific screaming of sirens outside and frantic cries of "Air Raid." Jean jumps off her stool in a panic and looks about her helplessly. Then she grabs Cary around the neck.

Cary looks at George. "Barman," he grins, "isn't it a shame there are no gentlemen here to look after a lady?"

"Yes, m'sieu," says George.

Miss Harlow is also a beaut. In addition, she and Cary are two of the grandest people in pictures. No matter how long the scene, how hot the day or how trying they're always in a good humor and they always have time to come up and chat. Unfortunately for me, the sun is sinking and I must be on my way.

* * * * *

Later, I have made Yuma, Arizona. Mr. Basil Rathbone and Miss Marlene Dietrich are in the dining room of the hotel, back from a day's work with the "Garden of Allah" company. But they're on location so I don't have to cover their set. I drink my glass of milk and go up to bed. Tonight I can smell only sagebrush but "Beyond the blue horizon" as Jeanette MacDonald used to sing, are honeysuckle and magnolias.

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ONE of our best columnists describes a Hollywood triangle as a girl who is in love with an actor who is in love with himself. True, too true.

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The Final Thing



Jessie Matthews

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Perhaps this treatment can be carried out with other beliefs. We would like to see Art through a painter's eyes. We know a little about such matters and in the creation and execution of a large mural, for example, there is tremendous drama that only a painter feels.

Take the people who talk "shop," or rather, who have a specialized line of work to talk about and let us see their world through their eyes. The engineer who feels the strain of ten thousand tons as the bridge span is raised to its place. Do you suppose there is no drama in his very special world? We are sure that if we could be made to feel an author's shadowy company beside and around him as he writes a novel we also would thrill to the ecstasy of creation. Perhaps Charles Morgan will give us this last when "Sparkenbroke" is filmed.

* * *

We do not like costumes that are stiff. We have seen Robert Montgomery practically petrified in "Trouble for Two," and Franchot Tone in "The King Steps Out" was forced to be a ramrod of a man. These good actors were not helped by being made stiff and unbending. If we must have pompous people make Berton Churchill play them.

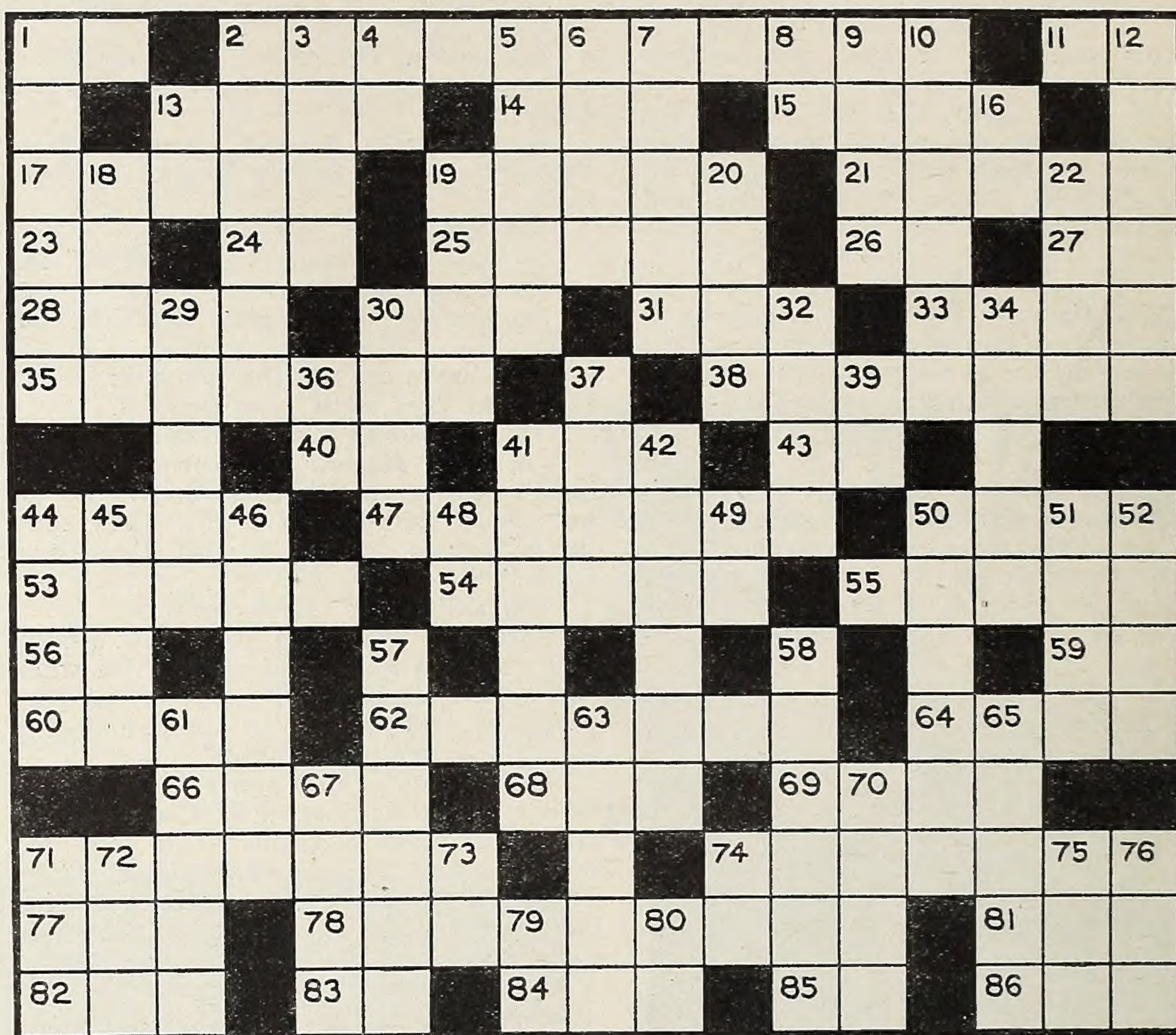
* * *

Jessie Matthews has been conquering New York and adjacent villages in "It's Love Again." And because she is so beautiful in figure and spritely in face, and, more particularly, because of her dancing, we have wondered if they have tried to get Fred Astaire for her partner. Now we know. It seems Jessie is a tall girl and Fred is shorter. And that you know is fatal.

Elmer Keen
EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

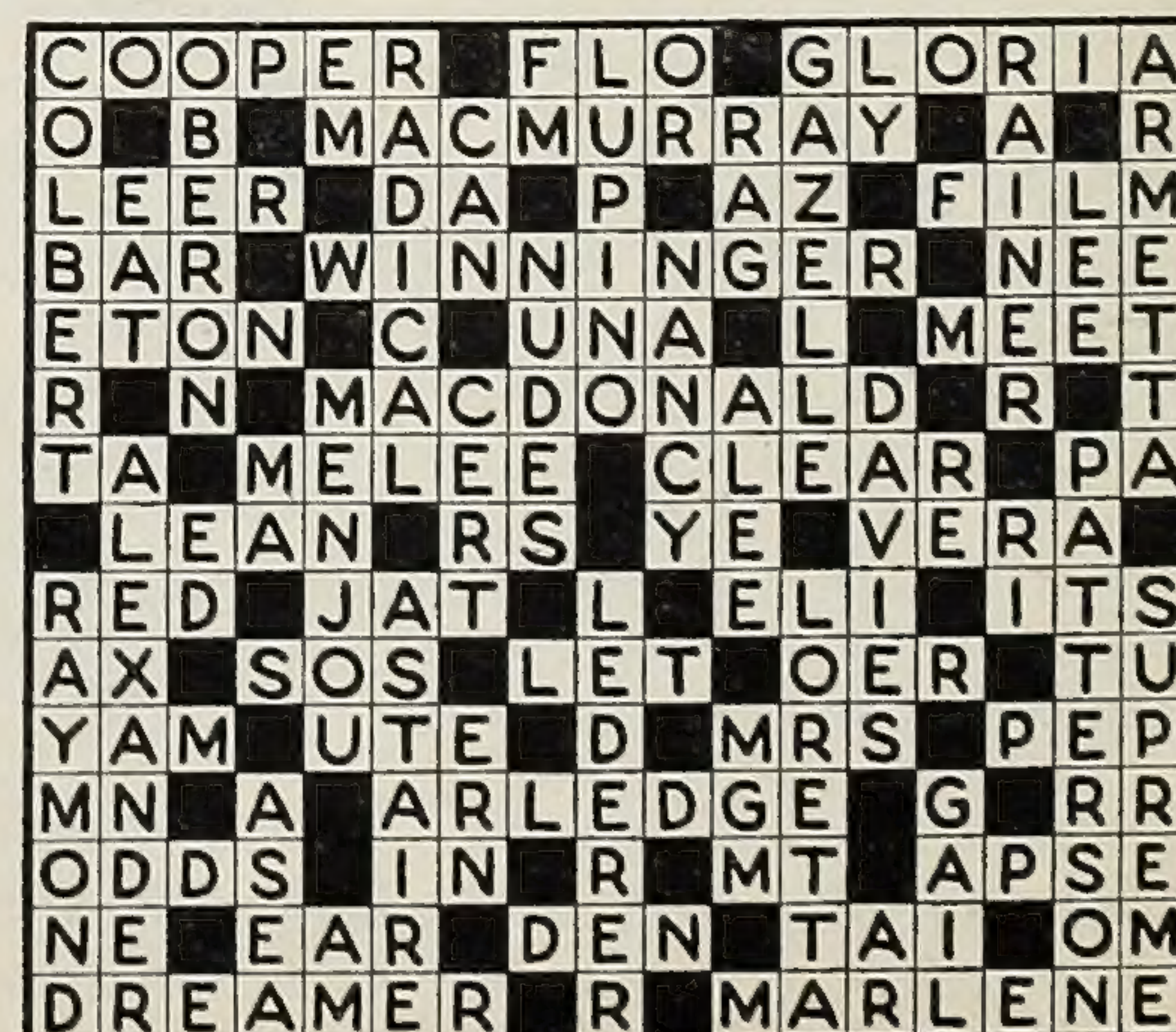
- 1 The sun god
- 2 Dr. Dafoe's treasures
- 11 A preposition
- 13 She portrayed "Gentle Julia"
- 14 Single unit
- 15 A small particle
- 17 A mountain nymph
- 19 To stand firm
- 21 Not at any time
- 23 A prefix
- 24 Behold
- 25 Most essential
- 26 "Captain Blood" (initials)
- 27 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 28 A slave
- 30 A hero in "Westerns"
- 31 Loiter
- 33 To blend by melting
- 35 The press agent in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
- 38 Soldiers serving on a warship
- 40 Ever
- 41 His latest picture is "And Sudden Death"
- 43 Exists
- 44 Ready money
- 47 He went to Princeton
- 50 He owns a racing stable
- 53 Different from the one specified
- 54 A hard variety of corundum
- 55 Pertaining to the sun
- 56 Branch office (abbr.)
- 59 For example (abbr.)
- 60 Brevet (abbr.)
- 62 The new dancing sensation in "Dancing Pirate"
- 64 Lazily
- 66 Feminine first name
- 68 Highest note of Guido's scale
- 69 Crown of the head
- 71 Practitioners of law
- 74 Lawless seafaring men
- 77 High priest (Bib.)
- 78 Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet"
- 81 A period of time
- 82 Eyes (Scot.)
- 83 An old film favorite (initials)
- 84 Not even
- 85 Every (abbr.)
- 86 A communist

DOWN

- 1 Walter Huston's latest film
- 2 The bewildered father in "The Country Doctor"
- 3 To unfasten
- 4 A pronoun
- 5 She appeared in "The Petrified Forest"
- 6 A single thing
- 7 A foot lever
- 8 Type measure
- 9 With Loretta Young in "The Unguarded Hour"
- 10 The girl in "Dancing Pirate"
- 12 He's married to Heather Angel
- 13 His excellency (abbr.)
- 16 Hal Mohr's wife (abbr.)

- 18 Cease from action
- 19 Affirm positively
- 20 An ancient kingdom (Bib.)
- 22 Otherwise
- 29 The crook in "Special Investigator"
- 30 An instrument for operating a lock
- 32 The manner of walking
- 34 Till
- 36 Period of time (abbr.)
- 37 A recent bridegroom
- 39 Cary Grant is his pal (initials)
- 41 The little star of "Captain January"
- 42 Rosalie in "These Three"
- 44 "Everybody's Old Man"
- 45 A suffix
- 46 She was recently betrothed to Allan Jones
- 48 Symbol for tellurium
- 49 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 50 She caused much sorrow in "These Three"
- 51 Metal fastener
- 52 Color
- 57 A beetle
- 58 To attain
- 61 He appeared in "Absolute Quiet"
- 63 Star of "The Milky Way"
- 65 To hinder or restrain
- 67 Mrs. Ben Lyon
- 70 Any open space
- 71 Edward Arnold's pal in "Sutter's Gold"
- 72 Beverage
- 73 Elder (abbr.)
- 74 River in Italy
- 75 Before
- 76 Mournful
- 79 Sir James Felton in "Petticoat Fever" (initials)
- 80 A degree (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



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... AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!



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An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne*, perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise*, followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut à la Russe. Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin*. Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.



MISS LUCY SAUNDERS,
OF NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

SHE LIKES:

Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach...the young crowd at the Virginia hunts...badminton...the new dances, including the *son*...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on *Filet Mignon*, *Bouquetière*, at Pierre's...Camels...dashing off to late parties...Lobster *Thermidor*...and always...Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

*Among the many distinguished
women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE,
Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER,
New York
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, *New York*

Costlier Tobaccos

...Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
—*Turkish and Domestic*—
than any other popular brand

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS